The Family of the Fallen

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/53941345.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	F/F, M/M
Fandoms:	Hazbin Hotel (Cartoon), Helluva Boss (Web Series)
Relationships:	Alastor/Lucifer Magne | Morningstar, Charlie Magne | Morningstar/Vaggie, Eve & Lilith Magne | Morningstar
Characters:	Original Hazbin Hotel Character(s), Lucifer Magne | Morningstar, Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Lilith Magne | Morningstar, Charlie Magne | Morningstar, Sera (Hazbin Hotel), Emily (Hazbin Hotel), God (Hazbin Hotel), Eve (Hazbin Hotel), Roo (Hazbin Hotel)
Additional Tags:	Archangels, Men Crying, Angel Wings, Seven Heavenly Virtues, Family Bonding, Family Drama, Sibling Love, Slow Burn, Fluff, Fluff and Angst, Light Angst, Hurt/Comfort, Author Is Sleep Deprived, Out of Character, Alastor Has a Heart (Hazbin Hotel), Depressed Lucifer Magne | Morningstar, Protective Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Swearing, Soft Lucifer Magne | Morningstar, Soft Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Minor Lilith Magne/Lucifer Magne, Divorced Lucifer Magne | Morningstar, Rating May Change, Minor Angel Dust/Husk (Hazbin Hotel), Seven Deadly Sins, Minor Asmodeus/FizzaRolli (Helluva Boss), Implied/Referenced Sex, Minor Violence, Blood and Injury, Cannibalistic Thoughts, Alastor is Asexual but not Aromantic, Domestic Fluff, Miscommunication, Wedding Fluff, Marriage Proposal
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of The fallen's family
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-20 Completed: 2024-03-31 Words: 94,682 Chapters: 32/32

The Family of the Fallen

by orphan_account

Summary

Lucifer gets invited to heaven for a court trial in the presence of his 7 older siblings after Adam's death.

He plans to admit guilty to lower his punishments, Alastor thinks not.

Notes

First time posting one of my works here, hope you'll enjoy

Inspired by many other stories, namely: Permission to Touch by Nyou (Alastor joining Lucifer in trial) and Standing Together, not Alone by Ghosty_writer (for inspiring me to make this story after I read how horrible Lucifer's family is to him)

Heaven Calls

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He cried out his name every night, those once angelic white wings that were now stained with the curses of his mistakes haunted his nightmares as that pair of pure golden eyes consumed by blood stared back into his own.

This night was no different. Michael leaped up from his fluffy pillows, cursing his brother's name under his own breath. His long blonde hair was a mess as he glanced at the clock beside his bed with his own silver eyes.

4.30am... Damn you, Lucifer... He had enough on his plate as it is, being the main figure in-charge of heaven alongside his other siblings after God had departed after their most precious was banished from the glorious realm above. *Even 10000 years after your fall you still plague my dreams...* Oh, but how much he missed that wondrous laugh, how his youngest brother had brought joy to every part of the world they created with just a smile, and oh how much it had broken the eldest to be the one to throw him into the pits created by the young angel's own actions.

The obvious favouritism from God has never caused Lucifer to be despised by his dearest older siblings, in fact, it only made them adore and love him even more. He was not only God's most beloved child, he was the pride and joy of his entire family. Before the rest of heaven was created by Michael and the other archangels, they would listen endlessly to Lucifer's beautiful ideas for life, his magical voice as he sang songs lost to time and how they taught him his powers and abilities so that he'll be able to help out when they began creating life.

Michael, the first and oldest of God's children, representing charity of the heavenly virtues. He held a standard for his other siblings to follow, spreading his light and glory to all of creation as commanded by God. His skillset, including but not limited to powers and strength, were second only to God, creating the Seraphims to protect the souls of heaven with a fiery passion. He loved Lucifer dearly, willing to protect him from any harm that even glanced in his baby brother's direction.

"If you ever need me, baby brother, I will be here for you. Just speak my name and I am willing to flip heaven upside down for your sake."

He got up from his bed, stretching his silver and gold feathers. Freshening himself up, he stepped out of his bathroom to hear a knock on his door.

Who in the world is up at 4 in the morning? He thought to himself before glancing at his bedside clock again, the time stating clearly as [6:17]. *Ah crap...*

Opening the door, he saw a familiar white haired angel, slightly taller than he was despite being a couple decades younger. Ramiel stood by his door, her sapphire blue eyes radiant outside the dim bedroom, neat long hair flowing lovingly before curling up at the tips to not touch the cloudy grounds of heaven, golden robes glistening against her pale white skin as she greeted the elder angel.

"Apologies for disrupting your morning routine, brother Michael, but brother Gabriel explained that he has an important message for all of us."

"He can just send me a report later. What's so important that he requires all the seven virtues to be in person?" Michael sighed, not wanting to be troubled with more meetings than he needed to be.

"He thought that it'd be wise to inform you that this meeting involves a discussion on brother Lucifer..." Ramiel whispered the final part, Michael barely catching what she said. In an instance, those silver eyes shot up at the mention of the name of the fallen.

"Let's go." The eldest exclaimed sternly, his sister following behind him in silence.

Ramiel was God's beauty, the virtue of kindness never failing to make others feel appreciated for their good deeds, shielding the first children of heaven from the chaos and envy of the darkness. She is selfless in every way possible, always putting the needs of her people before her own, inspiring others with her ever bleeding heart, never lashing out yet never shying away when someone is treated without kindness. She created the Cherubims to extend her compassion to the world, embracing souls in the beauty of her selfless heart. Her forgiving nature was not her weakness, but her strength, as she held her youngest brother in her loving arms, her embrace like no other when Lucifer came to her to spill his dreams and delightful imaginations to her ears.

"Luci, you mean very much to us all. Our family would not be complete without your laughter."

As the two archangels entered the main hall of their heavenly abode, Michael noticed that all of his siblings were already there, all except *him*, waiting in nervous anticipation of Gabriel's message.

As the messenger witnessed the oldest of his siblings settle into his position, he began his speech, "Brothers and sister, as you all know *who* this meeting is about, I'll skip the formalities. A recent court trial has shown that the head seraphim, Sera, had been hiding the fact that she's been sending an angelic army down to hell yearly to exterminate sinners."

"Excuse me, what!? Why am I only being informed of this now?" Michael exclaimed, unable to believe his ears.

"Sorry for not telling you earlier, big brother. Gab wanted to take some load off your plate so he told me to not inform you..." Cassiel, the head of heaven's court explained, regret filling his soft hazel eyes.

"Indeed, I did not want you to be troubled by problems involving hell. We all know how much you've been overworking yourself since *he* fell. We only want to help. Don't worry, we did not do anything that would harm *him*. But to continue with my message, the exterminators were led by the first man, Adam, and despite all warnings from Cassiel and Azrael, he had continued with this year's extermination behind our backs..." Gabriel had continued before he was interrupted again by his younger brother's voice.

"That idiot cost himself his own life," Azrael explained, unintentionally stealing the spotlight from his older brother, "he picked a fight with Luci's close ones and got his ass kicked by our baby brother."

Raphael stifled a giggle as Gabriel facepalmed himself. Ramiel sighed, placing her gentle hand on Azrael's shoulder as Michael could only stare in disbelief as he heard what his beloved little brother did.

"Before I get interrupted again, we need to attend a court trial this afternoon to decide on Sera's punishment for starting the exterminations without our knowledge and what to do with Luci now that the first man is dead." Gabriel quickly finished up his speech before another voice echoed through the hall.

"What do you mean 'what to do with Luci'? Don't tell me we're going to punish him. I refuse. I don't care what the rest of the heavenly court says. I'm not letting my baby brother be harmed again." Uriel stood from his seat, rage filling his eyes.

"None of us want that, brother Uriel. We have to hope he can prove his innocence and that he did not actually kill Adam." Ramiel sighed, not wanting to see her baby brother hurt again, yet knowing the final decision in the trial was not up to her. All her brothers' eyes turned to Cassiel to hear his standpoint.

"I apologise but if the court does end up declaring him guilty, punishment is necessary... I will try to ensure that he won't suffer too much, though. I promise." Their brother explained. Despite being the highest of heaven's hierarchy, the seven virtues couldn't help but feel helpless at times when it involved their precious little brother.

Love was Lucifer's biggest strength, yet it was also his weakness. Those around him could not help but love him, yet those who wished to make an enemy of him used that pure love and adoration against him. He was God's favourite, but he was also the most hated being out of everyone in his family.

Lucifer panicked as he paced around the hotel lobby. It had barely been a week since they'd rebuilt the hotel, since the exterminators came down, and since Adam was killed. He had received the letter the night before from Gabriel himself, asking for the fallen angel to appear in court for his trial. He had to answer for Adam's death. Charlie shuffled closely behind him, trying to calm her father down.

"Please, dad, Adam's death was not your fault. We all know this. You showed him mercy. You didn't kill him." The princess explained, holding her father still to stop him from his breakdown.

"Charlie! You don't understand! It's my word against theirs... The heavenly council doesn't trust me. You heard Adam, I'm the most hated being in all of creation! It's their word against mine." Lucifer gasped, he felt like he couldn't breathe. A shadow creeped up from behind, the radio demon emerging, standing behind the king with a strained smile.

"Your majesty, surely you mean it's their word against ours? We're coming with you to that trial whether you like it or not. As my dear Charlie's father, it's only natural I'd help you just like how I've helped her with the hotel!" Alastor exclaimed, the fake joyfulness in his voice evident to everyone else around. Lucifer's panic had blocked out the demon's attempt at irritating him with competition for his daughter as the king tried to down the hellish air into his lungs.

"No! No. You are not coming with me. No one is. I don't care what you say, if I go alone they will only punish me. If anyone joins me, it's going to get a lot more messy." Lucifer calmed down a bit to reply before feeling his legs give out in strength as the panic returned. The radio demon's hands acted on instinct, catching the short sin of pride and handing him to his daughter to hold, wiping his hand on his coat from the burning sensation of holding Lucifer. As the king got back onto his legs, Vaggie and Angel Dust inserted themselves into the

debate, trying their best to convince Lucifer to not go alone, encouraging the others to join in as well. Despite the words of the other hotel members, the king was set on his decision to go to heaven alone.

Before the princess and her friends could object any further, Lucifer escaped to his newly built apple tower, collapsing onto his bed. His wings spouted out from his back, enveloping himself in a cocoon as he hyperventilated.

He had never expected that he'd see his siblings again after his fall, accepting his fate to forever be alone not long after Lilith left. Tears gathered around his red eyes, threatening to fall as he gasped into the sheets below him.

"Michael, why can't I participate in any of the duties of creating life like you guys?" Lucifer had asked once when his oldest brother was fixing his hair and coat.

"Sorry, Luci, you're too young for that right now. But any ideas you have you can always tell Uriel. He could try to get it approved for you." Michael had told him despite knowing that all his previous dreams were crushed by the heavenly council.

"Why can't you make them for me? I've seen you make the seraphims..." The little angel pouted.

"I could make them, but only Uriel with the court can approve of souls." Michael sighed, trying not to break his baby brother's spirit. Lucifer didn't say anything after that, only deciding to spawn a little rubber duck in the elder's hair, leading to a giggle fest amongst the two.

Lucifer didn't know what happened to the rubber ducks he left up in heaven when he fell. He had hoped they were still intact, or maybe approved to have souls, but that was a far-fetched dream.

As he weeped into the sheets, the same shadow that creeped behind him earlier entered his room.

"My, my! What a sight to witness. The king of hell crying," radio static voice echoed in the room, "didn't think I would ever see this."

"What in God's name do you want, Alastor? I don't need you to be making fun of me right now of all times." Lucifer tried to yell, but his voice lacked the bite from his distressed state.

"Well that's not very entertaining..." Alastor began before he was cut off by a pillow thrown in his face. He was about to explode on the king, deer antlers growing slightly before he saw the expression on said king's face.

Tears decorated the round pink cheeks as his eyes dimmed from his tiredness. His wings low, still wrapping around the bottom half of his body in a ball, acting like a shield to protect himself. His hair was disheveled, the tall hat that was usually on his head thrown to God knows where.

"Come on, my king. How would it seem if you showed up to court looking like this? Let's get you cleaned up." The radio demon exclaimed as he squished the king's red cheeks between two of his fingers.

Lucifer didn't object to Alastor's musings, letting the demon do whatever as he fixed up the king's hair with a snap of his finger, his hat landing on top of the newly styled blonde locks.

"Come now, your majesty. Smile. You're never fully dressed without one." Alastor sighs, lifting up Lucifer's chin so the devil could look at his own red eyes.

"Alastor," the king's sudden voice startled said demon for a split second before he composed himself, "if I don't make it back today, please take care of Charlie. Help her with her hotel like you've been doing, protect her from harm. Please."

Hearing the king of hell beg was the last thing he expected when the radio demon snuck into his room. He strained a painful smile, the grip on the other's chin tightening.

"No." Static filled the room, the demon's eyes glowing like radio dials as his voice boomed in the room.

"What?" Lucifer gasped, feeling black tentacles trapping him, tangling his hands to hold him in place. "Alastor... Let me go!" The king yelped as the demon's hand slipped down to grip his shoulders.

"No. I refuse. You are going to come back from that trial alive and you will take care of Charlie. Not me, not Vaggie, not anyone else but you." Alastor roared, his antlers sprouting out as his claws grew. As the words slipped out of his mouth, a portal opened from under them, sending them both tumbling onto a ground made of fluffy clouds.

“Welcome to..." St. Peter began before he looked up to see a truly questionable sight.

The radio demon was sat atop of the king of hell, who was lying on the ground, staring at the other angel in pure embarrassment. Immediately, he teleported himself out from underneath the demon to stand properly in front of the gates of heaven.

"St. Peter! Long time no see... Uh... Can you send this one back down? I didn't mean to bring him with me." Lucifer chuckled nervously, gesturing to Alastor who finally composed himself to stand behind the king.

"Um... I wish I could, uh... Sir Lucifer... I mean Morningstar... I mean..." St. Peter panicked before three sets of silver and violet wings appeared in front of him.

"Gabriel..." Red eyes followed the archangel as he came closer to himself and the demon.

"Luci... *fer*... Let's skip the formalities and begin your trial. Is this... thing going to be joining you in your case?" The archangel questioned, eyeing the radio demon. Before Lucifer could deny, Alastor injected himself into the conversation.

"This thing has a name, thank you. And, yes, I will be joining the case as his majesty's attorney." Alastor gave his most sinister smile, watching as the archangel glared at him in disturbed hatred.

"Very well, let's go, brother." With that, the virtue of diligence guided them through the gate of heaven, something Lucifer had not expected to see again.

Gabriel, messenger of God, diligence of the heavenly virtues, always kept his siblings in check, ensuring they carried out their duties as tasked. Despite coddling the littlest archangel the least, no less did he love him compared to the rest of his siblings. He would watch all of Lucifer's performances with pure adoration in his violet eyes, training the young one with his powers. He stood by baby brother's side until the very day of his rebellion, and that was the same day that those dazzling violet eyes lost their glimmer.

"Brother, you may be our pride and joy, but you have let your own pride corrupt you. For that, punishment is only necessary for you to repent your sins."

As they waltzed through heaven, Lucifer could not help but allow his eyes to wander around, appreciating the new atmosphere of what was once his beloved home. His eyes sparkled as they landed on a giant sign which stated ‘ZOO’.

“There's a zoo?!” The king of hell could not help himself from the burst of excitement that flowed through him. The older angel felt a glimpse of the past, how his baby brother loved telling him about his wondrous ideas. His gaze softened as light returned to those violet eyes for a split second before they were gone again, replaced with that signature cold, dead stare.

“Many things have changed since... Welcome back, Lucifer.” Gabriel didn't dare speak more than that, afraid his own voice would give up on him. The red demon was seemingly forgotten as he strolled on behind the two archangels, glaring at anyone who dared to stare for a second too long. It wasn't every day that one would see a demon of all things walking about in heaven, with one of heaven's main authorities and the king of hell no less. Many had

passed-by and watched as the radio demon followed God's messenger and the sin of pride, but were quickly scared away as said demon turned his attention onto them.

As they finally reached the entrance to the courthouse, Lucifer whispered to Alastor, “Don't you dare cause any trouble I swear to God. Leave this mess to me and I'll try to get you out of here unharmed.” Alastor didn't bat an eye, just humming softly as he turned to enter the blinding white room, dawned in golden curtains. Seats were positioned against the wall, the widest section at the bottom followed by six more sections leading towards the top of the room, each smaller than the other, before reaching the highest section, a section of nine individual seats, decorated individually other than the one in the centre, a dazzling white glow forever emitting from despite it being vacant for the past 10000 years.

This was heaven’s true court.

Chapter End Notes

Lucifer is a manifestation of God’s love rather than purposefully created like the other archangels so he did not have many duties during his time in heaven

Archangels have not been informed of Charlie’s existence

The heavenly council keeps a lot of things from the higher ups

Things about to go down in court

(Constructive criticism is appreciated!)

Heaven Debates

Chapter Summary

Leading angels of each of heaven's hierarchy gathered in the court, awaiting the trial.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the comments and suggestions!

Apologies for not crediting inspirations sooner (now added in the beginning notes of chapter 1)

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As representative angels of each group settled down in their place, their eyes turned to the three stepping into the court. The presence of Sir Gabriel was made known with his majestically large wings, splayed notably against his back, his radiant silver hair enchanting the entire room. Lucifer could only keep his head low as he followed behind his older brother in silence, not wanting to face the heavenly council. Meanwhile, Alastor's signature toothy grin was still on display, the only true emotion written on his face were from his squinted eyes as he stared at each section of angels.

The angels of the first section were adorned in one set of pure white feathers, crowning themselves with spring green halos. These were the elders of the Guardian Angels, made of winners who have shown bravery and protected others, working closely with souls on earth to protect and guide them to the path of righteousness.

The next section were angels of bright orange wings, grey halos sitting above their heads. The heads Principalities watched over the souls that ended up in heaven, they were heaven-born lifeforms who have earned their place amongst the angelic hierarchy.

Whispers were heard amongst the crowd, most of the angels in disbelief of seeing *the* king of hell in the flesh for the first time. Lucifer stood rooted in the place they were led to by his

older brother before said archangel had flown high above to his own seat. Alastor silently rested his hand on the shoulder of the sin of pride, feeling the otherwise unnoticeable shaking from the short king.

The third seats were gathered with lavender halos, two sets of red feathery wings spread across either the heads or backs of these inhuman creatures. The Powers were the top warriors of heaven, though unlike the exorcists, they did not target the demonic souls, rather the hell-born life corrupting Earth.

Just above them were the Dominions. Their two pairs of cyan wings accompanied by similar coloured halos were dressed in several flowing white fabrics. Their main job was to inform the higher ups of heaven about what was happening throughout earth and their own realm, along with spreading the glory of the angels above them.

“Since everyone has arrived, as God’s judgment, I declare that the trial of Lucifer MorningStar has begun,” Cassiel’s voice echoed in the court, all eyes turning to him as he continued, “may the plaintiff speak as the defendant remains silent.”

Attention had turned to the angel on the opposite end of the room, away from Lucifer and the radio demon. A familiar exorcist angel who had lost an arm whilst battling another fallen angel stood there, her gold eyes piercing the two from hell. Alastor tightened his grip on the king’s shoulder, suddenly feeling another pair of painfully powerful eyes on him.

Shifting his gaze upwards as he kept up his best sinister grin, he witnessed a man with long braided hair of almost the same shade as the fallen angel’s own, glaring daggers into him with those moon-like silver eyes. He almost could not stop the staring contest between himself and the definitely out-of-his-power-level heavenly being before the exorcist’s voice snapped both of them out of it.

“Your honour, Sir Cassiel, there truly is not much for me to say other than the fact that *he* had killed the first man, Adam, right in front of my eyes.” Lute explained, voiced seeped with venom as she almost spat in the direction of Lucifer, barely containing herself to not make a fool in front of the archangels.

Cassiel sighed, not wanting the trial to go on for longer than it needed to, he spoke with authority in his voice, “Alright then. May the defendant…”

“Hold on, brother Cassiel, we must know the details of this ‘yearly exterminations’ that occur before we continue,” Ramiel had interjected her younger brother’s speech, earning a tired look from him and several confused gazes from the other angels, “may the plaintiff please elaborate on what happened down in hell.”

“Right… Yes, ma’am. I’m sure that everyone knows about the exterminations at this point, so I’ll cut the boring parts,” Lute held her breath as she spoke, whether her eyes were burning in annoyance or panic, the radio demon could not decipher, “so, um… Usually during our yearly activities, we exorcists would only go after such a small number of sinners to try to help hell with its problem of overpopulation. However, *Lucifer’s* delusional…”

“Ok let me stop you right there. You do not get to call my family ‘delusional’, you unholy bitch.” The king’s sudden voice roared in the court, all eyes turning to him. Alastor had not even realised that Lucifer was about to speak, catching the radio demon off-guard for a moment. Not only that, the hand on the fallen angel’s shoulder no longer felt his shaking. Lucifer truly puts his beloved daughter above anything else, just at the mention of her snaps him out of his nervous trance.

“The defendant may not speak,” Cassiel reminded, though there was no bite in his words like the exorcist had hoped when she was so *rudely* interrupted, “plaintiff, continue, with better language this time.” Lute stopped the urge to roll her eyes at that order and Alastor had to stifle a chuckle.

“As I was saying before that *thing* stopped me,” Lute began again, this time several low growls from the highest section could barely be heard by the radio demon, “this demon claiming she wanted to help sinners redeem themselves and so that they can enter heaven had stopped us. We were not even targeting her! Sure, we did attack some sinners who she called *friends* , but we were just doing our jobs! She had no right to stop us and in the process of the battle she started, I’d lost my arm and sir Adam lost his life. All because we were trying to stop her from protecting sinners and then *he* interjected.”

A finger was pointed to Lucifer with so much anger a part of him wondered if he could snap it in the name of self-defense from feeling ‘threatened’. That thought was short lived as he heard a silent voice from the demon beside him.

“I really wonder what would transpire if I snap that little angel in half right now and eat her head in front of this court,” Alastor whispered so softly that only the short king could hear him, “though, she doesn't seem like she is worth the trouble…” A silent giggle from Lucifer caused a strange warmth to spread through his body.

“You still have the energy to be joking now, of all times?” The king rolled his eyes playfully at the radio demon before another voice echoed through the courtroom.

“The defendant may speak now as the plaintiff remains silent.” Cassiel explained once the exorcist had finished her rant. Finally allowing them the right to make their statement, Alastor takes the lead.

“As we all know, his majesty, Lucifer has never harmed a single angel throughout every extermination except the most recent one,” the radio demon spoke in confidence, controlling the moment just like how he used to when he was a radio podcaster back when he was alive, “and the only reason he had stepped in was due to the fact that the exterminators had *purposefully* targeted a hell-born demon, when the contract had clearly stated that only sinners are to be harmed…”

“Surely you can't believe the words of this… *sinner* ! They're known for lying and manipulating situations to get the upper hand.” Lute's voice had interrupted Alastor's, causing static noises to fill the court as the radio dials flashed in the demon's eyes.

“Mister Cassiel had just said that the plaintiff was not to speak, hadn't he?” The growing grin on the radio demon's face sent unsettling shivers down the angels’ spines as he turned to the archangels high above.

The judgment sighed, “That's right. Please continue, defendant.” With that, Alastor's eyes returned to normal once more as he could not help but stop the urge to cackle at the exorcist across the room, who looked like she was about to throw a tantrum like a child. Lucifer let go of a breath he hadn't known he'd been holding since Alastor began speaking, feeling a sense of relief that the court had not dismissed the demon's words yet.

“Perhaps the attack was targeted at the hotel,” a small voice sounded from the platform just below the archangels, “in the last court case, Adam threatened them that he would go after the hotel first after all.”

“Sera, is what your sister is saying true?” Uriel questioned, his forest green wings wrapped in vines stood stern as he heard the news.

“My dear head seraphim, just how many secrets are you keeping from us?” Ramiel could not believe this herself, yet her voice still remained as gentle as it possibly could, only her brothers knowing the true agitation behind her tone.

“Charlie was *threatened* ?” Lucifer exclaimed, his eyes and sclera switching colours for a split second before he felt a hand return to his shoulder. The king of hell glared at Alastor for a moment before calming himself down, trying his best to stay grounded.

“Well, then. Now that that's settled, I do believe it's clear that the attack was indeed a targeted one!” The radio demon said in disturbing glee. Lute could only stare at him in rage as she could not come up with a better explanation to save her skin, turning to the head seraphim for any help she could get.

“The meeting was getting heated. We all know Adam was a very irritable soul, hence we cannot hold it against him if he had spoken things he had not meant to say.” Sera tried to reason, looking up at the archangels in guilt and regret. There were many things she kept from them, and she knew they'd come back and haunt her one day. After Lucifer’s trial would be her own and she would most likely lose her position for keeping this many secrets.

The four cherubim leaders below the seraphims, dawned with scarlet wings and ocean blue halos, had begun whispering to themselves, debating who was really speaking the truth, a major surprise to the king of hell that they would even be willing to consider Alastor's words.

“Sir Cassiel, do we have any other evidence from both sides?” an ophanim questioned. The Thrones were just above the dominions and right below the cherubims, their three pairs of snow white wings hovering from either side of the golden wheels covered in hundreds of eyes, sunburned halos floating steadily above.

“I was not presented with any other evidence from the plaintiff other than the head seraphim's words and the confirmed death of Adam. I was not informed about any from the defendant

either.” Cassiel explained, guilt bubbled within him as he felt incompetent to be God's judgment. Brushing that feeling to the side as he gazed into his younger brother's eyes, he continued, “Luci, do you have any evidence to present to the court.”

Lucifer hummed low as he thought hard about it. The only evidence he really had was the witnesses from the hotel members and his daughter, but he refused to bring Charlie up here and he did not want to endanger *more* of Charlie's friends. The young seraphim had been an awe to witness, standing up for his daughter like she had was a wonderful scene. He sensed a strange connection, though, when he had finally taken note of her. It was as if he knew her from somewhere, but it was not possible considering how young she seemed. She must have been created after his fall, hence he should not involve her in his actions more than she had involved herself.

“Actually, we have a witness of the battle right here in heaven!” Emily squeaked as she snapped her fingers to reveal an oddly familiar snake angel that she had summoned in the centre of the court. *Well, there goes not involving her…*

“Where am I?” The slithering angel hissed in confusion as many eyes landed on him. He turned his head to see the radio demon and Lucifer standing there, allowing his panic to soften a bit when he finally saw some familiar faces up in this heavenly realm.

“Oh my! If it isn't Sir Pentious. Everyone at the hotel thought you died! Charlie had told me that Adam blasted you. Who knew you were here all along?” Alastor exclaimed in masked joy. *This might just be their key to winning* … The radio demon's strange enthusiasm felt even more unsettling to watch when all of heaven's court had seen his malicious smile.

“Emily!” Sera whisper-yelled, trying to not catch the archangels’ attention. If they did hear her, they chose to ignore her in favour of the new angel that had appeared in their court.

“This is Sir Pentious! He was a sinner and sent to hell when his time on Earth was up. However, through Charlie's efforts with her hotel, she had managed to change his soul to be loving and caring. So when he was ‘killed’ by Adam, his soul was sent here. He is hell's first redeemed soul!” Emily explained despite her sister's protests, watching as the entirety of the heavenly council was strewn into a muttering mess trying to discuss whether this was true and that heaven had been killing souls that could've been redeemed.

Lucifer could not believe his own eyes and ears as the exorcist across from him stared blankly in pure shock.

“Oh dear God. Sera! Just how many twists and turns are we going to experience in this court today?” Gabriel groaned in annoyance. He was God's messenger. The head seraphim was supposed to inform him of all that happens in heaven and between heaven and hell!

“Oh don't stop, this is finally getting interesting,” Azrael cackled at how hysterical this now tilted in his brother's favour case, “so much better than any paperwork.”

“Charlie will be happy to hear that you're safe, Sir… Pentious, right?” Lucifer said, delight in his voice as he imagined his daughter's joyful smile if she found out about this. His little bubble bursting from his head when a low voice radiated throughout the court without the need to add his authoritative touch.

“Before the trial continues, Lucifer, I wish to ask you a question.” Michael’s words sent tremors down every angel’s spine as the entire court fell silent. All of heaven knew his patience was not to be tested, if they wished for their life, they’d remain silent until the leader of all of heaven was satisfied.

Even Alastor could tell he did not want to mess with the archangel. He had played with Lucifer due to the gratification he received from the fallen angel’s responses, challenging the king’s authority because he knew Lucifer would not kill him. But this angel was different. He knew the heavenly being could and would kill him if he so much as stepped out of line, and from the way that he was stared down at when he held the king, he wasn’t sure if he would be alive if he had even *looked* at Lucifer the wrong way.

The shaking returned to the sin of pride. The voice reminded him so much of the past. How *he* was the one who banished him, how *he* was the one who ripped his golden halo from his head, how *he* was the one who threw him off the clouds, into the pit of despair created by his mistakes.

“I’m sorry, Luci.” That was the last thing the young angel heard his oldest brother say before he was cast down from heaven. He could never believe the apology, no matter how many years he’d spent rethinking those moments, he could not believe those words. But every time he cursed the name of the eldest, a strange guilt crept up his gut. His mind could not believe

it, but his heart did, and oh how much he used to trust his heart, letting it guide him before his own logic could catch up.

He had tried to contact his siblings several times after his fall, each with no avail. The first was his wedding invitation, thinking that despite their obvious disapproval of his and Lilith's love, they would want to know. When there wasn't even so much as a simple "sorry we can't make it", he felt heartbroken but his (now ex) wife had cheered him up.

The second time was when Sera had practically forced the contract of allowing the yearly exterminations onto him. Sera had told him this had been approved by Michael and that he shouldn't question his words. That night he had sent another message to Michael, which led to yet another empty reply. With only his own thoughts and the pressure from Adam and Sera, he signed the contract under the condition that only sinners would be harmed. Leading to an argument between him and Lilith.

He had tried again almost daily from then on, but once again nothing was said. He had only stopped after the birth of his beloved daughter, sending them one last message about her existence, which was once again left with no answer, before the messages from hell stopped completely.

"What's… the question?" Lucifer finally answered, eyes nervously looking up at the other archangel. Alastor felt a strange feeling in his chest. He loved seeing other people in despair, so why now did he feel so horrible when the king panicked right under his nose? He wanted to tear his own dead heart out to question it, but remained calm and collected as he awaited the question with Lucifer and the rest of the heavenly court.

"Who is *Charlie?* "

Chapter End Notes

Updates will come at least once a week, sometimes more.

Out of character Alastor cause I can't write psychopaths

Might write why Sera keeps so many things from the higher ups in later chapters but this story will focus mainly on Lucifer and his siblings (and his strange relationship with Alastor)

Angel hierarchy present in court (from lowest tier to highest):
Elder Guardian Angels (Winners)
Head Principalities (Heaven-born leaders of angelic cities)
Powers (warriors created by Gabriel)
Dominions
Thrones
Cherubims
Seraphims
Archangels

The archangels are all non-binary/intersex, how they decide to present themselves is up to them.

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Answers

Chapter Summary

As the court finds out more about what happened, the scales tilt towards the innocence of Lucifer MorningStar

Chapter Notes

Have an early chapter because I can't stop writing

Thank you for your support on the previous two chapters

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Who is *Charlie* ?"

A question so simple, yet it was the answer to so many things that plagued Lucifer's mind.

Why they had never responded, why Sera had refused his request to see Michael when signing the contract, why his daughter had looked so frustrated when she'd returned from heaven…

"Sir Michael, apologies for my rudeness, but is this *necessary?* We're here to decide on *his*… " Lute's angered voice broke through his train of thoughts, before she quickly shut up when she saw a single finger be placed on Michael's lips.

Well if that isn't stupid, then I am not the radio demon… Alastor grinned menacingly when the exorcist nearly chose her own death. *How strange, though… Did this 'Sera' angel really keep that much hidden from the archangels?* The radio demon wondered, eyes squinting as he glanced between the seraphims, the older one tensing and failing miserably to hide the fact that she was slowly losing it, and Michael.

What would they do if they knew about Charlie now? Lucifer allowed his mind to race once again. *Would they kill her? Would they threaten her like they did to him, destroying her precious hotel? Would they put her on trial again?* He needed to do something, panic rising in his chest as he found it hard to breathe. He had to protect his daughter.

"May… I refuse the question?" Lucifer finally responded after a hot minute. Alastor turned to the king, confusion evident in his eyes. *Why?* He had refrained himself from asking. The entire court was still in silence as they awaited for the archangel to speak again.

"Alright, then. What is your view of the first man, Adam?" Michael spoke in a calm voice. There was no hint of anger or irritation to the lack of an answer, shocking the whole court. If it were anyone else on trial, refusing the virtue of charity's questions would usually lead to a forced answer.

"I'll answer this for his majesty," Alastor's static voice echoed cheerfully across the room, a drastic difference to the tense atmosphere as he felt the eldest archangel's silver eyes glare at him, "Adam is a *joke.* He lacks discipline and control, not to mention he's absolutely *sloppy* in his attacks. He really isn't the tough guy he claims himself to be. Truly a disappointment for the *legendary* first man."

"The fact that he said that we should be worshipping him too." Lucifer scared himself when he said that out loud on accident, many eyes returning to him.

"Lucifer, do you agree with what this… *demon* has said?" Cassiel questioned, sensing a pair of red eyes staring at him in irritation from said demon. In a panic, Lucifer nodded his head a bit too fast in agreement, causing him to feel slightly dizzy afterward.

"I don't pick fights on purpose. He harmed a hell-born, I simply stepped in after he broke the contract," the king explained, the court listening intently at his every word, "our battle didn't last long at all as even the blind could see that he couldn't even beat me in his dreams."

"Does that answer satisfy your question, Mister… Michael, was it?" Alastor could not help but feel his smile grow more intense as his gaze returned to said archangel, as if trying to push the limits to see how far he could go before he was sniped.

“Yes,” the six-winged angel did not specify which part he was answering, “I believe this concludes the trial today. May the judgment come to a decision swiftly.” Michael turned his piercing glare directed at Alastor to Cassiel, silver eyes returning to their tired, neutral state as he did.

“Sir Pentious, could you give me your account of the extermination as I come to a conclusion?” Cassiel asked the snake angel that was still nervously sweating in the centre of the room.

“Yessss, sssir, of coursssse.” Sir Pentious said, straightening himself to a salute as he was teleported by the archangel up to the highest platform.

As the snake angel reported his version of the story, Cassiel noted down the details on a piece of golden paper, listening to how when Charlie had returned to the hotel after visiting heaven, she told them about Adam’s threat and they had to prepare themselves for the attack. When extermination day was here, the portal had opened facing directly towards the hotel and several hundred, maybe thousands of exorcists flew down and began their attack. Alastor, the demon that is here in court with them, had the job of defending the rest against the first man. However, he disappeared mid-battle and they initially thought he had died, but seeing how he was still alive and kicking in this room, he must have survived.

“But we couldn’t sssee him anywhere, hence I de(sss)cided that I had to protect my friendsss from Adam who had turned to attack them. Sssso I kissssed Misss Cherribomb, the one I loved, and went to defend the hotel with one of my lovely machinesss with my egg boiz.” Sir Pentious had become teary in his two main eyes when he had reached the part about Cherribomb, a sense of sadness filled his gut but he was joyful at the same time as he had left with no regrets after confessing his feelings.

“And then you ended up here?” Cassiel questioned, his gaze finally leaving the paper he was scribbling on. The other angel nodded in agreement as the archangel poofed the feathery pen out of existence before similar pieces of paper appeared in front of the other archangels and the angels of the heavenly council on each section below him.

After a minute of silence and no one objecting to the statement of Sir Pentious, with not even Lute or Sera being able to come up with a proper refute, Cassiel stated the decision of the court.

“In conclusion to this court case, due to the first man, Adam, having broken the conditions of the contract between heaven and hell, we have found Lucifer MorningStar **not guilty** in contributing to his death.” the judgment declared, and even if the heavenly council would love to punish the king of hell, they couldn’t as they knew he’d done nothing wrong. Lucifer let out a sigh of relief, finally feeling less nauseated as he started to breathe properly again.

“As for the punishment for lying in court, the plaintiff is to return during the trial of head seraphim, Sera, to be charged alongside her later in the afternoon.” Cassiel spoke, his voice stern and authoritative as he eyed Lute who was still shaking in anger from the declaration that the king, sinners and even hell itself would not be punished for causing the death of Adam. Sera could only bury her face in her head as she thought about the possible punishments she would receive. At best, she would go under harsh retraining provided by Michael himself, at worst, she would be separated from her dearest sister and killed for keeping secrets from the archangels.

“Might I request that Lucifer join us in the next trial?” Raphael’s soft voice was finally heard in the courtroom for the first time that day. His ice blue eyes gazing at his younger brother then at the other empty seat amongst the archangels, one decorated with dazzling red apples.

“Excuse me, Sir Raphael,” the voice of the cherubim with the head of an eagle began, catching the attention of the angels that were ready to leave the court in preparation of the next trial, “but even if Lucifer MorningStar is innocent as declared, he is still the king of *hell* . He is no less dangerous than he was before and it would be wise to send him back down to his realm along with that… *thing* , would it not?”

“Once again, I would appreciate not being called a ‘thing’ anymore than I already have.” The radio demon exclaimed, moving his hands behind his back, a fist forming as his nails plunged into his hands, almost drawing blood, whilst he eyed the angels high above with irritation in signature smile.

“We shall discuss this on our own time, Raph. The heavenly council is to return to this court by four in the afternoon. Lucifer, may we speak with you for a minute?” Cassiel spoke with great authority, shutting the cherubim up swiftly.

The king wanted to say no, he didn't want to face his siblings more than he already had. He wanted to leave this place, return to his daughter who he just found out that they probably knew *nothing* of her existence. Through his panic, he had not even noticed that the other angels had left the courtroom, leaving only him, his siblings and Alastor there, awaiting his answer.

"Your majesty, are you alright?" The radio demon broke the silence that filled the room. Lucifer's frantic eye's finally landed on Alastor, slowing down in movement as his breath caught up to him.

"Luci, if you don't wish to be in the next trial, you are free to leave. We can open a portal for you right now if you permit." Ramiel's gentle voice could be heard moving closer to the pair from hell. Her three sets of wings coloured in azure blue and pure white feathers carried her down to the ground beside the sin and the sinner.

"Oh, but it would be so much more exciting with our little Luci here! Isn't that right, baby bro?" Azrael had teleported right behind the fallen angel, his white gloved arm swinging around Lucifer's shoulder. With the archangel standing so close to the king, Alastor could see the sheer difference in height between the little archangel and his older siblings. It was comical, honestly.

"Az, give him a break. Poor Luci over here is hyperventilating." Uriel said as he rolled his eyes in irritation from the older's antics. All the attention on the youngest felt suffocating to him. Lucifer gripped his hair as he backed away from his siblings who were crowding around them, blocking the radio demon as the king felt himself being cornered when his foot hit the wall.

"Don't… don't come any closer. Stop… Stop! No!" Lucifer screamed, gasping for air, breaking down at the sight of the older angels being so close to him, *too* close.

"Luci…" Ramiel stopped herself from reaching out when she witnessed the panic in his eyes. *What had happened to him…* She had to turn away from witnessing the tears gathering at the corner of his eyes.

Alastor glared at the older angels, antlers protruding from his head as his pupils morphed into dials. His instincts screamed at him to *kill* them, even if he couldn't actually do that. *Protect*

him .

"**That's enough** ." Michael's voice echoed more authoritatively than any other archangels' the radio demon had witnessed. More importantly, they were now all enveloped in a massive dome of feathers before the virtues had disappeared from his line of sight. As the feathers fell and disappeared, the king and himself were now situated in what seemed to be an old bedroom. More specifically, *Lucifer's* old bedroom. He gazed up at the pictures that hung against the walls, seemingly dating back eons ago.

There was one of a young angel with a beautiful golden halo, who was evidently a younger Lucifer, placing a crown made of flowers on Ramiel's head, her lush long hair flowing eons ago just as it still was.

Another was of a slightly taller Lucifer holding a sword, lightning that didn't seem like it belonged to the archangel flowing from the weapon. His eyes were bright and golden, unlike the blood red it was now, as he stared at the blade in absolute awe.

Then there was one of a being Alastor had never seen before, carrying what was supposedly Lucifer as a baby, small enchanting white wings wrapping around his own body as he cuddled closer towards the being. The being could only be described as *unreal* . There was no other way to say it, and Alastor, who always had a way with words, could not understand why he was unable to describe this being.

Before he could ponder on that for a second longer, the king of hell had splayed his wings out defensively, before they wrapped himself into a little cocoon just as he had done in the morning. Alastor sighed internally, reaching his gloved hand out to the feathery cocoon on the floor.

Slowly, the feathers dropped slightly, allowing a hesitant hand to reach out to the demon's before the entire angel yelped as he was pulled into a way to gentle embrace from the radio demon. A warmth spread to his cheeks as his face was practically shoved against the overlord.

"Calm down, my king. They're gone now." Alastor reasoned, ignoring the burning sensation in his arms as he held Lucifer up, waiting for the shaking to stop. After a minute of making

sure the archangels were really gone and taking a deep breath, Lucifer felt himself being pushed away from the demon.

“Who knew the radio demon would be so abhorred about hugging me, whilst being the one to pull me into one in the first place?” The king of hell chuckled, watching as Alastor wiped his gloved hands on his coat as he rolled his eyes playfully.

“Oh, my dear, you’re not as special as you think! I simply hate physical touch from everyone.” The radio demon exclaimed, dusting his sleeves. He had expected many ways Lucifer would respond to this, whether it be telling the demon to shut up, insulting him or even returning the eye roll he had given. Hearing the king laugh so genuinely was not one of them. He felt his attention being drawn to the sin, mind unable to focus on anything other than that angelic voice.

When Lucifer finally took note of the staring, he looked away sheepishly before a frown settled on his face again as the memories of his family came crashing back. Alastor hated that frown, wanting to erase it. Just as he was about to say something, the fallen angel’s voice interrupted his thoughts.

“Alastor,” Lucifer turned back to him, though instead of looking into his eyes, the king’s gaze lingered at the demon’s torso area, “you’re injured.”

The overlord blinked, then blinked again as if he hadn’t heard the angel.

“Adam had hit you in that battle. That’s why you left.” Lucifer spoke of in such a matter-of-fact tone. There was no joke bubbling in his voice, no ridicule in his words. He was simply stating things as it was. Despite creating a tower for himself, it had taken the king five days since the rebuilding of the hotel to fully settle in as one of its residents after much insistence from the princess. He had not spent much time with the radio demon until this day of the trial, otherwise he would’ve noticed the wound sooner. The angelic scar left by the first man was not something Alastor could heal on his own, yet he still went on about his days as if nothing was wrong, bandaging and stitching the wound the best he could.

“Take off your shirt.”

“I’m sorry, what?” Static filled the room from the confusion on the radio demon’s voice. The king flushed in embarrassment at his sudden words.

“Not like *that* ! You know what I mean… Let me heal you. I owe you one for helping me today after all.” A soft hand was placed on the area where the wound was as Lucifer explained himself, the embarrassment leaving his voice.

The radio demon sighed. *It was indeed a fair deal* . He had possibly saved the fallen angel’s life in court, now he was offering to save Alastor’s life from the injury. After a moment of contemplation, the demon removed his coat, lifting up his shirt just barely enough to allow Lucifer access to the scar.

“Make it quick.” Alastor said, forcing out the annoyance in his words as he ripped the bandages and stitches out. Fingers danced across the sliced open skin, a gentle gold string of magic twirling along with them. Slowly, the skin began stitching itself back together. A truly mesmerising sight it was, the focused and determined look in the red eyes from the king and the soft lingering touches from his slim fingers. It definitely did not leave Alastor breathless. He was breathing just fine.

As the wound sealed up, some part of the radio demon wanted to chase the hand that pulled away, wanting the touch to last forever. He simply lowered his shirt and shrugged his coat back on before he saw the same hand reaching out to him, presenting itself as if it was asking for something. He could only tilt his head at the owner of the hand in confusion with his signature smile still plastered on his face.

“Your cane. You haven’t been using it since you returned from the fight. Something must have happened to it.” Lucifer said, gazing into the other’s eyes on determination. Knowing he would not back down until he gave him what he wanted, Alastor sighed and summoned his broken radio cane into the king’s arm. *So that’s where Charlie’s stubbornness came from.*

Within a second, the two halves of his cane had reattached themselves, looking good as new. The king handed it back to the demon, allowing him to inspect it.

“Would you look at that! It looks brand new.” The radio demon exclaimed, true delight evident in his voice. Lucifer replied only with a smug grin that spoke no other words except ‘I’m the best, I know’, before a tired look returned to his face.

“I’m sure you have a lot of questions… I’ll answer them all when we’re back in hell, I promise. But for now, before we return, could I ask you to stay by my side?” Lucifer looked down at his hands as he whispered so softly, the radio demon barely catching onto every word he said.

“What do you think I’ve been doing, my dear king?” Alastor laughed maniacally, static hard on his voice to mask the heat he felt from hearing those words as he leaned against his newly fixed cane. *Must be an archangel thing*... He continued, “Well then, should we get one of your… dearest siblings and leave this awfully bright place? Or do you wish to sit in for this trial of the little angels?”

Silence filled the room as Lucifer was consumed by his thoughts again. Going to the trial would mean he forgave his siblings, yet he still could not bring himself to do so. Leaving right now would mean that he would probably not get to see them again for another ten thousand years. He really had missed them and he definitely did not want to leave without saying ‘goodbye’…

He remembered how devastated Raphael was when he was found guilty. He didn’t think he could ever face him again, not that he needed to worry about that when he was dragged out of the courtroom and thrown into hell by Michael after their fight. He knew two things. First was that he could not bring himself to forgive them, especially Michael. Second was he was absolutely crushed by the fact that he was not even allowed a final goodbye. So many things he wanted to say, all forgotten and lost to time as he spiraled into a depression after the lack of replies from his many messages .

Raphael was the last of the seven heavenly virtues, representing humility. Despite seeming like Lucifer's polar opposite, he adored his baby brother like it would be the end of the world if he ever stopped loving him. He was not as imaginative as his youngest brother, but he always appreciated when Lucifer would come to him to spend time together, even if they just sat in silence. They understood each other without words, helping to preen the other's wings after a hard day and playing little games that popped up in his baby brother's mind.

"I miss you..."

After a moment too long for the radio demon's liking, Alastor was beginning to think the king was about to have another breakdown before he heard the fallen angel's voice again, "I think… I think I owe Michael and the rest some answers…"

"That you do."

Chapter End Notes

They aren't finding out about Char-Char yet :)

Michael is scary

He teleported the others to the main hall from chapter 1

More backstory in the next chapter

Sera and Lute's trial is going to bring more drama to the table

Miscommunication is fun

Poor Lucifer

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Listens

Chapter Summary

As an archangel speaks with the fallen one, more of the past is revealed.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the support you all have been giving!

I know I said weekly updates but ahaha have daily instead (not posting tomorrow though)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"That you do."

Those words had come from none other than the virtue of charity himself as he appeared in the room in a cocoon of gold and silver feathers before his wings fell as he revealed himself.

"Well, speak of the *devil* , why don't we?" The radio demon delighted, arms wrapping around the king possessively, glaring at the silver eyed archangel.

Michael's face scrunched up in what could only be described as pure and absolute disgust at the hand splayed across his little brother's waist. Returning his gaze to the youngest archangel, he noticed a rising panic sparking in those corrupted eyes once again.

"Luci…" Michael held a breath as he stepped closer to his baby brother, a silent growl of static and growing black antlers coming from the demon beside the fallen angel.

"Stay… Stay back. Don't come any closer…" White wings sprouted defensively from the king's back as his voice struggled to come out of his throat, a few loose red feathers dropping

to the ground. A hand that wanted to reach out retracted at those words, sadness, guilt and regret were written all across the face of the eldest.

Michael sighed, tired silver eyes lowering to the fallen feathers as he spoke, “The others want to see you in the main hall… Can I speak with you for a minute before we go there? In private.” The last part was directed at Alastor, his grin sharpening as his deer ears laid flat on his head. He’d seen how panicked Lucifer had become when speaking with the other archangel, he didn’t want to leave the king alone with him. *Who knows why his majesty is so terrified of this Michael?* He felt the need to protect the king from his brother as his eyes glared intensely at the archangel.

“I… can Alastor stay… please?” Lucifer whispered barely loud enough for the two to hear. He backed up slightly, gripping the radio demon's coat tightly. Michael’s eyes shifted between his baby brother and the demon, not wanting to force the shorter angel to speak, he could do nothing but agree.

“Alright, let’s take a seat and talk, brother.” An misty table appeared between the three as Michael spoke, followed by chairs of clouds popping up underneath each of them.

“So, Mister Michael, what would you like to talk about with his majesty?” Alastor was the first to speak after they had settled in their place, lifting an elbow on the table and he held his chin above the back of his palm. His other hand fell down the side of his seat, allowing the king to hold onto it to calm his nerves.

“May you answer my first question, Lucifer?” The elder archangel asked, tone as gentle as he could to not scare his brother.

“Oh, you must mean the one about Charlie! She’s such a wonderful young girl, really, always looking out for others…” Alastor was about to gleefully go on a verse of the princess before he felt a tight squeeze of his hand, followed by a stern side eye from Lucifer. *Well, that’s a lot less fun.*

“Before I tell you, I wish to ask you something first.” The little angel said softly, tremors still evident in his voice but they were more controlled than before. Michael’s eyes seemed less tired at those words, lighting up slightly as he nodded his head.

“Of course, Luci. Anything within my ability to answer is yours to ask.” The king’s brother spoke in such a tone that reminded Alastor of Lucifer whenever his daughter asked him for help. The fallen angel took a deep breath, composing himself to not trip over his words.

“Have you, or any of the others, ever received a message from me after my fall?”

The virtue of charity stared blankly at the king, tilting his head to the side in confusion. His answer was clear as day.

“Any message from hell should have been passed to Gabriel. If it required the involvement of any of us, he would have told us,” Michael answered, the uncertainty in his voice was noticeable as he explained how God’s messenger worked as if Lucifer hadn’t known it like the back of his hand, “hence to my knowledge, none of us had ever been informed of any messages from hell. I’m not even sure that Gabriel had ever gotten one from you after you fell. Why?”

“Because I had sent so many messages to you that I’ve lost count.” The fallen angel blurted out the words like they were bubbling in his words for hundreds of years. Tremors had returned to the hand clutching the radio demon’s, Lucifer’s eyes shifting to look everywhere but his brother. It took a moment for the younger’s words to process before the archangel had come to a realisation of what it meant.

Dear God… the seraphims are the one incharge of affairs that involve hell. Seeing what happened during the trial earlier, Sera was most definitely hiding more things than what was let out. That was the only possible explanation. Sera had kept the messages from Gabriel, which led him to be unable to relay them to the rest of the archangels.

“Luci… I apologise for not noticing something was wrong sooner. Please, if you could speak of the contents of your letters during the meeting later…” Michael began, silver eyes wide in disbelief. It was oddly satisfying to Alastor as he witnessed the eldest of the archangels realise that his subordinates were not doing as they were told.

“I had tried so many times… so many times I thought you were ignoring me, so many nights crying myself to sleep. I thought that you didn’t want to see me ever again. I can’t forgive

you, Michael… I can’t do it. I can’t bring myself to. Please…” Lucifer couldn’t breathe, his voice was shaking as much as he was, tears falling down his cheeks before he could stop them, “I want to go home.”

“But you are home, Luci. We’ve all missed you…” Michael tried to explain, a strained smile plastered on his pale face. Alastor could feel his eye twitching ever so slightly as he tried to compose himself.

“That’s not what he meant and you know it.” The radio demon spat, anger boiling as his ears straightened defensively. The virtue glared at him, a fire igniting in those silver eyes. His hands, covered in a pair of golden gloves, clawed at the table he had summoned, the marks disappearing amongst the mist.

“Let's just go to the meeting, please.” Lucifer's quiet voice cut through the tension between the other two. The archangel and the demon shifted their gaze to the fallen before side eyeing each other one last time.

“Alright… Let's go.” Michael sighed, the table and his chair disappearing as he stood up, leaving the room before the other two. As he stepped out, he teleported in a puff of gold clouds as he reappeared in his own room instead of the meeting room.

His legs gave out the moment he hit his bedroom floor, the archangel collapsing on the ground with a hard ‘thud’. The image of tears flowing out of his dearest brother's eyes returned to his mind as he lifted his upper body up. *Luci…* So many words he wanted to say, so many things stuck in his throat, so many thoughts filling his head. *Brother…*

Lush green trees covered the earth, soft grass and a plethora of flowers filled the lands. This world had just been created, after many millenniums of discussions between the seraphims and Uriel before finally being approved by God. The soil was fresh out of the oven, the sun’s heat reaching the surface to provide it with the warmth and comfort needed to sustain life.

A little angel climbed on Michael's back as he flew down to witness the Earth for the first time.

"Brother look! Those creatures have wings just like us!"

"They're called birds, Luci. They are feathery lifeforms that can fly high up in the Earth's atmosphere." Michael chuckled at this little brother's innocence as Lucifer stared at the birds they flew past in complete awe. As they landed beside a pond, Michael picked the small angel up from his back, holding him on top of the water as a yellow feathered creature swam up to them.

"Oh my goodness you're so cute!" Lucifer squealed as he teleported out of his older brother's arms in a puff of red confetti in front of the lifeform. The waters rippled under his feet as he stepped on top of it, lifting the small creature into his hand.

"I believe that is called a duck. The idea for them actually came from God." Michael explained as he strolled up next to the tiny angel holding an even tinier bird on the waters. Lucifer cooed at the adorable thing, eyes sparkling as his underdeveloped wings fluffed out in excitement. A truly endearing sight it was.

"Little duckie, you're mine now! I'll love and take care of you forever!" The youngest archangel beamed so brightly, smiling so joyfully as he patted the duck in his hand.

"Luci, these creatures belong on earth. You can't bring them up to heaven when their souls are still alive…" Michael sighed, a sense of guilt washing over him as his brother stared up at him in sadness. "Maybe you could ask Uriel to make you some ducks in the Garden of Eden, then you can come down everyday to play with them." The older continued, trying to cheer the little one back up. Thankfully, that worked as Lucifer placed the duck back down onto the water and waved it goodbye as it swam away before he gleefully turned back to his oldest brother.

"Let's go find Azrael!"

Memories of the past flooded back to him, his own silver eyes wet before he knew it. He blinked the tears away as he stood back on his feet, disappearing from his room before startling the rest of his siblings as he suddenly materialised in the main hall. His eyes landed on a shorter blonde opening the doors softly before stepping in as a red demon entered after him, shutting the large doors with a 'thud', catching everyone's attention.

"What is *he* doing here?" Cassiel questioned, hazel eyes glaring at the radio demon in annoyance, the rest of his siblings staring alongside him in silent agreement.

"Because I want him here." Lucifer said, eyes still slightly red and puffy from earlier. Ramiel shifted her gaze between her little brother and Alastor before she noticed the two's conjoined hands, the fallen angel's holding on tightly as if the demon would disappear if he let go.

"I won't oppose his attendance if it is what you wish for, Luci." Ramiel spoke, voice gentle and kind as she gestured for her brother to sit.

"Sister, you can't be serious. That's a *demon* for God's sake." Gabriel exclaimed, unable to believe that the other would so easily agree to this.

"Eh, I'm with Rami on this one. He's just a sinner either way. Not like he could do anything significant." Azrael noted, crossing his arms as he eyed the demon once more before turning to face his brother. Alastor tensed, summoning his cane and gripping it hard.

"Well who knows? An archangel of all people should understand the limits a mortal soul could surpass when they take control of their own fate." Alastor laughed, mockery in his voice as his gaze focused on Michael whilst they walked past him to head to the king's seat.

"Let's just start, the trial is in an hour so we need to make this quick," Gabriel sighed as everyone finally settled in their places, "Michael, do you want to ask him first?" Violet eyes landed on the silver ones as the archangel spoke his older brother's name.

“I only have one question, really. It’s the same as the one I asked before.” The oldest explained so casually that it would seem strange to notice how Lucifer tensed at his words. Observing how the king became stiff, Alastor placed his hand on his shoulder just like before.

“Let’s save that question for last. Who doesn’t love some suspense?” The radio demon spoke, voice thick with static. The fallen angel shifted his gaze to him, mouthing a silent ‘thank you’ as Michael asked Ramiel to continue.

“Well, I just want to know how you’ve been, Luci. We’ve all missed your smile.” The virtue of kindness asked, sapphire eyes softening as she shifted her gaze to her baby brother.

“I’ve been fine,” Lucifer uttered, trying to relax slightly as he answered, “I usually just make rubber ducks in my room. The other seven sins rarely come up to the pride ring so I don’t really bother with them… Oh! I created a theme park. Best one in the whole universe, I can promise that! Definitely better than that ‘Heaven Park’ up here, even the name is boring…” Seeing their little brother go on and on about his creations brought the archangels back to a time where he was still their baby angel.

“Rami!” The archangel heard her name being called out by that voice she adored so much. She turned to find her little brother running up to her with something she hadn’t seen before in his hand, waving it around.

“What is it, Luci?” She asked as she picked up the smaller angel in her arms, lifting him off the ground.

“Look! I made this. I call it a roller coaster!” He exclaimed proudly. Seeing his sister stare at the object in his hand with confusion, he continued, “this is a mini version. I wanted to show you first before asking Azrael if he could make it bigger. Then, all the angels can ride on it and it’ll be so much fun! I can even make it do loops and it’ll feel just like flying!”

“That’s a very interesting idea, Luci. Maybe we can make a play place for you and put a huge version of this ‘roller coaster’ there so you can invite every angel in heaven to come play

with you." Ramiel said, smiling as she carried her brother closer to her.

As they reminisced about the past, they hadn't noticed the sinner in the room staring so softly at the king. "I've also…" Lucifer stopped in his tracks as he noticed the eyes on him. Embarrassment washed over him as he cleared his voice in a slight cough, snapping all of them out of their trance.

"I'm happy you've been well, Luci." Ramiel expressed, a gentle smile adorning her pale face. The genuinely sweet words brought a warm feeling to Lucifer, one that he hadn't felt in over ten thousand years, bringing tears of joy to his red eyes before he blinked them away. Her sapphire eyes turned away to face violet ones beside her, "Brother Gabriel, I believe it's your turn to ask your question."

"Right, Luci, I have many questions, but for the sake of time, I'll just ask one," Gabriel said as Lucifer gazed into his eyes, that sparkle that used to be there was gone, replaced by fatigue, "what do you do for the souls that end up in hell?"

"Really, Gab? We don't see our baby bro for over ten thousand years and all you care to ask is about his job? You must be fun to have at parties." Azrael rolled his eyes as he muttered, annoyed at the older's professionalism.

"I'm *sorry* , but as the virtue of diligence it is my *job* to ensure duties are carried out as stated." The archangel groaned as he tilted his head at the younger one in agitation. To witness the elders of heaven argue like fools was truly an intriguing sight, Alastor couldn't help but find his grin growing wider as he watched on in pure glee.

"Well… I didn't really do much initially. Lilith took care of the sinners mostly," Lucifer explained, a hand under his chin as he tried to recall events that happened across the millenniums, not noticing how his siblings tensed at the name of *that* woman, "I did try to help them get better at the start, but after I built my theme park and that *bitch* in the greed ring ripped it off, I didn't really bother with demons anymore. Until recently, that is. About a month before the extermination that happened a week ago."

“Why did you return?” Cassiel asked in an authoritative tone before he could stop himself. The recent trials have really been taking a toll on him, now he was even using that voice in his own home. As he saw his little brother tense at his words, he whispered a guilt-ridden ‘sorry’ before allowing the fallen angel to answer the question.

That was a great question, one that Lucifer didn’t exactly know the reason for either. He had stopped believing in redemption after his multiple failed attempts, and he fell into further despair when he was practically forced to sign the contract for the yearly exterminations. He could still remember how *pissed* Lilith was when he returned with that contract signed.

“Lilith please… Sera said Michael was threatening the safety of all of hell. We can’t risk that over some human souls.” Lucifer had tried to reason with his queen. She was fuming, face scrunched up, horns growing as she practically breathed out smoke.

“Some human souls!? These are our people too, Lucifer! I am some human soul too. Are you not afraid that they might threaten me?” Lilith screamed at him, causing him to stop in his steps as fear overcame him.

“I’m sorry…” The king whispered, voice so small she barely heard him as tears welled up in those once golden eyes that she had corrupted.

“Sorry isn’t going to fix it, Lucifer. You believe everything those God forsaken angels say. I don’t care about how much you miss them or how much you want a reply any more! I’m tired of faking like I do. Just shut up! Everything that comes out of you is useless anyway. I’m sleeping in the west wing for the month.” The queen snapped, steps quickly moving away from the fallen angel.

“Don’t leave me too…”

“Because she believed in them,” He had finally said, “maybe I didn’t until I saw it with my own eyes, but Lilith would have wanted this.”

The archangels glanced between each other, as if speaking in a secret code. They *hated* everything about the woman that had corrupted their precious brother, but they also saw how he gave his love out so willingly. They loved him for that, but they knew that at some point, it would crush him badly. And it pained them when they were right.

Alastor wasn’t even paying attention to the feathery beings anymore, too lost in thought at the mention of the *ex* queen. Everyone in hell knew how powerful she was, strength on par with the sins, second to only Lucifer himself. Despite that, what gnawed in the radio demon’s gut was not a feeling of fear, but rather a feeling of hatred. Not only was it because of his soul being owned by that very woman, he hated how *fondly* Lucifer looked when he spoke of her. Why did it feel as if he wanted to tear her soul apart when her name slipped out of the king’s mouth? Why did he have the urge to give her the same fate as the first man? *Why*? Before he could answer his own questions, the voice of an archangel with a raven black halo cut his thoughts short.

“So, who do you love the most, baby bro?”

Chapter End Notes

Next trial won’t be until Chapter 6 at least

Lilith won’t be that important in the story other than being mentioned by Lucifer for now.

Charlie reveal soon

More Alastor x Lucifer coming

I forgot what else I wanted to add (will update later probably)

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Embraces

Chapter Summary

The truth of the princess is finally revealed as the fallen angel answers the many questions from his siblings.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Azrael was God's shield, the virtue of patience protected heaven as his duty stated, yet he was joyful just like Lucifer. Though his smile could never be as powerful as his little brother's, he always loved how much the young archangel's laugh spread like light itself across the heavens. He adored the little child since the first day he met him, never being able to forget when those golden eyes first opened, the soft giggles that drowned him in admiration. He could never deny his brother whenever he wished to ramble on about a new idea he had, patiently listening as if time had stood still.

"Never stop being your charming self, baby bro!"

"So, who do you love the most, baby bro?"

Azrael beamed proudly at his own question, a grin almost as bright as Lucifer's used to be. The rest of the angels in the room stared at him in utter disbelief, the youngest confused

beyond hell. Alastor found himself looking blankly as well, before he shifted his gaze to the king beside him.

“Well then, are you going to answer the question, your majesty?” The radio demon found himself butting into the awkward conversation. Bewildered, Lucifer couldn’t help the small squeak that came from his throat before he snapped out of it, a mischievous grin finding itself on his face.

“Definitely not you, Azrael.” The fallen let out a soft giggle when he heard the gasp of fake offense and the hand that was placed on the chest of his older brother. The rest of his siblings, if not laughing at the false outrage from Azrael, were staring fondly at the youngest archangel.

“How dare you! I’m very insulted, baby bro.” The pout in Azrael’s voice was evident to even the deaf as he crossed his arms and turned away in a fit of non-existent rage.

“Charlie, calm down. I’m sure he's fine,” Vaggie tried to reassure her girlfriend, despite not truly believing her own words. The princess paced around her father’s empty room, hands pulling at her hair with her eyes widened in fear and anger.

“He’s gone, Vaggie! We didn’t even get to give him a goodbye gift. Not to mention Alastor has been missing too. We haven’t seen my dad since the morning. Who knows what could have happened to him up in heaven?” Charlie panicked, raising her voice slightly as frustration overwhelmed her. The ex-exorcist grabbed her by the shoulders, steadying her.

“Breathe, Charlie.” Vaggie said, letting her girlfriend take a deep breath, eyes moving to either side comically. After the princess calmed down just a tad bit, the two gazed into each other’s eyes for a minute before the voice of a certain spider demon standing by the door interrupted their moment.

“Don’t mean to ruin the moment, but y’know you could give him a call. Surely there’s signal in heaven, or I wouldn’t wanna be redeemed.” Angel Dust said, one of his many hands gesturing to the phone sticking out of Charlie’s pocket.

“Oh my goodness! I forgot about that. Thank you, Angel!” The princess exclaimed as she ran up to squeeze the spider demon before reaching for her phone.

“Wait, Charlie, if he’s on trial right now, I don’t think he would pick up his phone.” Vaggie reasoned, trying not to crush her girlfriend’s spirits.

“I still have to try, Vaggie. I need to make sure he’s safe,” Charlie said as the distressed look returned to her eyes. The former angel sighed, placing a hand on the princess’s cheek.

“Alright. Let’s try.”

“How are you and… *Lilith* , Luci?” Uriel asked, cringing at himself when he spoke the name of the cursed woman. As he watched as his little brother tense at the question, he couldn’t help but feel the anger from ten thousand years ago finding its way back into his gut.

“We… We split a while back. Just a couple thousand years after the contract for the extermination was signed. We still lived together up until seven years ago, then she left because she wanted to pursue her career.” The little angel felt himself tear up as he fiddled with the ring that had stayed on his finger for almost ten thousand years. Alastor could not stop himself from a silent rage as his hand found its way back onto the king’s shoulder, gripping tightly.

The other archangels were not doing much better themselves. Flames of detestation burned in Michael’s silver eyes, the white haired archangel beside him trying to regulate her breathing to remain as composed as she could, whilst a hand belonging to Gabriel gripped the handle of the sword around his waist defensively. Dune-brown wings that seemed to continuously

disintegrate at the end splayed out defensively against Cassiel's back as Azrael's white gloved hands clenched into a fist. Uriel's evergreen eyes darkened as the vines wrapping his wings spread further and Raphael felt ice forming at the bottom of his boots.

How dare she break Luci's heart.

The fallen angel blinked away his tears before shifting his gaze to Raphael's icy blue eyes. "What's your question, Raph?" Lucifer's forced happiness in his voice only sent his siblings into deeper rage.

"Uh… Mine is still the same. Will you be willing to join us later?" The quiet voice of the virtue of humility snapped the rest out of it. Alastor shifted his eyes to see the king deep in thought, finally giving himself more time to think about the question compared to when he panicked before.

"I'm sorry, but I need to go back down to hell… There's a lot of things down there that I need to do," Lucifer explained as his mind drifted off to think of his daughter, how she was probably panicking right now, "and people that I have to be present for." Alastor stared into the king's red eyes, a warm feeling crawling into his chest once again as Lucifer turned his gaze to meet the sinner's. A blush so small that the radio demon thought he might have imagined it as the king looked away, clearing his throat before he continued, "so… uh, I hope you'll understand, Raphael."

Though disappointment flashed in the archangel's eyes, Raphael nodded his head. As much as he wanted to, knew he couldn't keep his little brother up in heaven forever, but he still wanted to spend as much time with him as possible. Before Lucifer could answer his oldest brother's question that had been hanging in the air since his court trial, he heard a remix of 'Entry of the Gladiators' coming from his phone.

The older archangels stare in confusion as Lucifer juggles the device nervously in his hands, wanting to shut it off but accidentally dropping the phone on the ground instead. Hurriedly, he picked it up but not before someone saw who the call was from.

"Daughter? Luci, you have a daughter?" Ramiel questioned, raising an eyebrow sophisticatedly despite her curiosity.

“You adopted a child? Didn’t know you had it in you to take care of a child, baby bro.” Azrael peeked over to look at the phone, teleporting next to the fallen on the opposite side Alastor was on and nudging his younger brother’s shoulder affectionately.

“Uh, I’ll explain after I take this,” Lucifer blurted out in a panic as he teleported in a burst of confetti to the corner of the room and answered the call, “Charlie! How have you been?” The king chuckled nervously, not realising that the others could hear his voice loud and clear.

“Charlie is his daughter?” Uriel questioned, trying to listen to the conversation his little brother was having on the phone.

“Why, yes! I thought at least one of you would have pieced it together by now,” Alastor exclaimed, resting one hand on his cane while lifting the other up to his face to fake an interest in his claws.

“I’m fine, really! Trust me, Char-Char. The trial went well. I should be back to the hotel soon, I promise. I just need to talk to my siblings a little…” Lucifer trailed on as he gestured his hands around out of habit.

“Well, Lilith was cursed to never be able to have offspring of her own before she was sent down to hell, and we didn’t know that Luci had adopted a child…” Cassiel explained the angel’s point of view before he was cut off by static laughter.

“Adopted? Heavens, no! Charlie is the splitting image of his majesty. They are no doubt related by blood. Anyone can see it.” The radio demon’s cheerful voice brought doubt to the archangels’ faces. *Surely what he was saying wasn’t true… right?*

“Don’t worry, Alastor is here with me. He tumbled in when the portal to heaven opened. Then, we went to heaven’s main court. Oh! I saw a zoo on the way there! Do you think we should build one in hell? Yeah, I’ll build one when I get back… The trial? Oh right. So we went to the court…” Lucifer’s bubbly voice radiated across the room, its purity bringing soft smiles out of his siblings without him knowing it.

“But it shouldn’t be possible,” Gabriel uttered, confusion dawning on his face again as he turned to the sinner for more answers.

“Hm? Well, all of hell believes that the king and *former* queen conceived the princess like how every other human soul is birthed, so I know as much as you on that part.” Alastor shrugged, finding his claws intriguing again as he ignored the distrustful expressions on the archangels' faces.

“Then, Raphael, my brother who’s just a couple centuries older than me, asked me to join them for the next trial. But I rejected because I was afraid to leave you behind for any longer than I already have… Wait, what? Uh… It’s not like I would mind seeing Sera and that *damned* exorcist finally face the punishments they deserve, but…” Lucifer explained before he heard his daughter’s voice cut him off.

“Dad! You can spend more time with your family before coming back down. You don’t need to worry. Trust me, I can handle things down here for a couple hours or even a few days if you want to stay for longer!” Charlie exclaimed, feeling relieved that her father was safe and the fact that he could finally catch up with his siblings.

The princess remembered many stories her father had told her when she was much younger. There was one about how his older brother, Gabriel would train his powers, violet lightning shooting down as the older called upon it freely and how he’d allowed the fallen angel to hold his sword. Another was when Ramiel, his sister, showed him how she created the oceans on different planets, waves crashing against the ground as she summoned the waters from what seemed like thin air. She remembered the fondness in her father’s eyes before a tinge of sadness washed over them and he frowned in regret. *Now was the perfect time to make things right and spend time with them.*

“Uh… Alright. I trust you. I’ll try to return by tomorrow at the latest. Goodbye, Char-Char… I love you too, my little duckling.” Lucifer sighed as he hung up the phone. *She’s such a*

sweet child… What have I done to deserve her? He turned around to many puzzled faces from his siblings. “I suppose I owe you a lot of answers…” He chuckled nervously as he walked back to his seat beside the radio demon.

“Your siblings are very confused about the existence of Charlie, your majesty. Care to explain?” Alastor bent down just above the king’s eye level as he questioned. The height difference was even worse now that the angel was sitting down.

“So… Charlie is my daughter. I believe that is very clear now,” Lucifer said, a strained smile on his face as he watched as his siblings turned to one another before returning their eyes to him.

“Yes, but Lilith shouldn’t be able to conceive an offspring as she is a sinner. So, unless you had adopted, how exactly is Charlie your child?” Ramiel questioned, voice still as calm as ever.

“Who cares! I have a niece! Do you know how amazing that is? When can we meet her? How is she? Is she…” Azrael felt a hand smack against his mouth before he could continue, shutting him up effectively. He glared at Cassiel and stuck his tongue out at him as the hand left his mouth.

“Let Luci speak, you doofus,” The older scolded as Azrael pouted in his seat, folding his arms. Lucifer couldn’t help himself from laughing at his brother’s actions, trying to calm himself down before he continued to explain.

“(Ahem) Back to what Ramiel was saying, it’s true that Lilith wasn’t able to carry a child. Hence, she has given me the idea to use her DNA to create a child of our own with my powers. I used a strand of her hair and probably too much of my light since she came out as almost a splitting image of me instead of a combination of both of us…” Lucifer pondered for a minute before he looked up to see beaming eyes staring back at him.

“You have to introduce us!”

“Can we go down right now and see her?”

“Idiot, we have a court case to attend.”

“Who cares? We have an actual niece!”

“Calm down. Give Luci some room to breathe before you all start crowding around him again.” Michael sighed, lightly smacking the heads of his younger siblings.

“Oh right, speaking of the court case. My daughter wants me to stay for a little longer before Alastor and I go back down to hell. So I can take you up on that if you’re still offering, Raphael,” Lucifer uttered, fearing that he would be rejected by the older. The virtue of humility softened his gaze, moving closer and placing a hand on the youngest's red cheeks.

“We would all love for you to spend more time with us, Luci.” As the words left the archangel’s mouth, the fallen angel felt tears flowing out of his red eyes before he could stop it.

“Uh… sorry…” Lucifer uttered softly as he pushed the hand away from his face gently. Sadness plagued Raphael’s eyes as he watched his little brother wipe his own tears away. An awkward silence had filled the room as the fallen angel tried to calm himself down.

“I believe it’s time to prepare for the trial if we are to stay, your majesty.” Static cut through the tense atmosphere before the radio demon watched as Cassiel scrambled to check the time.

“We have 15 minutes, let’s go,” the judgment said to the others as they stood up from their seats, wings stretched and ready to fly before Cassiel turned back to the fallen angel, “Luci, your… *friend* can’t join us if you want to come. Sorry… Court rules.”

“Alastor, will you be fine staying in my old room for now?” Lucifer asked, a heat spreading to Alastor’s face as the shorter gazed up at his red eyes. Blinking the strange feeling away, he gave a mischievous smile to the king.

“Why of course! I will cause no trouble, your majesty,” The radio demon exclaimed, watching as the fallen angel raised an eyebrow in distrust.

“Sure you won’t…” Lucifer eyed him up and down before he spread his own wings out.

“Don’t worry, baby bro. If he tries anything, he’d be choosing his own death by our hands!” Azrael nudged his little brother on the shoulder with his elbow as he glanced at the sinner with suspicion.

Lucifer sighed as an apple cane appeared in his hand, pointing it towards Alastor. A golden portal opened behind the radio demon before the king gestured for him to enter.

“See you later, your majesty.” The smile on Alastor’s face became ever so slightly softer as he spoke those words.

“See you later, Alastor.” Lucifer returned the smile as he watched the demon step into the portal.

“So… You like him?” Azrael chuckled as his little brother turned and wacked him in the head with that apple cane. “Hey! Why do I keep getting hit today?” The older frowned as he rubbed the back of his head.

“Don’t say stupid stuff and you’ll be fine.” Lucifer pouted as a slight blush crept up to his face. He didn’t like the radio demon. He had tried to steal Charlie from him. Not to mention he picked a fight with the literal *king* of hell just barely a couple minutes after they met. It wasn’t possible that he liked him. *They were just enemies. Simple as that.* Why did his heart ache at that thought?

“Give Luci a break, Az. Let’s head to the courtroom now,” Cassiel reminded, wings fluffing out before he lifted himself off the ground.

“Ugh. Work…” Azrael muttered to himself as he followed behind the older.

“Your daughter seems like a very lovely girl, Luci.” Ramiel smiled at him before she flew off as well.

Lucifer fluttered his own wings as he trailed closely after his siblings, a warm sensation filling his chest as he felt a part of his family again.

Just as the older archangels flew out of the room, Lucifer felt a light tap on his shoulder. He turned around to look at who it could possibly be, only to see nothing there. *What the?* Confusion flashed across his face before he heard Uriel’s voice from afar, telling him to fly faster.

“Give me a minute, Uriel.” Lucifer yelled back before he flew towards them, pushing that strange moment to the back of his mind.

As they landed in the courtroom, many whispers could be heard from the angels on the lower sections before one of the ophanim asked, “Sir Cassiel, is it really necessary to have the *king* of hell sit in for the trial?”

“Of course. My brother experienced first hand what the head seraphim did. It is only necessary that he sees the trial through.” Cassiel answered, authority radiating from his voice that the other angel could not object.

“Where *is* the head seraphim?” Ramiel’s gentle voice was filled with puzzlement as she eyed the empty section meant for the one off trial.

“I’m here, Lady Ramiel. Apologies for my delayed presence.”

Chapter End Notes

Surprise character next chapter

Alastor was only able to join the first trial because he was acting as Luci's attorney

Charlie's finally here

More Lilith coming

Supportive archangel siblings

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Punishes

Chapter Summary

The trial of Lute and Sera brings two unexpected guests to the court.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all your support!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sera appeared in the section she was meant to be on, instead of her usual place just under the virtues. This time, Lucifer could only spot the head seraphim's sister in that section… *Emmie? Emily?* He tried to recall her name, but was brought back to the case at hand when a certain exorcist entered the room.

"Why is that *wretched* being here!?" Lute yelled, everyone turning their attention to her as she glared at Lucifer who was standing in his seat that was decorated with apples. He had honestly forgotten how many rubber ducks he had hid behind the walls of his section and he could barely find a place to stand now. Toying with one of them behind everyone's view, he watched as his siblings tense at how the exorcist addressed their baby brother.

"Avoid digging a deeper hole for yourself, Adam's lieutenant." Michael's voice had caused Lute to immediately shut her mouth, not wanting to face his wrath. Giving the fallen angel- who was not even giving her any attention- a final glare, the exorcist stood beside the head seraphim as the trial began.

"As everyone here already knows, the head seraphim, Sera, has been keeping the yearly exterminations of sinners a secret from the rest of heaven. As a result, she is to be punished as decided by the court. Sera, do you have any objections to this?" Cassiel spoke, voice radiating throughout the court. Lucifer raised an eyebrow in curiosity as he eyed the head seraphim down below, one hand still messing with the rubber ducks.

“No, Sir Cassiel. I plead guilty to hiding important information from the heavenly council. There is nothing else I can say to this.” Sera confirmed, hoping that she could lighten her sentence.

“Adam's lieutenant, do you plead guilty to having lied in court?” Cassiel questioned as Lute continued to stare at his youngest brother.

“No,” The exorcist spat out in agitation. Lucifer shifted his gaze to her, meeting her piercing gold eyes. *Idiot.* The crowds began whispering amongst themselves as Cassiel sighed, frustrated that the lieutenant was going to make the case longer than it needed to be.

“We all saw you do it when you said that Lucifer had killed the first man and broke the contract. If you wish to fight this battle you already lost, I suggest you prepare yourself for the worst. If you still wish for your own safety, plead guilty now, lieutenant,” Uriel explained, trying to warn Lute of what would happen if she were to continue to fight. As the court filled with more whispers, Lucifer noticed a shadow in the corner of his eyes.

More specially, Alastor's shadow.

So that's why he had an impish look on his face… His face is hot though… Wait, crap. The radio demon is most definitely NOT hot. Lucifer felt a blush creep up his face before he shook it away, turning to stare at the said demon's shadow behind him.

“What are you doing here? My presence here has already made the atmosphere so tense. Imagine what they'd do if they saw you,” The king whispered quietly to the shadow, unsure if it could hear or understand him. Before he could ponder on the intellect of the shadow for too long, a black tentacle appeared under his feet, a small note crushed in it.

‘You told me to stay by your side, your majesty. I’m a man of my word.’

The fallen angel could feel himself smile at the note before his attention was dragged back to the lieutenant and she spoke, “I believe there is someone you would all like to meet.” Lute smirked up at the king before a black chain materialised in her hand as a flash of bright light blinded the courtroom.

As the light faded, a being with long blonde hair was revealed, donning a dark purple dress as the black chain connected to her neck. Lucifer could recognise her anywhere, anytime.

“Lilith!?” He was the first to exclaim, eyes widening in shock before pain, betrayal and despair flashed within them. The shadow behind him frowned as it saw the one now standing in the middle of the courtroom, flashes of a violet chain around his own neck angered the radio demon. Everyone in the room was questioning loudly on why the first woman was in heaven as the archangels stared in further disbelief.

“What in God’s name am I doing here, Lute?” The queen demanded, a hand gripping the chain around her neck. Her looked around the room, glaring at every angel that dared to look at her before her pale yellow eyes landed on certain red ones. Before she could say anything else, she felt the chain tighten as she stared daggers into Lute's golden eyes.

“What is the meaning of this, lieutenant?” Gabriel spoke, detestation evident in his voice. He gripped the handle of his sword tightly as he scowled at the first woman.

“This… failure of mankind made a deal with Adam. In order to save her own skin, she sold her soul to the first man to stay in heaven for the past seven years.” Lute grinned maliciously as she watched the fallen angel begin to pull at his own hair in distress. *She… What?* Lucifer’s eyes were growing wider by the minute as he heard his brother speak.

“And what does this have to do with your case?” Cassiel frowned as he turned to the exorcist. Sure, the literal *queen* of hell having stayed in heaven for seven years unnoticed was terrifying news, but it did not matter in their current situation. *Michael would probably deal with her later…*

“What do you mean? I just brought the queen of hell here. Is that not evidence to show that hell is fighting back against heaven? The yearly exterminations must continue to stop them,” Lute tried to reason. She felt many confused stares from the angels in the court on her as she gripped the black chain.

“Lute, what is the meaning of this? You never thought to inform me or anyone else about Lilith being *here* , in heaven?” Sera glared at the shorter, flames sparking in her eyes as the

lieutenant looked back in confusion.

"Well, I thought…" The exorcist began but was quickly shut down by a certain archangel's voice radiating throughout the court, sending shivers down every angel's spine.

"**Enough.** Lieutenant, you've endangered all of heaven for allowing this *pest* to stay here, not to mention the fact that this has been going on for *seven* years. Deal or not, bringing a sinner into our realm, putting heaven in harm's way and not even informing this to any of the heavenly council, is punishable by death. Do you understand, lieutenant?" Michael spoke, terrifying the entire court and even his own siblings, not to mention Lucifer who was shaking like a leaf, the shadow barely managing to keep him from a full on breakdown by bringing a few of the ducks in his seat to him.

The king was frantically breathing, heart racing as he witnessed his ex-wife standing there. His golden blood ran cold when he heard the oldest archangel's voice. It was the same one he heard *that day* ten thousand years ago. Alarm was set off his head as his wings fluttered out defensively, accidentally pushing some of the rubber ducks away from the seat before he saw one with a tiny blue hat being brought to him by none other than Alastor's shadow.

"But… It was Adam's idea! I swear," Lute exclaimed, having run out of options, she pushed the blame onto the deceased general, "Adam was the one who sought her out and offered her the deal in exchange for…"

"But *you* are the one with the leash now. You are in charge of her soul after his death. You are the one who *failed* to inform anyone about her being in heaven. *You* are at fault." The eldest archangel's eyes flashed fully gold as anger seeped through him before he saw his panic-stricken brother. *Fuck.* He breathed in deeply, calming himself down before his gaze returned to the lieutenant who was practically paralysed in absolute fear. *Deserved.* He lowered his voice back to normal as he spoke once again, "Cassiel, please, continue."

Catching his own breath and soothing his fear away, Cassiel nodded at Michael's words before he spoke, "Lieutenant. For breaking the rules and endangering all of heaven, you will be punished via the death sentence. Are there any objections to this?"

"Sir Cassiel, is it possible to appeal for clemency for Adam's lieutenant? She only took charge of the queen's soul due to the first man's death in the end," Emily questioned softly as

she still shook from Michael's voice. She felt bad for the exorcist. The pure could only see the good in messed up souls, after all.

"I believe that would be unwise, Miss Emily. The first woman is the first sinner in the end. Who knows what she could be doing behind our backs?" A cherubim reasoned, concern evident in their voice.

As the fallen angel pulled himself together thanks to his ducks and the shadow, he shifted his gaze to Lilith, red eyes meeting pale yellow ones as the black chains loosened around her neck. The exorcist looked lifeless. The eyes that were filled with so much hatred before just looked completely dejected. He processed Lute's words in his head again as he stared at the former queen. *Sold her soul… That's why she was gone for so long.* Dear God, just imagining Charlie's face when she hears about the news was causing him to feel twice as nauseous as before. He couldn't explain the emotions flashing across the eyes of his ex-wife, but he narrowed it down to something between shame and anger.

"Clemency will not be granted. Bringing danger into heaven cannot be pardoned," Cassiel explained as he recalled the rules as God had told him. The king turned to the young seraphim on the section below, feeling guilt crawl up his guts as he witnessed a sad frown form on her face. *Why did it feel so upsetting seeing her like that?* He pondered for a short while before he watched as Lute was dragged out of the room after her punishment was declared by Cassiel, Lilith being pulled alongside her with that black chain around her neck.

The frown on the shadow was flipped upside down as the queen left the room as it handed the king another rubber duck to lift the king's spirits.

Alastor was toying with his radio cane when he felt the pull around his neck tighten as he saw *that* woman through his shadow. *So this was where she had been hiding all this time.* He felt his antlers sprout from his head as his eyes turned into dials. He wanted to tear her up himself the moment she appeared in the courtroom. But, when he noticed that terrified look in the king's eyes from his own brother's voice, he composed himself, comforting the fallen angel first before watching as the queen was brought away alongside the exorcist. His shadow turned back to the archangel as he heard another's voice.

“As for the punishments of the head seraphim…” God’s judgment had begun once again before he was interrupted by his oldest brother’s voice.

“Sera, is there anything else you would like to reveal to the court before your punishment is declared?” Michael questioned, piercing the seraphim with his sharp silver eyes. Sera looked up at him, nervous and confused before she realised why he asked.

“Sir Michael, please understand that…” The archangel’s patience ran thin as Sera spilled useless words instead of answering his question. He was the virtue of charity and not patience after all, that was reserved for Azrael. The archangel of death ultimately needed to have patience when souls ran about aimlessly as he guided them to the afterlife.

“Understand what? That you never informed us of *anything* you did between heaven and hell?” The other archangels glanced at one another, not knowing what the oldest was saying, “why is it only after ten thousand years that I was finally informed that *my* brother had been sending messages of centuries to heaven, only for them to not reach their intended recipients?”

Lucifer looked like a deer caught in headlights. He knew Michael would’ve brought up the fact that the head seraphim was hiding his letters to his siblings, but he hadn’t expected him to say it out loud in court.

“Brother Michael, what are you saying?” Ramiel asked, confusion filling her gentle voice.

“Why was I not informed of any messages?” Gabriel questioned, glaring at the seraphim below, “Sera, does my role as God’s *messenger* mean nothing to you?” Eyes appeared everywhere on the head seraphim as she felt true fear like she had never experienced in thousands of years since the exterminations began.

“No! Definitely not, Sir Gabriel. I was simply worried that the letters would cause a threat to heaven, hence I kept them secret…” Sera explained, words getting jumbled up in her mouth with how fast she was speaking. Emily watched with wide eyes as her sister struggled to

form coherent sentences, anger and sadness bubbling within her as she realised that the exterminations were not the only thing she had kept hidden.

"**Excuses!** You've kept so many things from us. We missed Luci's whole *life* because of you. We didn't even know we had a niece until 20 minutes ago!" Raphael's voice boomed through the court. The usually quiet one of the archangels had finally snapped, shocking even his siblings. His hands gripped the edge of his seat as ice covered the walls. For some reason, despite being significantly less powerful, Raphael scared the heavenly council more than Michael did. Well, all of the council except Azrael, who was undeniably enjoying the show of his always passive younger brother losing it for once.

"Cassiel, what is your judgment?" Michael questioned once he regained his composure from the shock, turning to his younger brother once again. Witnessing the judgment still staring at the icy blue eyes of the younger in shock, Michael repeated himself, "Cassiel."

"Oh, right! Sorry," Cassiel pulled himself together after Michael's voice snapped him out of it, "as punishment for keeping affairs between hell and heaven secret from the rest of heaven and for allowing the exterminations of human souls in hell, you will be punished via…"

A bright light burst across the room, blinding everyone as a giant eye opened above the empty seat amongst the archangels. The fallen angel glanced behind as he barely saw the shadow disappear amongst the intense light. As the light finally faded, he was left speechless along with his siblings as the rest of the court got down on their knees.

"My morning star, you have returned."

Chapter End Notes

Lilith is not a villain of the story but she does own Alastor's soul due to reasons she needs him for

Poor Luci doesn't know how to feel about his ex-wife being in heaven

The archangels hate Lilith because they see her as someone who took their little brother away

Dead beat dad is finally here

Raphael is like the quiet kid of the archangels while Azrael enjoys the chaos

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Returns

Chapter Summary

With the new arrival, the punishment of Sera is decided as the family feels whole again.

Chapter Notes

I literally just woke up to post this

Thanks for a your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"My morning star, you have returned."

"God!?" The archangels yelled in unison, confused and conflicted. Their creator had not been seen for over ten thousand years, yet here they were, standing amongst their children as if it was completely normal. A thousand multi-coloured eyes gazed upon the youngest archangel, brightening like they never had in eons. Lucifer felt a mixed feeling of fear, pain and joy upon seeing them again, unsure of how to process the fact that they were standing directly across from him.

"Welcome to the world, my morning star."

Their eyes gleamed as they held the little one they had just created tightly, combing the soft blonde hair with their perfect fingers. As the golden eyes opened, the small angel giggled brightly in their arms.

"My Lucifer, bringer of light and joy."

“It has been a long time, hasn’t it? It’s lovely to see all my children doing well,” The soothing voice radiated across the room as they shed their light to the crowd once again, “may my Judgment explain what is happening within this court?”

Cassiel caught his breath, before he said, “Yes, of course. The head seraphim, Sera, has been keeping messages sent from hell to heaven a secret for thousands of years, along with allowing extermination of sinner souls behind heaven’s back. We are deciding on her punishment currently, which is heading towards the death sentence.” God hummed as they heard the news. The light had already told them the information, when they had left their seclusion after they felt the presence of their morning star return, but they still asked as a courtesy for their children.

Sera tensed at the archangel’s words. She had known that her own death was very probable with how many things she had kept secret, but actually hearing the words sent her shaking in terror.

“Wait, Sir Cassiel! Is the death sentence really necessary? Sera did the things she did with heaven’s safety as her top priority.” Emily scrambled to get her words out, trying desperately to change the elder's mind.

“The court didn’t even give Lucifer the death sentence when he damned all of humanity, Sir Cassiel,” A cherubim reasoned, before he quickly shut his mouth up when he felt a couple of God’s eyes glare at him, trembling in fear. Clearing his throat, the archangel turned to his creator.

“What do you think of this?” Cassiel’s voice was quieter than it had been the whole day. The memories of the littlest archangel’s trial flooded back to him as he remembered the day he had to rule that his youngest brother was to be banished to the pit of *actual hell* he had created.

Cassiel, God's judgment, heavenly virtue of temperance, was the embodiment of perfect self-control, never giving in to temptation, always being fair and just. Although he had never

stopped loving Lucifer, the youngest's actions, despite having good intent, were wrong. Having to declare his beloved brother guilty in front of the heavenly court was the worst day of his long existence. He had witnessed how upset God was, with his initial belief that it was towards Lucifer for his mistake, but now he understood that it was due to the pain of casting the most loved of their creations out of their reach. He could not stand the suffering he endured every waking hour after that day, being constantly reminded that he was the judge of the court he created which had aided in sending his dearest brother away, weeping until he passed out every night and never forgiving his own actions.

"I'm sorry, Luci... I miss you... So, so much."

“What does my morning star believe the punishment should be?” The eyes landed back on the fallen angel again as panic raised within him.

“Uh… Hell’s not that bad?” Lucifer blurted out before he could think it through. Many more eyes from the council turned to him, believing it was sacrilege to send the head seraphim down to that *damned* place. He nervously continued as whispers could be heard from the lower sections, “I mean… Sure, she’s lied and done some wrongs, but my daughter has a hotel which aims to redeem sinners and… it has been proven to work! So maybe if Sera can redeem herself for her actions… she could return to heaven..?”

Those whispers, believing what he said was blasphemous, quickly changed to agreements with the fallen angel. His nervousness calmed swiftly when the angels of lower sections began voicing out that they thought his idea could be reasonable. Sera was no longer trembling as she looked up at the king of hell, pleasantly surprised to be spared death by a fearful being like himself despite the many wrongs she had done to him.

“I quite believe my morning star is right. Redemption is a wondrous thing, my children. I do hope you all will embrace it from this moment onwards instead of claiming it to be impossible.” God’s eyes fell onto the head seraphim below as she kneeled down once again, this time in shame of her actions. Despite Michael’s frustration that the seraphim would not be getting a punishment as severe as he had hoped, he felt pleased with his baby brother.

“If there are no objections, then in conclusion to this court case, we have found Sera, head seraphim, **guilty** of keeping important information from the rest of heaven,” Cassiel declared, looking around to see if there was anyone willing to object. After a moment of silence, he continued, “she is to be banished to hell, without her angelic powers, until she is capable of redeeming herself. When she does, she will be able to prove herself to become the head seraphim once again.”

“Then who will serve the position of head seraphim for the time being, Sir Cassiel?” A dominion angel asked as the judgment finished his declaration.

“Michael?” Cassiel turned to his oldest brother for an answer. The virtue of charity had been the one to create the seraphims after all, it was only right that he would be the one to decide the next head seraphim.

“I will train another seraphim to take her place in the meantime,” Michael explained, casting his gaze onto Emily as she stared back, confused. As the trial ended, the angels left the court as Sera was brought into another room to await her banishment. The creator rested their thousand eyes on their beloved angel once more as the archangels began asking questions before they were silenced as their voice was heard another time.

“My children, all your questions will be answered in due time. Before my morning star leaves heaven however, I would like to give you a gift.” One of their several hands gesturing to Lucifer to come closer. After a moment of hesitation, the fallen angel flew towards his creator. “My dearest morning star,” a hand rested on the youngest's red cheeks, “I’ve awaited your return. Though you may not be welcomed by all of heaven with open arms, I see that you have learned from your mistakes. For that, I wish to grant you the ability to visit heaven, albeit with some restrictions.”

Lucifer felt a fuzzy feeling from the past return as he barely heard his older siblings voices through his own stifled tears.

“Really? He can come whenever he wants now?”

“Shut it Azrael, let them have their moment!”

“Does that mean we can visit hell too?”

“I would like to see my newly found out niece.”

As God handed the gift to him, the tears he was trying so hard to hide came flooding out from his eyes. His wings lowered as he felt the emotions throughout the ten thousand years come crashing down on him. Although it was true that he couldn’t forgive God for having said nothing during his trial, he also couldn’t bring himself to hate his creator. He was created to love after all.

“I’m sorry…” Those two words kept flowing out from his mouth repeatedly in between hiccups as he felt two more arms wrap around him. A hand gestured for the others to join them in the warm embrace as the rest of the archangels spread their wings and flew to the two.

For the first time in ten thousand years, their family felt complete again.

Alastor hung around in the king’s room for what felt like forever. His shadow had experienced a weird sensation before it came running back to him right when the judgment was about to declare the head seraphim’s punishment. He had witnessed many juicy details from the court case, from watching Michael lose his patience to the second youngest archangel snapping out in anger. It had been weird that his shadow could not return to the room, however.

It was as if a light that shined so brightly was keeping out any unholy things from the court. He wondered if the king was in trouble, whether he should go in there to find out what happened or if he should just stay and wait. A possessive part of him wanted to head to the court right then and there, but something within him told him that the king was fine. Before he could decide on what to do, he heard the room’s door getting kicked open.

“Wow, you actually stayed here. Physically, at least.” Azrael was standing by the door, carrying an unconscious Lucifer in his arms. Alastor felt his eye twitch as he glared at the archangel, about to ask what he had done to the younger before he was interrupted by the older as if his mind was being read, “Relax. He’s just tired and fell asleep. I’m just bringing him back so he can rest on his bed rather than the cold courtroom floor.” Alastor contemplated his words for a moment as he watched Azrael place the king on the soft mattress.

“What do you mean by ‘physically’? I can assure you that I am a man of my words, Mister Azrael.” Static was thick in his voice as he tilted his head to the side.

“Your shadow is quite an interesting ability.” Azrael confessed, gesturing to the shadow behind the radio demon that was giggling in silence. Alastor’s eyes narrowed to stare at the angel closely. *He was sure that he had gone unnoticed by the court…* “The others don't know, don’t fret about it. It would be concerning if I didn’t, though, as the angel of death and all that… I can sense and locate different spirits from one end of heaven to the other. No matter what power you use, unless you don’t have a soul, your spirit will linger within it, even if it’s something like a simple spell.”

“Interesting… And what do you expect me to do with this information?” The radio demon’s smile was forcefully stretched on his face as he said that, tired of hearing the archangel rant. *It felt different.* When the king went on and on about his trial earlier to his daughter on the phone, Alastor was interested in his voice, even if he already knew the contents of his tangent. When someone else did it, he felt irritated by their noise. He wanted to snap the archangel before him out of existence right then and there even though he knew it wasn’t possible.

“Eh. I don’t know,” Azrael shrugged before he turned to stare the demon in his eyes, “my baby bro seems to like having you around, so I don’t really care what you do. But if you ever dare to harm my little brother… I might just create a second hell specifically for you.” Lava-coloured eyes pierced into the sinner’s soul as he felt a chill run up his spine.

He had never felt this much discomfort in his life, or afterlife. Even when he first met Angel Dust, he was disgusted, sure, but he never experienced such a threat that would definitely happen if he stepped out of line before. The archangel blinked before a smile dressed his own lips as he said cheerfully, “Well then! I better head to sleep myself. Got a lot of paperwork to do tomorrow.” Azrael yawned as he stretched his arms before walking out of his brother’s bedroom.

What the fuck.

Below the court of heaven was not what any angel would expect. A dungeon crawling with failed experiments. No one had ever been to this place other than two dragons made specifically by the archangels to guard the entrance. There was no jail or prison in heaven, hence this was the only place for the exorcist and the queen of hell to stay before the punishment was carried out.

“You brought this upon yourself,” Lilith spoke, mockery in her voice. Lute glared back at the first woman as she tugged at the black chains around the queen’s neck.

“Don’t forget I still own your soul, *bitch.* ” The lieutenant spat out before she heard a dark chuckle coming from the chained woman.

“The contract said that my presence in heaven would be kept secret. Hence now that you’ve revealed me to the rest of the angels,” Lilith laughed as the chain shattered in her hands, “our deal is done.”

Gold eyes were set ablaze as Lute finally realised her plan was never going to work. She snapped back, “The court won’t let you off scot-free. They’ll kill you too. Even if they send you back to hell, don’t forget that *Lucifer* knows about your deal now. Your own people wouldn’t want you, much less that *bitch* of a princess.”

Alastor felt his skin crawl as he recounted the second court case that day. *Lilith…* He would get his freedom no matter what.

That fateful day seven years ago, he had been injured from his battle with a certain TV demon. He laid in a dark alleyway away from any CCTVs to not be spotted by the sinner as he began healing his wounds. Their battle had ended in a draw as neither of them could beat the other.

A figure walked from behind him, startling him whilst he was still healing his injuries.

"Who…"

The queen of hell stood in front of him, lush blonde hair swaying in the wind as she held out a hand to him, violet magic glowing an all too familiar type of light.

"Let's make a deal, radio demon."

As dawn came, Lucifer blinked and opened his red eyes, not expecting to be in his old bedroom in heaven. He looked around the room as his vision cleared up to see a certain red haired demon sinking his claws into the bed sheets with his back turned to the fallen angel.

"Alastor?" The king yawned as he sat up, stretching his arms, unaware that he just startled the radio demon with his sudden movements.

"Good morning , your majesty. A wonderful day up here in heaven, isn't it?" Static was thin in his voice as he turned back to the just awoken angel.

“Yeah, I suppose it is. I haven’t slept that well in ages.” Lucifer said as he shapeshifted into a snake and slithered out of bed. As he poofed back to his usual form, he noticed he wasn’t in his usual outfit,instead he was in a white nightgown that felt a little too big for him. He looked up at Alastor- who was fiddling with his radio cane as he switched the sleepy melody playing on it to a random song- with a faint blush rising to his pale face as he asked, “Did you… change me?”

Quiet lyrics hummed in the background as the radio demon answered him. *‘Then afterwards we go and drop it in a quiet little place’*

“Heavens, no! Your sister had come in after one of your brothers dropped you off in bed and changed you into that with a snap of her fingers. I may be a sinner, but I am not as depraved as Angel Dust, your majesty,” The radio demon chuckled at the silly question as he noticed the king flush in embarrassment this time. Alastor stood from the bed, hands still on his cane as he continued, “I suppose we should prepare to leave heaven now, your majesty. I believe your brother will be taking us to the gates to go back down.”

‘And have a drink or two’

“Right… Leave…” Lucifer whispered as his mind wandered back to the day before. His creator’s warm embrace, his siblings joining them, his tears soaking through the pristine robes… He had missed the warmth dearly. Banished for ten thousand years. He thought he could never love them again, yet his own heart betrayed his mind. He might not have forgiven them, but he knew his heart still craved the loving family he once had. *They were ultimately all he had for the eternity before his fall.*

Deep in thought, he hadn’t realised the radio demon stepping closer to him, placing a hand on his hatless head, combing through the blonde hair before it rested on his red cheeks. He shifted his gaze to the sinner, confused. The song playing on the radio cane was long forgotten as the two got closer.

‘And then I go and spoil it all’

Alastor’s body moved on its own without him realising. *He looked so…* A million words to describe the king ran through his head before he snapped out of his trance and saw the fallen angel’s eyes staring directly into his. As he felt heat rise to his face, he quickly explained,

“Leave, yes, I’m sure Charlie has missed you dearly. You wouldn’t want to keep her waiting now, your majesty…” His voice trailed off into a whisper as he felt his own red eyes looking into the king’s, unsure if Lucifer had even heard what he was saying.

‘By saying somethin’ stupid like’

They were both lost in thought, feeling as if the other was the only thing that mattered at the moment as they leaned closer, slowly closing their red eyes that were still gazing deeply into each other’s.

‘I love-’

Just as their lips were about to touch, the door of the bedroom burst open.

“Luci, are you ready to… What in God’s name are you doing to my brother!?”

Chapter End Notes

Hahaha no kiss

Family bonding is sweet

Final scene inspired by somethin’ stupid (like I love you) by N0R1AK1

Gruesome scenes next chapter you have been warned

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Bids Farewell

Chapter Summary

As the two prepare to leave heaven, they meet some people on their way out.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What in God’s name are you doing to my brother!?”

The two immediately pushed each other away, both barely catching themselves on opposite ends of the room. Radio static could be heard from the cane, which had been long forgotten in the demon’s hand, as the song came to a screeching halt. Gabriel marched over in front of his little brother and drew his blade, pointing it towards the sinner.

“Wait! Gabriel, we weren’t doing anything. I swear! Nothing happened,” Lucifer stuttered as he grabbed the older’s hand. Gabriel shifted his gaze to his brother, wanting to argue but stopped himself when he saw the fear and anger in those red eyes. He withdrew his sword as he glared at the radio demon who was still grinning with his eyes widened from shock.

“Are you ready to go back?” Gabriel sighed as he turned back to his youngest brother. Lucifer glanced at Alastor, composing himself, before taking an interest in the floor of the room.

“Yeah, let’s go.”

As the king finished packing a few gifts for his daughter and her friends, he was pleasantly surprised to see that the rubber ducks he made were still kept in his closet. He gave one to Alastor, as a ‘thank you for staying with me’, which the demon accepted, albeit a little confused at the toy. As the two finally headed out, they saw most of the archangels waiting outside for them.

“Luci!” Uriel exclaimed, running up to squish his little brother into a tight hug.

“Calm down, Uri. You’re going to suffocate him.” Gabriel sighed, placing a hand on the younger’s back to tell him to loosen the hug.

“Do visit often, Luci,” Ramiel smiled, watching as the corner of his lips lifted up.

“Don’t forget to bring our niece with you!” Azrael said excitedly, wanting to see his newfound niece as soon as possible.

“Of course,” Lucifer replied, feeling a wave of happiness wash over him as his siblings embraced him, “wait… Where’s Michael?”

“He said he needed to do something first. Being the main one in-charge, he’s a lot busier than the rest of us. He did say he’ll meet you at the gate instead,” Cassiel explained. The radio demon watched in silence as the archangels bid their farewell, eyeing them closely to make sure the king did not fall into another panic attack.

The oldest archangel flew down below the heavenly court, white scaled dragons greeting him at the entrance of the dungeon. He stepped in, golden armour shining in the darkness of the room, a blazing sword clutched tightly in his hand.

Lute awoke from the sound of armour clanking, stirring the sleeping queen on the opposite side of the room up as well. Her gold eyes stared in shock as the archangel stood in front of her, lifting her off the ground by her neck. His nails sunk into the pale skin, causing the angel to let out breathless whimpers as he drew out golden blood before turning his deadly eyes to the first woman.

“What do you want from heaven?” His cold voice sent alarms ringing in her head, every part of her body telling her to *run.* Merciless silver eyes turned back to the exorcist in his hand as he glared at her in hatred. “First, you dare to insult my brother. Then, you tried to hurt him further by bringing this *bitch* to him. You think I didn’t know your plan? You didn’t bring her to court to defend yourself. You brought her to harm him. I should kill you for that.” He threw Lute into the walls, the weapon in his hand burning furiously as he continued to berate her.

“Sir! Wait, please!” The lieutenant tried to explain before she felt her left eye being sliced out of her face, the scar set ablaze from the fire of the golden sword that guaranteed suffering.

“Keep begging, darling.” He tilted his head up as she pleaded for mercy, laughing maniacally as the screams became louder. She cried out in pain as she watched the sliced out eye getting stabbed by the same weapon. He stepped closer, lifting the blade to his sight and collecting the golden blood with his amber magic as he shot it into the wailing mouth of the exorcist. Her cries turned into intense coughs as she choked on her own blood. The coppery taste flooded her mouth before vomit bubbled up her throat. She needed to throw up. Feeling her vision blur, she heard footsteps of the archangel getting closer.

“You should be glad that I'm not ending you myself…” Michael kneeled on one knee, sharp nails digging into Lute's skull, pulling on the white hair to force her to face his silver eyes. She screamed, white hot pain blinded her sight as she felt the horrid feeling of warmth oozing down her head. He laughed sinisterly to himself, “or there wouldn't even be a single piece of you left for your sisters to find.”

Lilith witnessed the entire scene play out before her. She had seen Michael fight before. She had known how ruthless he could be when it came down to protecting his family. She had

heard even more stories from Lucifer about how he fought with all his heart and soul. But she had never seen that cold glint in his eyes as he won his battles. That ever so slight smile played on his lips as the other angel cried out, begging him to stop until all she could do was blabber complete nonsense.

When she was cast down to hell, it was not by the oldest archangel. The virtue of patience was the one who sent her falling. He had told her that Michael was merciful enough to not come to her himself, otherwise she might not have even made it to the realm below. How true she knew it to be now.

Fear shot down her spine as those silver eyes turned their attention to her once he was done toying with the first man's lieutenant, tossing her to the side. “Must I repeat myself, Lilith?” Those words sent her scouring for a proper response. *There’s no one who’ll save you…* A voice in her mind reminded. *No one’ll hear your screams… No one’ll spare you… You must answer him.*

“It was Adam! He… He forced my hand…”

“No *shit.* Tell me something I don't know.” He tilted her head up with the flat of his blade, ignoring the strangled breathing of the first woman. She felt the blade scrape her neck ever so slightly, blood seeping out of the wound as she silenced her screams. His eyes were filled with hatred as he glared at her intensely, the queen felt as if she was being stabbed through her soul as red blood coated the sword. *That was not the right answer.*

“H-He said that he had killed Eve! He wanted to kill me next, but struck a deal with me instead,” her next words came out as stutters, praying that he would not serve her the same fate as the exorcist who was still howling in agony, “if… If I gave him my soul and let him control me like before, he would allow me to stay in heaven in secret.”

“And you thought it'd be wise to agree? How did a *bitch* like you ever sway my brother?” His heartless voice sent the first woman shaking before he kicked her in the stomach. Though she was spared from the wrath of his blade, his physical strength was not to be tested. The kick sent her flying into the dungeon walls, her whole body slamming against it, leaving multiple cracks in them.

He turned to leave the dungeon, before stopping at the exit. Wicked laughter echoed in the room, sending the first woman crawling back in a failure of an attempt to get away from him.

"I'll let you live. For *his* sake. You can go back down to that pit you've created. But if you *dare* to hurt him in any way… This won't be the last you see of me, **Lilith.**"

Disgusting. I have to burn these gloves now.

"Emily… I'm sorry for lying to you." Sera sighed as she cupped the younger's cheeks. All she wanted to do was protect those innocent blue eyes. She remembered when Michael had first given the little angel to her.

She had just become the head seraphim a few hundred years before that and she was carrying out her duties to a tee. She had participated in the creation of the first humans, passionate in her job before Lucifer had brought upon damnation to all of humanity.

She had watched him fall. Fearing that she would be subjected to the same fate, she spiraled into madness with the sole purpose to protect heaven. This had led her to start the extermination after a couple convincing statements from the first man. She tore up the messages from hell in fear that the elders of heaven would think she was failing at her job. She felt overwhelmed in the worst way possible.

Until the oldest of the archangels gave her the little blue eyed angel. Emily had brought joy into her world like never before. She shifted her world view to protect the young angel instead. She promised to shield her from the horrors of the world as she continued to bring joy to all of heaven.

“Sera, I don’t know if I can forgive you right now…” Emily sighed, feeling dejected as the head seraphim prepared to leave heaven. The older could only look away in shame as the younger continued, “when you do redeem yourself and return, I truly hope you’ll have changed. I will always love you, though.”

“I love you too, Emily.” Sera smiled, she smiled despite her heart ache, she smiled as she reached out to the younger and planted a soft kiss on her forehead. Her voice came out quieter and more strained than she had hoped as she said, “wait for me.”

“I will, sister.”

As the king of hell walked through the streets of heaven along with Gabriel and the radio demon, he noticed a certain snake angel in the corner of his eyes.

“Sir Pentious! Over here!” Lucifer waved his hands a little too enthusiastically, attracting more attention from the angels around them than the three already had. The angel’s eyes lit up as he noticed the king.

“Your majesssty,” he bowed with his hat in his hand after he slithered closer towards the three. Alastor eyed him up and down, still not used to the whole ‘angel form’ of the redeemed sinner.

“Well if it isn’t the first redeemed soul from hell. Greetings, I am Gabriel, virtue of diligence.” The archangel extended a hand to the reformed sinner. The snake angel shook the gloved hand nervously, still not used to being in the presence of such powerful beings.

“We’re about to go back down to hell. If there’s anything you want me to tell Charlie and the rest, I’m sure Alastor can record it.” Lucifer nudged the side of the radio demon with his elbow, grinning at the irritated red eyes.

“Might I remind you that I am not a microphone?” Alastor’s smile was strained as he glared at the short king.

“But you are able to do a task as simple as this, aren’t you?” The king snickered as he questioned the demon’s abilities, earning him an even more intense glare from the sinner. Gabriel watched as the younger cracked out jokes like he did in the past. Remembering when the little angel would tell him all about his grand ideas and fun pranks, he couldn’t help but smile.

“I suppose I could. I wouldn’t want Charlie to be disappointed, after all.” The radio demon hummed as he challenged the fallen angel with the attention of the princess, earning an offended gasp. *Oh you little…* Lucifer composed himself, thinking twice before making a fool of himself in the middle of heaven.

“Just do it already, we don’t have forever.” The king pouted as he turned away from the sinner. Satisfied with the reaction he got out of the fallen angel, Alastor pointed his cane towards Sir Pentious.

“We’ve got everything, right?” Lucifer muttered to himself as he checked his bags once again. They were now standing close to the gates, away from heaven’s city as they awaited for the oldest archangel to join them.

“Yes, your majesty. We’ve got everything. You have asked this question over seven times within the last hour,” Alastor said, his eyes squinting in agitation as the king felt the need to search through everything once more.

“Michael should be here by now…” Gabriel wondered what the older could be up to as he checked the time before he continued, “Sera and Emily should also be here soon.”

Lucifer perked up at the mention of the blue eyed angel. “I’ve been meaning to ask, who is Emily? I don’t know why, but I feel some strange bond with her and I’m pretty sure I have never seen her before yesterday,” The youngest archangel questioned, watching as his older brother placed a hand on his chin, violet eyes deep in thought.

“Honestly, I only know that she was created after your… *fall.* I remember Michael saying something about how she ‘can never be a replacement to the true bringer of joy’ and that he had used something else along with his magic to make her,” Gabriel answered after a minute of silence. He turned back to see confusion flooding his little brother’s red eyes as the demon tilted his head to the side. Before he could explain further, heard his oldest brother’s voice in the wind.

“Luci, Gabriel. Sorry for making you wait. I was… *busy*... ” His silver eyes seemed distant when he said the last part, but Gabriel decided not to bring attention to it for now. Michael shifted his gaze to his little brother, smiling softly as sadness bubbled within him. “I believe this is goodbye, Luci,” the oldest voice was strained as he stared longingly into those red eyes.

“Yeah… I suppose it is…” The fallen angel felt his own feelings stirring within his gut. Sad as he had to leave, happy that he got to clear the misunderstandings between him and his family up here, shame that he still couldn’t bring himself to forgive them and anger at himself. “Goodbye, Michael,” he couldn’t stop the tears flowing from his eyes as he spoke, “I’ve missed you.”

The oldest smiled, the smile more joyous than before, as words slipped out of his mouth, “I’ve missed you too, little brother. Visit often.” Gabriel watched as the two said their goodbyes as his own violet eyes felt watery, their spark returning as he blinked the tears away.

“Sir Gabriel, Sir Michael, we’re here!” Emily exclaimed as she ran up to the crowd, bowing swiftly at the archangels present. Sera followed closely behind her, eyes shifty as she avoided the gaze of the elders.

“Sera.” Michael turned to face her, stern voice startling the head seraphim. Lucifer quickly wiped his tears away as he glanced at Alastor before noticing that the red eyes of the demon had been on him for the past few minutes. He felt a small blush rise to his cheeks as they both turned away from each other.

“Sir Michael.” Sera bowed deeply, not daring to rise before she felt a hard tug on her head. Gabriel gestured for Emily to come to him, to which she happily obliged before he covered her eyes and ears with his gloved hands. As the king realised what was happening, he swiftly hid behind the radio demon, shielding his own ears with his hands. Alastor turned back to him in confusion, a slight anger rising before he quickly understood the reason for Lucifer’s fear as he watched the oldest archangel *rip* the halo off the head seraphim.

To say it seemed painful would be an understatement.

A bloodcurdling scream escaped her mouth as she collapsed to the ground, panting heavily. It was gruesome. Halos were never meant to leave an angel’s head, almost like part of their own bodies. It was akin to breaking a limb and tearing it from your body. The halo glistened in Michael’s hands, trying desperately to return to the angel before he sealed it in a golden bubble. *Was that what he had to go through?* Alastor wondered as his eyes glanced back to the fallen angel behind him.

As Sera finally caught her breath, she stood up from the clouds. The pain was one she had never felt before. It burned. She felt like every single strand of hair had been individually plucked from her head. It left her with an excruciating headache, feeling unsteady as she tried to see straight. Her feet were still wobbly as she watched the king return to his spot beside the demon and Gabriel uncover her sister’s eyes and ears, silently thanking him for not letting her witness that horrid sight.

“Goodbye for now, Emily.” Pain was evident in her smile as she brought her little sister into a hug.

“I hope you'll return soon, Sera.” The younger angel’s eyes were filled with hope as they bid their farewells.

As the four headed towards the gates, Michael turned his head to face the younger seraphim. Emily, feeling a pair of powerful eyes on her, looked up to see the archangel staring at her.

Just as she was about to ask, Michael's voice stopped her.

"Emily, how would you like to become the next head seraphim?"

Gabriel led them to the gates, greeting St. Peter- who was severely confused by the presence of the head seraphim- as they left heaven. Lucifer turned to his brother, tears filling his red eyes as the older said, "Do visit soon, Luci." The radio demon watched as the king rubbed the wetness away with the same strange feeling crawling up his guts again as he heard the shorter's words.

"I will."

"We're back!"

Chapter End Notes

Heaven will still come back in later chapters (have plenty of ideas)

Gruesome scenes are not my speciality

Will be more hell focused for a bit

Lilith will return

Sera is not gonna have a fun time

I forgot what else I wanted to say

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Welcomes

Chapter Summary

> As the two return to hell with a new guest for the hotel, they spread the news of who they found up in heaven.

Chapter Notes

> Thanks for your support on previous chapters!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"We're back!"

"Dad!" Charlie dropped everything in her hands as she ran up to the king, hugging him tightly. Alastor hummed quietly as he looked around the hotel lobby, eyeing the decorations hung up around the place.

A large 'Welcome back' sign was spelled out in large, bold letters with a couple small drawings of ducks at the side. One duck had a comically large white hat while another beside it had deer ears. The radio demon felt his own ears twitch at that. His gaze shifted to the couch where four other demons were waiting. Husk was not at his usual spot behind the bar counter, standing by the seating area, Angel Dust was sitting on the armrest with one of his legs up, Cherribomb- their new addition to the hotel- was standing beside him and Niffty- who was grinning happily- was running up to Alastor before she climbed on him.

"The king roach is back!" She giggled happily as Alastor picked her up by the back of her shirt. Vaggie watched on as her girlfriend loosened her tight embrace on her father before she noticed another figure stepping out of the portal behind the two that just returned.

“Watch out!” The former angel exclaimed, pushing them out of the way as she pointed her spear threateningly at the figure before she realised who it was. Sera raised her hands up in the air as she saw the ex-exorcist.

“Sera!?” Both the princess and Vaggie shouted in unison as they recognised the tall angel.

“Who?” Angel’s voice was heard in the distance as the spear was lowered but still held in the defensive manner, not fully trusting the seraphim.

“Dad?” Charlie turned back to the king who was rubbing the back of his neck as he looked off to the side.

“Uh… So Sera is now a fallen angel too…” Lucifer said nervously, hands tangling together anxiously. The princess returned her gaze to the seraphim, the glowing halo was gone from her head as she hesitantly kept her wings. Niffty leaped from Alastor’s grasp, a wicked smile on her face as she reached for her knife. In her singular eye, flashing signs of the word ‘angel’ pointed towards Sera.

“Stab!” She scuttled towards the angel before she heard the voice of a certain princess.

“No! Niffty, no stabbing.” Charlie exclaimed, jumping in front of the frightened seraphim. Her eyes were wide, shocked from the violent little creature that stopped running. The little demon squinted, a small frown on her lips before she turned around and ran off to do whatever. Charlie sighed, relieved, before she turned back to the angel. “So… Even though I don’t really know what happened, I welcome you to the Hazbin Hotel! A place where sinners come to redeem themselves.” She extended her hand to Sera as she spoke, the seraphim hesitating before accepting the handshake.

“Charlie, are you sure about this? She was the one who rejected our idea…” Vaggie pulled her girlfriend to the side as she whispered, unsure if they could trust the angel.

“If she is here to redeem herself for whatever reason she was cast out of heaven for, I’m sure she’ll be a great addition to us,” Charlie reassured, wanting to see the best in others. Vaggie

sighed, glancing at the angel and then at the king. Noticing her hesitation, Lucifer gave her a nervous thumbs-up, a sign that it would be fine.

"Alright, then. I trust you," Vaggie said, smiling as the princess lit up at her words, giving her a small peck on her cheek as she scurried back to the crowd.

"So… I was hoping we could do some bonding activities today! What do you think, dad?" Charlie exclaimed joyfully. Seeing how happy his daughter was, he couldn't possibly reject her offer.

"Of course, sweetie. But before that, I think Alastor has something to show you." He cupped her cheeks before turning to the radio demon, grinning.

"Why, of course! I have a message you absolutely must hear." Alastor smiled, fiddling with his cane before the voice of an all too familiar ex-member of the hotel was heard.

'Uh… Hello. It'sss me, Sir Pentiousss.'

Gasps were heard throughout the lobby, Cherribomb's jaw practically dropped at the voice.

'I am in heaven now. Charlie, your plan worksss! Don't lose hope. Angel Dussst, keep trying hard. I hope to ssssee you in heaven sssoon. Missss Cherribomb, if you're there, jussst know that I lovve you…'

The cyclops demon felt herself blush at the statement as the spider demon beside her held back his tears. Despite the short time they'd spent together, the members of the hotel had grown close to the snake demon. Hearing that he wasn't dead like they had all thought, the princess felt her tears stream down her face.

"He… He's alive! The hotel… it works, dad… It works. Alastor, thank you so much." She couldn't control herself as she said her thanks, happiness, relief and joy in her eyes as her girlfriend went up to hug her tight.

“You’re amazing, Charlie.” Vaggie comforted, holding the princess.

“I’m proud of you, my duckling,” Lucifer smiled, his own eyes feeling wet before he blinked the moisture away.

“I can’t believe it… That fucker actually did it.” Angel Dust felt himself smile, proud of his friend, as he turned to the speechless demon beside him. “I guess we better work hard to get ourselves redeemed to join him.” He said as nudged Cherribomb with one of his elbows.

“Well, I’m starved! Perhaps we should have some lunch. Do we have venison left?” Alastor exclaimed as the message finished playing, turning to walk towards the kitchen. The other hotel members turned to stare at one another in confusion as he left, except Husk, who was looking as dead inside as always.

As the members of the Hazbin Hotel gathered around the dinner table, Sera sat down hesitantly as she saw the different types of food. *Raw meat*... It was seemingly prepared specifically for a certain deer-like demon. Although it wasn’t like she hadn’t tried it before, considering fire wasn’t introduced to mankind until much later in humanity’s development, she never really got a taste for it. Fruits were her preferred foods. There was a lot of getting used to she needed to do if she wanted to survive in this hellhole… At least apples were an option.

“Charlie, what do you think of making a new advertisement for the hotel? Now that we have proof that redemption is possible, more sinners will surely come knocking at our doors!” The king exclaimed excitedly before he bit down on an apple.

“Oh, yes! Definitely. We can show all of hell that they can change! Alastor, do you mind…” She nodded enthusiastically in agreement, turning to the radio demon before the sound of static cut through her words.

“No.” The smile did not leave his face as Alastor rejected her before she even finished her sentence, earning him a few glares from two of the fallen angels in the room. He continued before they could stop him, “I am not *ever* touching that noisy picture box thing again.”

“What’s up with this demon and his hatred towards television?” Sera whispered to the spider demon beside her. He was the only one she would willingly speak with other than Charlie and the two other angels since she had seen him change his ways for the better. Angel Dust shrugged, leaning back against his chair with upper arms behind his back.

“He’s like stuck in the age that he died, y’know. He doesn’t exactly like technology that came after his time or somethin’,” He told Sera as he picked up some of his food with a fork using his lower arms, shoving it in his mouth right when he finished talking.

Disappointment flashed across Charlie’s face as she stared at the radio demon with her puppy eyes. Alastor felt his eyes twitch, ears flattening as he sighed, static thick in the air, “Charlie, as much as I want to help you with the hotel, I am *not* dealing with the frivolous television technology. However, I’m sure his majesty will be *happy* to help you with that.”

“Eugh… That TV stuff scrambles the brain,” Lucifer muttered under his breath before he noticed his daughter looking at him with a sad frown on her face, sighing. “But I suppose I could try… Leave it to me, Charlie!” He puffed out his chest proudly as he said that, watching her face brighten at his words.

As they finished their lunch, Lucifer went up to his room, locking himself in his tower as he thought about how to make an advertisement for his daughter. The only experience he had was when he created LuLu World and that was back when newspapers were the main form of media. He sighed, running his hand through his hair as he picked up his phone, looking through his contacts to see who could help. He finally settled on one, clicking the call button, patiently waiting for a response as he listened to his ringtone.

“Lucifer? Is that really you?”

“Ozzie! How nice of you to pick up…” The king laughed nervously. He hadn’t dealt with any of the sins for a long time. The last he heard from them was when Mammon ripped off his theme park and he was called for a court trial which he forgot about. *Fuck, don’t think about court right now.*

“Hell, it really is you. How have ya been? You’ve never called before. Usually it’s Lilith that’s handling Hell’s business before she… Nevermind.”

“Yeah, sorry… I’ve been fine. Finally got to talk to Char-Char after so long and I’m helping with her hotel now. Actually, speaking of her hotel, I need your help with something.” *Don’t think about her. Don’t think about her.* He kept repeating those words in his head as he rambled on to the sin of lust.

“Ohh, you mean the Hazbin Hotel? It’s quite the talk of the town right now with how you kicked the asses of the angels in the last extermination.”

“Wow, really?” He heard the other sin chuckle. *At least the hotel is getting more recognition now…*

“Yeah! My guy, you should really come down here more. Bring Charlie too! I’m sure she’ll be welcomed warmly by the rest of hell. Anyways, what did you want to ask?”

“Oh right,” the king fiddled with his apple cane at the side of the table nervously as he continued, “Ozzie, you know how to advertise, right?”

“Of course. How else do you think I get my new sex toys all across hell and earth?”

“Right…” Lucifer felt himself cringe as he heard the sin’s words. He had never cared much about the act of *making love,* always letting Lilith do whatever she wanted until she was satisfied. “Anyway… Do you think you can help with making an advertisement for the hotel?” He asked, pacing around the room whilst spinning his cane around.

“Oh… Hey Fizzy, do you think you can change my schedule for tomorrow? I've got some important stuff with the big boss to deal with… Thanks froggie, love ya. Yeah sure! Just send me the list of what you wanna include and I'll whip that thing up for ya.”

“Thanks, Ozzie. You're a lifesaver!” The king brightened up at his words. The two continued chatting after that, Asmodeus catching Lucifer up on the latest news of the other six rings. He learnt that the sin of lust had a lover now, a major surprise as he had never seen him actually fall in love with anyone. He was genuinely happy for the big guy. The fallen angel also learnt of his argument with Mammon, something he understood on a personal level with how much that *bitch* had been on his nerves since hell began.

“That fucker can eat my ass! In a bad way.”

The king laughed at those words before he heard a knock on his door. “Who is it?” He called out as he moved his phone away from his mouth.

“Dad, it's me, Charlie. We're doing some trust exercises downstairs if you want to join,” he heard his daughter's voice coming from the side of the door.

“Alright, be there in a minute. Sorry, Ozzie. I need to go now, see you tomorrow.” He turned back to his phone and spoke. After he heard the other sin say his goodbyes, he ended the call, fixing his hat and suit before he headed out of his apple-shaped tower.

As he entered the hotel lobby, Lucifer noticed everyone sitting in a circle around the fireplace. Charlie saw him first, waving to him excitedly as she gestured to him to come sit with them.

“Oh right, I called Ozzie to see if he could help with creating the new advertisement and he said he would be coming to the hotel tomorrow to discuss the details,” The king said as settled into a spot beside his daughter.

“Uncle Ozzie is coming? We need to decorate the place! Alastor, can you…” Charlie exclaimed enthusiastically before her girlfriend placed a hand on her shoulder, calming her down.

“Charlie, we can decide on the decorations later,” Vaggie explained, watching the princess take a deep breath as she settled down. Lucifer felt his eyes shift to the radio demon beside him, glaring intensely. *Why was he the one she thought of asking for help first…* Alastor took note of his rage, smiling smugly at the king.

“Of course I can help, my dear. Just say the word and your wish is my command,” Alastor grinned widely, watching as the fallen angel growled at him with more anger than before. *Well, this could be fun…* He didn't want to join in on this silly idea of an activity initially, only caving in upon the princess’s insistence. But, now, he might actually get some entertainment out of it.

“Wait… Ozzie as in *the* sin of lust, Asmodeus?” Angel Dust questioned, ignoring the disgust that was evident on Sera’s face.

“Heck, this might just get a lot more interesting.” Cherribomb laughed, slapping the spider demon’s shoulder affectionately. The king watched on as the hotel members continued to talk about the sin before their attention was pulled back to the activity at hand.

“Alright, folks. Today’s activity will be a scavenger hunt,” Vaggie begun, her girlfriend staring at her eagerly as she continued, “Charlie and I have hidden an item that corresponds to each of you around the hotel. You’ll be split into different teams. The team that brings all of their items back first will win uh… something. Whatever. Charlie?”

“Ok, I’ll group you into your teams now.” The princess said as she pulled out a piece of paper from behind her. “So… Angel, you’re with Husk,” Charlie muttered as she read off the list.

“Nice, I’m on the same team with my baby cakes,” Angel Dust snickered as he heard Husk groan at the nickname.

“Sera, you’re with Cherribomb and Niffty.”

The seraphim turned to the tiny demon who was giggling as she stared menacingly into the souls of roaches crawling behind them. A shiver shot down her spine before her gaze shifted

to the other cyclops demon in the room, who just smiled back at her before she went back to talking with the spider demon.

"And dad, you're with Alastor!" Charlie exclaimed as she placed the paper in her hand down, smiling sweetly at the two. Lucifer glared at the radio demon who was *still* smiling. He wanted to wipe that stupid smile off so badly. It was irritating. *Kinda hot, though… Wait. No, no, nope! Not hot. Stupid. It's stupid.* The king felt heat rise to his cheeks before his daughters voice snapped him out of it. "Try not to kill each other, please?" She pleaded as the two turned their attention to her.

"Well, I'm not opposed to it as long as his majesty cooperates. Sound reasonable?" Static filled the air as he gazed back to the king who was practically fuming at this point.

"Fine. I'll do it for you, Char-Char." Lucifer said as he held his daughter's cheek. She smiled, glad that they could sort things out, more or less.

"Alright! Let's begin!"

Chapter End Notes

Just had surgery so I won't be updating for a few days

The seven sins will be introduced to the story soon

Hotel members are probably OOC

Luci and Al mad like they didn't almost kiss two chapters ago

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Activities

Chapter Summary

As they wait for the sin of Lust's arrival, the group plays a few bonding games in the meantime.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lucifer and Alastor strolled along the corridors of the new hotel, the king not having taken time to actually see the interiors after they finished building it with how busy he was. The walls were a lovely shade of red, lights hanging from the ceiling across the entire hallway. The carpeted floors also suited the king more than the old hotel did. He didn't just like the place, it was his second home.

"Enjoying yourself, your majesty?" Static broke through his thoughts as he turned to the radio demon, stopping in his tracks. Alastor was watching the fallen angel hop along as he sent his shadow to search for the items. Lucifer turned to him, staring into his seemingly bored red eye.

"Yes, actually. I do like the new design of the hotel," The king huffed, folding his arms in annoyance like a child, "but I suppose you wouldn't know anything about it, since you were missing the whole time." Alastor felt his eye twitch as the fallen angel laughed. Out of nowhere, an idea popped into the radio demon's mind, his smile widened.

"Let's make a deal, your majesty?"

Lucifer raised an eyebrow as he turned to Alastor. "How stupid do you think I am?" He questioned, staring at the demon's grin widening before the king quickly corrected himself as

he realised what the sinner was thinking, “don’t answer that. But really? A deal with a guy like you?”

Alastor shrugged, laughing silently to himself. “Honestly, it’s more of a bet than a deal. Whoever finds their item first will get something out of the other.” The demon explained, turning to the fallen angel beside him. Lucifer couldn’t control the snort that came from him, not noticing how Alastor was gazing softly at his laughter.

“You could’ve just said you wanted to play a game. I love those! Charlie and I used to play made-up games all the time…” Lucifer rambled on about different games they used to play as Alastor listened intently, continuing their little walk around the place. It was entertaining. The king’s voice was like music to his deer ears. He didn’t mind how the fallen angel kept talking on and on without stopping. It was sort of endearing in a way. He found himself smiling genuinely at the shorter’s antics.

When Lucifer finally finished his rant, he took the radio demon up on his offer. Before he could disappear in a puff of confetti, Alastor grabbed his arm without thinking.

“Alastor?” The fallen angel questioned, tilting his head in confusion.

“Ah, my apologies, your majesty. You should go find your item before I beat you to it.” The radio demon said as he let the arm go, watching as Lucifer eye him in suspicion. *How strange… I thought he hated touching people.* The king wondered before he teleported away before anything else could be said, running off to win the game.

He didn’t know why, but Alastor felt a little empty with the king gone. *What is this feeling?* Before he could ponder too long, a voice broke through his thoughts.

“Heyya boss,” Husk said nonchalantly as he noticed the radio demon standing at the end of the hallway.

“What’s up, big guy?” Angel Dust appeared around the corner along with the cat demon. “Where’s the short king? You didn’t eat him up so soon, did ya?” The spider demon chuckled as he leaned against the wall.

“Heavens, no. We simply decided to play a little game of our own.” Alastor explained, bringing his cane in front of him to lean on it. He didn’t want to interact with them at the moment. He had a game to win, after all. “Well, I better get going! Have fun with your endeavors.” The radio demon said before disappearing into the shadows.

“Well, that was odd.” Angel Dust hummed, turning to Husk to see if he knew what was up with the guy.

“Eh, that’s boss for ya. He’s… strange.” Husk said, not really knowing what happened either.

“So, your name’s Sera, right?” Cherribomb asked as they searched through the kitchen. Sera lifted her head, turning to the cyclops who was still looking through some cabinets.

“Yes. You’re Cherribomb, yes?” The former angel replied. *So this is the bonding part of these trust exercises…* It was quite interesting. She had her doubts for sure, but she could see the good in the sinners trying to redeem themselves.

“Yep! The one and only,” the demon answered as she turned back to face Sera, “if you don’t mind me asking, why’d you get kicked out?” She watched as Sera’s gaze shifted downwards, a slight tinge of regret filling her for asking that.

“Well… I kept secrets from my superiors. The exterminations were my fault to begin with. I didn’t think to tell the elders’ of heaven about the contract and just allowed Adam to do whatever… I suppose all of hell probably hates me for my actions.” Sera explained, fidgeting in her spot as she glanced up at the demon, expecting to see anger.

She didn’t anticipate the sympathy that was shown on the demon’s face. “Hey, I know it’s not the best down here compared to whatever fancy shit you have up there, but you don’t have to guilt yourself forever,” Cherribomb said as she moved towards her and placed her hand on

the taller's back, "you're here to redeem yourself. The first step to that is asking for forgiveness, not only from others, but from yourself too."

Sera felt herself smile. Never once did she think she could be forgiven. But hearing the other's words brought a few tears to her eyes. "Thank you…" She whispered before she heard the sound of metal clanking against the ground. Both of them whipped their head around to see Niffty fishing out a little toy bomb from the back of an upper kitchen cabinet.

"Hehehe… I found Miss Cherribomb's item!"

"Hah! I found my ducky first!" Lucifer exclaimed as he teleported in front of the radio demon. Alastor felt his eye twitch in irritation at the smug smile. He wanted to wipe it off the king's face. *Maybe a kiss would shut him up… Wait what?* He blinked at his own thoughts. Alright, something was seriously wrong with him. "Alastor? Hellooo? Are you there?" The fallen angel's voice snapped him out of his thoughts.

They were in an empty room, alone. Alastor's shadow had dragged him here, claiming that his item was in here, somewhere. He walked around the room, ignoring the king's little tangent on how he was better than the demon. His ears flattened in annoyance, trying to block out the sounds, yet for some reason a part of him wanted to keep listening to the shorter's voice. His fingers danced around the table top, trying to find his own item before his red eyes finally landed on a miniature radio hidden behind the desk. He bent down, picking it up and turned towards the door to leave the room.

"And I'm a being of pure light, while you… Hey! Are you even listening…" Lucifer exclaimed before Alastor turned back suddenly, pushing him against the wall. He stared into those burning red eyes as the king felt his face heat up.

"Yes, my king. You won. What do you want?" Alastor asked, static thick in his voice. The atmosphere in the room suddenly felt heavy. The radio demon's hands were on the king's shoulder as his ears flattened. In a panic, Lucifer pushed the demon away, startling both of them.

“Uh… Sorry,” the fallen angel uttered, hesitant to reach out to the demon. Alastor turned away before he could, deer ears still flat on his head as he thought through his own actions. *What just happened…* He felt himself being lost upon his actions. It was as if he didn’t have control over his own body at that moment. He had never acted on instinct like that. It *scared* him. Lucifer’s voice brought him back to reality as he noticed the king looking around sheepishly, “we should go back to the lobby…” Straightening himself up, Alastor agreed with his words and left the room, slamming the door as they stepped out.

“Alastor, you finished fast! Congratulations… Where’s my dad?” Charlie said, looking behind the radio demon suspiciously, afraid that he might have done something to her father. Alastor merely hummed, shrugging his shoulders.

“He said he would be in his room if you needed him.” The radio demon spoke, seeming indifferent before he disappeared into the shadows, leaving the two girls alone in the lobby, confused, before they got distracted by the other two teams.

What is wrong with me? Alastor felt himself pace around his radio tower as his mind flooded with thoughts. First, he acted so protective towards the king when they were with his siblings, just like what he did with Charlie when he first met Lucifer when he visited the hotel about a month ago. For the princess, it was due to the fact he had assumed the king was neglectful, though he was quickly proven wrong and decided to just mess with the short angel for fun. Second, he almost *kissed* him. Heavens, he had never even kissed a girl when he was alive! And now, he nearly kissed the king of hell. Then, he grabbed this arm and cornered the fallen angel against the wall without thinking. *Why couldn’t he think straight when he’s with Lucifer? Why is this affecting him so much?*

A knock on the door snapped him out of his thoughts. He didn’t answer, waiting to see if the one on the other side would say something first. When there was no sound, he sighed, fixing his coat up before he opened the door, only to see that no one was there. *That was odd…* Alastor thought to himself before he looked down to see a little red box wrapped neatly by the entrance. He picked it up, glancing around to see if anyone was there, before opening it. There was a little note attached to a bright red apple in the box.

‘Sorry about earlier. You still owe me something, though. Don’t forget! - ~~love~~ Lucifer’

Despite the word being scribbled out, Alastor could still see the letters on the paper quite clearly. He closed the door as he smiled to himself.

‘love’

He held the box, gazing softly at it for a while before he realised it was already evening. He should probably join the rest for dinner, but he placed the box beside his broadcast station and left the hotel, deciding to go on a hunt instead.

The next day, Charlie was busy discussing what the advertisement should include with her father and Alastor while the rest helped set up for the arrival of the sin of lust.

“Do you think we should include this?” Charlie asked, looking up at the other two. Just as they were about to give their opinions on the matter, the three of them heard a knock by the door.

“Hey, it’s Sera. May I speak with Charlie for a moment…” The voice on the other side of the door said. The princess turned back to her father and Alastor, both of them giving her a nod of approval to leave the room. With that, she stood from her seat and made her way to the door.

“Well… this is awkward,” Lucifer said a minute after his daughter left the room. He glanced up at the radio demon, unsure of what to say.

“So, Sera, what did you want to talk about?” Charlie asked as she closed the door behind her, turning towards the former angel.

“I think you should know the truth behind the reason I’m here… It’s only right after all,” Sera sighed, glancing hesitantly at the princess. The blonde tilted her head, unsure if she should be afraid of what’s to come. Charlie watched as the angel took a deep breath before she spoke, “I’ve been keeping secrets from the elders of heaven, more specifically Lucifer’s siblings. Since you already know that I’m the cause of the exterminations, yet you’re still allowing me to stay here, I should tell you this. Your father has sent many messages to heaven.”

“Wait, what?” Charlie looked up, confused. She knew her father missed his siblings, but she hadn’t known he had been sending messages to them.

“Every time it happened, I destroyed his messages before they could reach any of the archangels… After a while, he stopped sending them. I believe it was after your birth,” Sera explained, looking down at the ground in shame and fear of how the princess would react to the news.

“You… You stopped my father from being able to communicate with his family… That means, the exterminations… My people were dying without any other angels from heaven approving it?” Charlie felt her anger bubbling, the yellow and red parts of her eyes switching places as her hair flared up. “You… I need a moment.” Charlie said, turning around and slamming the door behind her as she entered the room again.

Sera watched on in shock, realising how drastic her mistakes were. *I really messed up*...

“So… How's the apple?” Lucifer mumbled, just loud enough for Alastor to hear. The demon glanced at the king, finding it funny how he was trying to not make it strange with just the two of them here. The way the fallen angel played with his fingers, tapping on them to calm his nerves, biting the inside of his cheeks and how he would fiddle with whatever object in his hands. It was quite endearing.

“I haven't tried it. Not a big fan of sweet stuff. But I'll be sure to get back to you when I do.” Alastor answered, the static in his voice was light. He enjoyed how the shorter glanced at him periodically, trying to come up with conversations. It was quite obvious that Lucifer was not used to socialising.

Before long, the both of them looked up as they saw the door open, an angry Charlie walking through it before slamming it shut. The two stared in concern as the princess walked back to her sea, sitting down with a sigh.

“Charlie? Are you ok?” Lucifer was the first to speak, unsure of what to do at the moment. His daughter dug her hands into her hair, pulling at them in frustration, anger and a tinge of sadness.

“Dad, Alastor, can you tell me what happened when you were up there? The things that occurred after your trial?” Charlie sighed, looking up at her father and Alastor. The two glanced at each other, confused.

“Uh… We talked to my siblings for a bit, then I went to the trial for Sera and that little exorcist girl that I don’t remember the name of…” Lucifer began, looking nervously at his daughter. *Just what in the world did Sera tell her? Wait… Did she tell Char-Char about Lilith?* He felt a sudden wave of panic wash over him as he remembered the trial consisting of his ex-wife. “I… Sweetie, your mother… she…” He breathed frantically before a hand was placed on his back, trying to calm him down. He turned to the radio demon who was looking back in an almost worried expression before he shifted his gaze back to his daughter, who was staring at him in confusion.

“Wait, what do you mean by mom? She’s in heaven!?” Charlie exclaimed, startling the king as Alastor felt his smile becoming strained as his ears flattened at the noise. As the princess noticed her father’s hands shaking when she raised her voice, she composed herself, trying to make sense of the information she was given.

“The almighty queen of hell abandoned her people and fled to heaven.” Alastor snickered, static thick in silent rage. That was why he could never find her. After they made their deal, he had tried to complete her task for his soul back, but after *failing* miserably for over 5 years, he spent the next 2 years searching for that woman, wanting his soul back at any cost. That was until he saw the princess make a fool of herself in that noisy picture box. By getting closer to her daughter, perhaps he could finally find her. What he did not expect from this

though, was forming some close relations with the members of the hotel. He had grown quite fond of the crowd during their little adventures, but the radio demon would never admit that.

“Alastor, you’re not helping…” Charlie glared at the demon as she spoke, wanting proper answers instead of the sadistic idea of a joke from him.

“Hm… Fair enough, I suppose,” Alastor hummed as he continued, “Lilith is in heaven. From what I’ve heard, she made a deal with Adam to be allowed to stay in heaven for whatever reason it is. Now with Adam gone, his little lieutenant now owns her soul.” What a mess, truly. The radio demon’s smile widened as he watched the princess' eyes fill with disbelief and dejection. *If even mom left… What would that mean for the rest of hell?*

“Charlie… You’ve shown us how much you care about these sinners. Who cares what your mother is doing in heaven! We have proof that your hotel works. That’s all that matters, my sweet girl.” Lucifer said with a smile on his face as he held his daughter’s face, letting her face him. The princess stared into the king’s hopeful eyes, returning the smile as she nodded her head in agreement. *If nothing else, at least he’s here.*

It wasn’t long before they heard a knock on the front door of the hotel. Charlie ran up to the door, opening it as she saw an imp with robotic arms standing outside. “Uh… Hello?” She said, a little confused as she expected to see a certain sin of lust.

“Greetings, Princess MorningStar! I’m Fizzarolli.” The imp said gleefully, extending an arm to Charlie.

“Hello, Fizzarolli. I believe I’ve seen you in the recent news. You’re the jester that Uncle Ozzie is dating, right?” The princess asked as she shook his hand, trying to recall who he was.

“Yep! The one and only,” Fizzarolli chuckled, retracting his arm.

“Speaking of, where is Uncle Ozzie?” She questioned before she heard a sound coming from behind her. A flash a giant symbol followed by a burst of bright blue light, came from within the hotel lobby, revealing said sin.

“There he is.” The imp smiled as the princess led him inside where the rest of the members stared in shock at Asmodeus' sudden entrance.

“Ozzie! You sure know how to make a scene.” Lucifer was the first to speak as he went up to the other sin, shaking one of his big claws with both of his much smaller hands.

“Luci! Wonderful to finally see ya again. Still as short as always. I see you’ve acquired some new guests recently.” Asmodeus exclaimed, bowing down to the king’s eye level, causing a small giggle to slip from the fallen angel’s lips, before looking around the hotel. Alastor felt his eye twitch in annoyance. *Just who does he think he is?* The sin’s eyes landed on Sera’s, feeling a sudden tension in the atmosphere before the princess’s voice snapped him out of it.

“Uncle Ozzie! So glad to see you.” Charlie said as she walked up to the embodiment of lust.

“Charlie! Still the little charming girl you are.” Asmodeus smiled as he squished the shorter into a tight hug.

“Allow me to introduce you to everyone!” Charlie exclaimed, happy to show the sin around. Before she could begin, Alastor appeared beside her, stealing the spotlight.

“Charlie, don’t you think we should do the introduction? We started the hotel together, after all.” The radio demon said, his smile strained as he watched the part robot imp leap onto the large sin’s shoulder.

Asmodeus raised an eyebrow. “And who are you?” He questioned, glancing back at an annoyed looking Lucifer. *Well that can’t be good.*

“Alastor! Pleasure to be meeting you! Quite a pleasure… I’m the hotel’s host.” Alastor explained, fiddling his radio cane around as he did. Fizzarolli and his boyfriend turned to each other, slightly confused. As they were introduced to the hotel members, Asmodeus could not help but stare at the former head seraphim. *Why is she here…*

“And this is my girlfriend, Vaggie.” Charlie exclaimed, bringing the former angel to the sin. Asmodeus looked back in shock.

“Hell, last I checked, you were still dating that von Eldritch guy. Didn’t know you swing both ways, princess.” The sin chuckled as an embarrassed blush rose up to Charlie’s cheeks while Vaggie let out an awkward laugh. “Come now, I’m just joking around. Let's discuss what you want in your commercials. I’ll make sure they are of the highest quality and broadcasted across all seven rings!” Asmodeus exclaimed, allowing the princess to catch her breath before leading him to the meeting room, leaving Fizzarolli and the rest of the members behind as they went to discuss business.

“So…” Lucifer looked around awkwardly as he continued, “who wants pancakes?”

Chapter End Notes

Ozzie lowkey doesn’t like Sera

A bit at a lost of how radioapple should progress

Cherribomb and Sera friendship

More on Alastor and Lilith’s deal next chapter

If Ozzie finds out about Val the dude is dead lol

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Chaos

Chapter Summary

As the commercial airs successfully, the hotel meets an expected guest

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the previous chapters!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, you want your soul back? Well, then, find her,” The queen said, smiling sinisterly at the violet chain in her hand.

“What… Who?” The radio demon questioned, ears flattening in confusion. He regretted everything that got him to this stage. He did the cruelest things for entertainment, but this was not entertaining. Not for him, at least. That woman seemed to be enjoying herself very much.

“Why, Adam’s second wife, of course.” Her pale yellow eyes gazed into his soul. Funny, cause she was holding it at that very moment. He tilted his head in confusion before he felt a tug on the chain pull him forward.

“Eve? Why do you need to find her?” He asked, clawing at the chain slightly, despite knowing there was no getting out of it.

“I need her help. She is the only one who ate the apple. She knows things no one else does,” She explained, not caring what the radio demon would do with the information, as she played with the chain.

“Why can’t you find her yourself?” Each question left him with more confusion. Why couldn’t this be easier to deal with?

“Eve is a cheeky girl. She loves to hide. Now, find her, or else I’ll rip your soul apart and broadcast your screams on your own radio show.”

That damned smile. It sent chills up Alastor’s spine whenever he recalled that meeting. After their deal was made, he never saw Lilith again. That *stupid* deal limited his full power. He hated it. Never in his life or afterlife had he regretted doing something so much.

The commercial was finally ready after a couple days of nonstop production from both the hotel and the lust ring. The advertisement aired as the sin of lust and his boyfriend sat down with the members of the hotel to watch it together.

It was most definitely a success in Charlie’s book. She loved it.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Uncle Ozzie, you were an amazing help! How could I ever repay you?” The princess exclaimed joyfully, leaping up to hug the sin.

“Don’t worry about it, my sweet princess. You don’t owe me a thing. I’m still shocked that someone actually made it to heaven.” Asmodeus laughed as he wrapped his large claws around the girl before he glared at the former head seraphim, sending shivers down her spine.

“Y’know, for the sin of Lust, you’re a pretty chill guy.” A certain spider demon’s voice was heard as the two royalty let go of each other. Asmodeus raised an eyebrow, confused on what Angel Dust was implying. “Well, lust and all that… Like forcing people to do stuff, weird kinks and shit…” The spider demon continued, ignoring the disgusted stares he got from the

other members of the hotel, especially Sera and Lucifer, who looked like they were going to puke at what he was implying.

“Wait wait wait. Kinks and stuff I agree, I don’t care what people get off to as long as they want it. But forcing people? No. Absolutely not. Lust shouldn’t be about force. It’s an art, to be earned and enjoyed. It’s all about that journey to pleasure-town…” The sin allowed Fizz to climb onto his shoulders, cuddling their foreheads together before he was shut up by his king.

“Okkk… Let’s stop it there. I don’t want to hear about your… love making sessions,” Lucifer exclaimed, feeling uncomfortable with the atmosphere the other sin had created. Sera silently whispered a ‘thank you’ as the embodiment of lust stared at him with a dumbfounded expression.

“Huh… I suppose my view on lust had been twisted by my job,” Angel Dust uttered as he rubbed the back of his head, suddenly sensing an unsettling gaze on him.

“Who has been disrespecting my Lustful spirit?” Asmodeus questioned, blue flames flaring up out of nowhere. The rest of the hotel staff stared in shock and confusion while Alastor gazed up, enjoying the free entertainment. The spider demon put his hands up defensively, glancing at the princess for help.

“Uh… Uncle Ozzie, I’m sure Angel just doesn’t like his boss or something…” Charlie tried to explain, wanting to respect her friend’s boundaries. Fizzarolli whispered something to the sin, allowing them to calm down a tad before the robotic imp gave the spider demon a small thumbs up. Angel Dust smiled back a little before his attention was drawn back by the embodiment of lust.

“What’s their name?” Asmodeus said, less of a question and more of a demand.

“Huh?” Angel Dust blinked, a little confused.

“Your boss. What’s their name?” Bright yellow eyes stared into the spider demon’s, sending shivers down Angel Dust’s spine. The sinner fiddled his fingers nervously, unsure if he should say something.

“The one you’re after is Valentino.” Alastor chuckled, voice thick with static as he watched on in pure enjoyment. He hated the Vees. Of course he would be the one to expose their misdeeds. It would be quite the show to watch the embodiment of lust, Asmodeus himself, tear one of them apart. As the sin learned of his name, he thanked the radio demon before disappearing with the little imp in a burst of blue light. The rest of the hotel members turned to Alastor, Charlie staring with a sort of proud shock while Angel Dust glared in slight anger and gratitude.

“Really, Al? You really gotta rat the man out like that?” The spider demon sighed, thinking of the possible outcome of this new problem. *Best case scenario, the big guy kills Val… Worst case, Val takes his anger out on me…*

“C’mon Angel, if the big dude scares the shit out of Val, at least you might not have to work for him anymore.” Cherribomb exclaimed, placing her hand gently on his shoulders. Alastor simply shrugged, glancing at the confused king before disappearing into the shadows.

“Valentino!” Asmodeus kicked the door down, the security guard outside the moth demon’s tower running away in a panic. He had dropped his boyfriend off back in his mansion in the lust ring before he barged into the building back up in the pride ring. The overlord jumped up at the sound of his name being shouted across the room.

“Who the fuck…” The moth demon looked up to see a *very* angry sin of lust. “Oh shit.” He felt himself squeak as he was grabbed and lifted into the air by his throat. He gasped for air, trying to breathe and calm down as he was choked, and not in the kinky way.

“Who do you think you are to disrespect Lust’s name?” Asmodeus' voice radiated off the cracked walls, his grip tightening around Valentino’s neck as the overlord tried to reason with the sin. His stuttering words were cut short by a painful punch in his stomach, the glowing fist throwing him to the walls, cracking it even more.

“Seriously? An ad for the stupid hotel? Shit, it’s actually a decent ad… What the fuck?” Vox was speaking to himself before he heard a loud crash from upstairs, followed by his screen flashing *‘Velvette is calling’*. He clicked on it, sending the call to the TV in front of him before he saw the shorter overlord running up the stairs.

“Vox! What the hell is going on? Your little boy toy is fucking up the building! Even the fucking lifts aren’t working. Get up here now you flat-faced bitch!”

Velvette was yelling at him before he could even get a word in. “The fuck? Ok ok, chill. I’ll go up there now.” Vox sighed, watching the girl hang up the call as he left to find the moth demon. *Just another fucking day with Val… Though he usually isn’t this destructive…*

As the two overlords reached the third’s room, they saw the broken down doors, cracked walls leading towards the lifts. *It probably damaged some of the wirings and shit, that’s why they weren’t working.* The TV demon thought before his attention was dragged back to a raging voice that *wasn’t* Val’s.

“What the fuck!?” Both Vox and Velvette exclaimed at the same time as they saw a furious demon sending the moth demon into the wall with a single punch. As the flaming blue demon turned around, both of them recognised him as the sin of lust. *Oh shit.* Val was fucked.

“You want what he’s having?” Asmodeus' voice roared throughout the room, piercing eyes sending shivers down the other Vee’s spines. They shook their heads, terrified as the sin turned back to Valentino, walking towards him before kicking him right in the nuts as the moth demon yelped in pain. “I’ll make sure that you can never disrespect Lust’s name ever again.” His voice was deep, threatening the overlord as he grabbed the sinner by his throat once again, slamming him against the broken walls.

There was no saving him. The two overlords watched on in pure and utter shock as Velvette pulled out her phone to record the absolute beating that Valentino was getting.

In the streets of hell, where a large TV screen was playing the new commercial, an unfamiliar woman with long cedar-brown coloured hair wandered the streets, moving gracefully away from the sight of other sinners. The loud television caught her attention.

'Come to the Hazbin Hotel if you wish to redeem yourself and stand a chance to enter heaven!'

Charlie MorningStar… She wondered, losing interest quickly, not believing in redemption. *The angels are not as kind as you assume, princess.* Before she could leave, the next line of the advertisement captured her golden eyes.

'There is proof that redemption is real! We have one former guest who is already up in heaven!'

That could not be true. Hell had a reputation for lies. But she could not disprove the next scene she saw. A former sinner, turned angel, with a halo and everything. *And here I thought I knew it all…* A wide grin appeared on her face as she moved through the streets, heading straight for the new hotel.

"Vaggie, when do you think the guests will start coming in?" Charlie asked her girlfriend excitedly, unable to contain herself, bouncing up and down in their shared bedroom. The former angel giggled at her love's antics, understanding her eagerness but still calming the princess down.

"I'm sure it will be soon, my love." Vaggie placed a hand on her girlfriend's cheek, giving her a light peck on her lips. Charlie looked down at her, smiling lovingly at the other.

“You’re wonderful, Vaggie,” The princess said, picking the shorter up as hugging her tightly. The two giggled like little kids, talking about the weirdest things before they heard a knock on their door. “Who is it?” Charlie questioned, not needing to wait long for an answer as a familiar shadow slipped into the room. “Alastor? Is he in trouble?” She turned to her girlfriend, placing the former angel back onto the ground.

“I’m not sure, let’s go check.” Vaggie said as they watched the shadow disappear out the door.

The bell of the front door of the hotel rang, causing Alastor’s ears to perk up. *A new guest so soon? It hasn’t even been two hours since the commercial aired.* The overlord wondered as he grabbed his cane, adjusting his coat as he sent his shadow to get the princess. He stepped towards the door, opening it to see a tall woman he had never seen before.

“Welcome to the Hazbin Hotel! I’m Alastor, pleasure to be meeting you. Quite a pleasure.” The radio demon exclaimed, folding his arms behind his back as he introduced himself. He eyed the lady up and down, sensing an eerie yet powerful aura radiating off her. *Is she an overlord? Can’t be. I’ve never seen her before…*

“Ohh… so you’re the radio demon guy. Nice to meet you!” She said, giggling as she let herself inside, looking around the interiors of the hotel. “So this is where the princess is planning her little project… It’s quite a lovely establishment. The vibe is interesting, with the magic shield barrier from the king himself too…” She muttered to herself, gracefully sauntering around as she inspected the place. Alastor felt his eye twitch along with his ear. *Not even an introduction, how disrespectful…* She wandered to the bar, staring at the different alcoholic beverages, feeling her nose scrunch up at the scent.

“Uh… Anything I can get you?” Husk asked, unsure of what the lady was doing. She looked taken aback by the question, as if she wasn’t used to being seen by others. *How strange…* The cat demon stared into her golden eyes for a second before her voice snapped him out of it.

“Oh, no! I’m fine. Just looking around.” She giggled, moving away from the bar and continuing her inspection. Just as Alastor was about to inquire more details of this strange woman, he noticed the princess coming towards them from the corner of his eyes.

“Charlie! How wonderful for you to join us.” The radio demon exclaimed, ignoring the way his eye lingered on the lady in irritation.

“Hey, Alastor… Oh! A new guest? Hello there, I’m Charlie, the owner of the hotel.” The princess perked up as she saw the unfamiliar woman. The lady shifted her gaze to Lucifer’s daughter, a strangely sweet smile donning her face as she moved towards her gracefully, grabbing the princess’s hand.

“Oh my! So you’re Lilith’s little girl. You’re even more adorable in person!” She giggled, pinching the red cheeks with her hand as she ignored the threatening way the one beside her glared.

“Uh… Thank you?” Charlie said in confusion. She tensed awkwardly at the mention of her mother, unsure of how to respond. “So… what’s your name?” The princess asked, retracting her hand from the lady, stepping back slightly to avoid her touch. Vaggie held her hand, still staring intensely at the strange woman.

“Oh, me? I must’ve forgotten to introduce myself… What ten thousand years does to one’s brain I suppose,” she didn’t giggle this time. It felt even more eerie when she stopped. Her golden eyes seemingly darkened as her smile grew wider.

“My name is Eve.”

Chapter End Notes

Eve’s design is based off Adam since she was created from his ribs

Vees will get their time in a couple chapters

Eve’s backstory next chapter

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Discovers

Chapter Summary

As Charlie shows their new guest around the hotel, Eve's backstory is revealed while a certain radio demon unclips his wings

Chapter Notes

Thank you for 2k kudos! Appreciate all the support you've given the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Eve. Eve was created from Adam's ribs, made to be his wife. He was horrible. An arrogant, selfish person. He forced her to obey him after Lilith left. She didn't know why Lilith left. She was just told she did. She felt unhappy with Adam. She didn't know why. She couldn't leave him either. That was until she met ***him.***

A beautiful angel, pure white and golden eyes. Rosy cheeks and a comically large top hat. He was God's favourite angel. The most beloved of his kind. He found her sitting under a tree, crying after another day with Adam. He comforted her. He was the only one she could talk to about how unhappy Adam made her. She loved the angel. He was beautiful, perfect and adored. She found him with Lilith once. He told her how much he loved Lilith. She was happy for him. But she wanted the same love they had. Adam was not for her. She was unhappy.

Then, she met Lilith again. Lilith talked to her. She listened to how much Lilith hated Adam, how arrogant and selfish he was. She felt herself laugh for the first time. She thought the same of him. Lilith made her happy. She asked Lilith how she ran away from Adam. She asked if she could do the same. Lilith became sad. She was told that she couldn't leave Adam. She was unhappy.

She met with the angel and Lilith once more, under the same tree the angel found her. The angel showed her the fruit of knowledge. She knew it was forbidden to eat it. Adam had told her. But Adam made her unhappy. The angel said the fruit would give her free will. Free will to leave Adam. It was forbidden, but she could finally leave Adam. She could be happy.

She ate the fruit.

“My name is Eve.”

Charlie stared at her in shock, as if she was joking. Vaggie held her spear tightly, ready to attack at any moment of threat. Alastor was simply stunned. Deer ears straightened in shock as his eyes flashed into radio dials. He felt the violet chains around his neck loosen, allowing him to finally breathe freely.

Somewhere up above, the first woman felt her horns burst out from her head. Her pale yellow eyes widened in realisation, grin spreading maniacally.

“She’s alive…” Her voice came out as a whisper, barely catching the attention of the exorcist beside her. “Yes… Yes! The moment I’ve been waiting for… It’s finally here! Finally here. Finally…” She clapped her hands together, words falling from her mouth before she realised it as she repeated them over and over again. No one had checked on them since Michael came in that day. Golden blood dried along the walls, staining them and the lieutenant’s body. It was honestly a miracle that she had not bled to death.

“The hell are you on about?” Lute questioned, glaring at Lilith with her singular gold eye. Sinister laughter erupted from the first woman as violet roots wrapped around the exorcist, trapping her in place. “What the hell? Lilith!” Lute yelled as she tried to pull on the roots wrapping around her before she saw the glowing pair of pale yellow eyes. Vines wrapped around her neck as she tried to scream for help as she felt her breath leave her. A manic giggle came from the first woman as Lute barely registered the words that left Lilith's mouth before her vision blurred.

“You’re just as pathetic as your master.”

“Eve?” Lucifer questioned as he entered the lobby, red eyes falling on the familiar cedar-brown haired lady. Eve turned to see the king, a smile forming in her lips as she bowed gracefully to him.

“Hello, my angel,” She said, lifting her head up as her golden eyes met his, the bewildered expression on the fallen’s face as he recognised her. Alastor felt his ear twitch in irritation. He watched as the king ran up to the tall woman, tears forming in his eyes as he hugged her tightly.

“I thought you died! Lilith told me you were dead. I’ve missed you, Eve.” Lucifer wiped his tears away, smiling at the lady. Charlie watched as the two talked to each other like old friends who hadn’t seen each other in a millennia, although she supposed it was probably longer than that, unsure whether she should say anything. Vaggie placed her hand on her girlfriend’s shoulder, giving the princess a confused look, as if asking if she knew the lady. Charlie simply shook her head. She didn’t even recall her parents ever mentioning Eve other than when reading her stories of the Garden of Eden.

Alastor felt up his neck, his grin widened as he felt that the chains were no longer there. *I’m free.* He had completed his mission. His soul was now returned to him. The smile on his face nearly tearing open as he let out a silent laughter. His deal with Charlie was now no longer needed, he could possibly ask her for anything he needed… Green light shook the ground of the hotel, sending cracks along the floor, the puppet strings around him lifting as his stitches disappeared. *My wings are finally unclipped.* Excitement bubbled within him as he regained his power. The deal was no longer limiting him. He could finally be *Alastor.*

Husk turned to the radio demon, feeling the chains around his neck becoming heavier as the sinner grew back to his original power. *That bastard has his soul back.* The former exorcist pointed her spear at the overlord, shouting at him, “Alastor! What the fuck are you doing?” Charlie held her back as she witnessed the poisonous green light flowing from the demon as a violet chain finally became visible, leading up beyond the ceiling before breaking into pieces.

“A deal?” Charlie uttered as the light dissipated, turning to her father to see if he knew what was happening. The king was in front of Eve, spreading his wings protectively as he witnessed the scene in front of him. *Violet chains…* The realisation hit him like a giant wave crashing down.

“You made a deal with Lilith!?” Lucifer yelled, storming towards him, leaving the lady behind as he yanked the radio demon down by the collar of his coat, pulling him to eye level. *This fucking asshole. So all of this was so he could get close to Charlie and get back at Lilith. I should've known…* His sclera burned bright red as demonic horns grew from his head, tail lashing out behind him as his eyes pierced Alastor's. Large wings burst from his back defensively, sharpened feathers pointing towards the sinner like daggers.

Charlie’s eyes widened at the mention of her mother. *This was mom’s doing? So… Was it all a lie?* Eve simply watched with a grin, as if she was not even surprised. She had known about this after all. She knew all of her children.

Alastor grinned at the king, placing his hand on top of the fallen angel’s as a silent ‘let go’. Lucifer glared at him as he removed his hands from the demon, not trusting the overlord before him as he returned to his regular form. “Alastor… Does this mean you never…” Charlie began, anger, shame and sadness burning within her as she stepped towards the sinner.

“Heavens, no! I do care about you, my dear. Though I will not lie that I did have other more malicious plans, I cannot deny that I’ve developed a fondness for this hotel.” Alastor explained, ignoring the piercing glare from the king beside him as he placed his hand on the princess’s blonde hair, gently holding the girl as she looked up at him with a mix of distrust and happiness. Vaggie was still pointing her spear at the demon threateningly before her girlfriend gave her the signal to lower her weapon. Eve moved towards the sinner gracefully, giggling all the way.

“So, my princess, how would one be redeemed in this fancy hotel of yours?” She asked, turning to Charlie. The blonde’s eyes lit up at that, leading the way as she explained how Sir Pentious was redeemed as she showed the lady around the place. Vaggie quickly followed behind her before she could say anything, trying to support her girlfriend as best as she could.

“Eve… Are you sure she’s safe, your majesty?” Alastor turned to the king as the girls left, ignoring the glare that was still on him. Lucifer sighed, lowering his gaze as he thought about

the demon's words.

"Well, I haven't seen Eve for over ten thousand years. All I knew is that she came to hell when she died and… Lilith was trying to find her. I don't know why she's here," the fallen angel explained, feeling a bubbling anger within him as he remembered his ex-wife. Concern was evident in the radio demon's eyes. Despite having ill intentions initially, he truly could not help but care for the beings in this hotel. He held the king's face, a genuine smile on his lips.

"I won't let her harm Charlie," Alastor whispered, just loud enough for Lucifer to hear. Heat rose to the fallen angel's cheeks before the sinner vanished into the shadows. Lucifer looked around in confusion, only to see the bartender choking on his drink before he ran over to help the guy.

Husk watched the scene in bewilderment. He had known the overlord for decades before his sudden absence and he knew Alastor had never willingly touched anyone that wasn't Rosie, Mimzy, Niffty and to a certain extent Charlie, and even then it was kept to a minimum, with the ladies initiating the contact first. *What the fuck.*

It wasn't long before the news of Asmodeus' outburst was broadcasted throughout all seven rings. Alastor strolled through the streets, heading to Cannibal Town as he glanced at the televisions in the stores he walked past play the same scene of the sin punching Valentino straight in the stomach. It was hilarious. A wonderful entertainment for an afternoon stroll. The moth overlord's adult film studio was practically shut down by the embodiment of Lust himself. Sure, the sinner could try and sue Asmodeus, but this was hell. The judicial system was absolute crap compared to the one up there, and that one already had many flaws. With the reputation of the Vees going downhill, Alastor could not wait to watch a certain TV demon try to fix their screw up.

As the radio demon entered a familiar building, the lady sitting by the counter welcomed him with open arms. "Alastor! Is that really you? Come, sit. We have a lot to catch up on!" Rosie exclaimed, leading them away from the crowd and to a private meeting room. "Oh, you have no idea how lonely these holes have been without your presence!" The overlord rambled on, a bright smile on her face as she brought out a box full of fingers.

“Rosie, how lovely it is to see you again. Apologies for my absence, I’ve been busy with her royal highness and running some errands here and there,” Alastor explained as he toyed with his cane.

“Oh, yes! I saw your new advertisement while going on a walk earlier,” Rosie said gleefully, placing her hand under her chin with a knowing smile as she continued, “I can’t believe you got one of the seven sins to help you with making it.”

“Ah, that was his majesty’s doing, really. I can’t take credit for it.” Alastor picked up one of the fingers as he recounted the tale to the cannibal overlord. A smirk grew on Rosie’s face as she continued listening to the other speak about the king himself as if he’d known him for his whole afterlife.

“My, my. Aren’t you fond of his majesty?” Rosie giggled as she hinted suggestively to the radio demon. Alastor tilted his head, confusion evident in his eyes before heat erupted on his face as he understood what the other overlord was implying.

He cleared his throat, the flush on his face disappearing as he spoke, “Rosie! You know it isn’t like that… He’s merely a little guy in a strangely large hat and a white suit who's obsessed with ducks and apples…” *And he's sort of adorable. But she doesn't need to know that.*

“Mhm… Sure, and you're not the radio demon.” She chuckled, teasingly nudging the other's shoulder. The two continued their chat, catching up on the many things they had done for the past week as they shared their little secrets in soul dealings.

Lucifer joined the two girls in showing Eve around. He told her all about the things that happened during the past ten thousand years as they walked through the corridors. “I made a theme park too! You have to see it,” the king explained, hearing a small giggle from the lady.

“I’ve been there before,” Eve said, the smile that gave both Charlie and Vaggie chills never leaving her face, “I’ve explored all 9 circles of the pride ring, actually. Ten thousand years in hell really makes you run out of new things to find quickly…”

“Oh! Don’t worry about that. I’m planning to make a zoo near the hotel! It’ll be much better than heaven’s zoo. There’s going to be ducks, all kinds of snakes, birds, horses, deers and ducks…” Lucifer rambled on, red eyes brightening as he named the different animals that he wanted to put in his zoo.

“You said ducks twice, dad.” Charlie chuckled, enjoying her father’s antics as they stopped at the balcony.

“I did? Well, I really like ducks!” Lucifer exclaimed almost too proudly, puffing out his chest with his hands on his hips.

“You haven’t changed, my angel. I remember when you would tell me about all the ducks you wanted to make for earth back in Eden,” Eve giggled as she looked over Pentagram City, appreciating the view. She never had wings like Lucifer or Adam, so she was never able to see hell from high above. She hid from the public’s eye like the plague, moving through objects, walls or even the ground.

The view from the streets of hell was nothing compared to up here. It was truly a sight to see. The city lit up with multiple colours, the red hue of the sky covering the entire land. She looked up, beyond the giant pentagram in the sky was a glowing white planet, covered in wing-shaped clouds.

“You know… I never wanted to go to heaven.” Eve sighed, her smile dimmed although it was still obviously there on her face as she folded her arms on the railings. Charlie glanced at Vaggie before turning back and tilting her head in confusion.

“But… If you don’t, then why’d you come here for redemption?” The princess questioned, turning to her father for answers as the lady stared at nothing in silence.

“Uh… Charlie, heaven is not exactly the finest place.” Lucifer tried to explain, not really sure why Eve wouldn’t want to go himself. He remembered when he was kicked out, how Michael took his halo from him, the angered faces of the court, the disappointment in his creator’s many eyes.

Eve had a distant look in her golden eyes. She was silent. She used to always be silent.

In the Garden of Eden, there used to be only Adam and Lilith. Then, Lilith ran away and Eve was created. Eve obeyed every order Adam gave, remaining silent at his every request. She never stood up for herself because she never knew how to.

Her angel showed her how. Gradually, she felt herself becoming more distant from Adam, both emotionally and physically. She would question his orders, but he would shut her up every time, ignore her and turn her requests away. She found herself under the tree more often, as she ran away from Adam after each of his demands. It was the only place where she found beings who would listen to her. Lilith and her angel were her only friends.

She was silent around Adam. She was never silent around them.

After another day with Adam, suffering from his ‘abuse’- as Lilith and her angel would call it- she ate the forbidden fruit at her angel’s offer. She vowed to never return to Adam.

Wherever he was, she would never be.

She hid from him for ten thousand years. When she saw that he had finally died for good, she felt happier than she had ever been, even happier than the day she ate the apple and left the first man. Although many souls believed her life and afterlife was ruined by Lucifer, she knew that he had saved her.

He was her angel.

As evening came, the members of the hotel gathered around to have dinner with their new guest. The shock on Sera's face was priceless. She had never seen Eve after she expired. It was as if the second woman hadn't changed one bit, still as graceful and soft as the day she was made. She would know, she participated in her creation.

"So, you are *the* Eve? Like the one made from Adam's ribs?" Angel Dust questioned, still joyful from the text he received of him not needing to go to work for the week as the sin of lust settled his deal with a certain overlord. The lady smiled at him, nodding her head as her hair swayed gracefully.

"Damn, princess privileges really lets you meet anyone, huh?" Cherribomb turned to Charlie, chuckling slightly at the princess's confusion.

"It's great to see all my descendants doing well… well enough." Eve corrected herself before she picked up an apple, taking a small bite from it. "I never would've expected to see two other angels at the hotel, though." Eve smiled, glancing at Vaggie then turning her gaze to Sera. The older angel choked on her food, not expecting the second woman to draw attention to her so quickly.

"Oh, right. Vaggie, you never told us how you ended up here," Lucifer said, watching as his future daughter-in-law tensed awkwardly at his words. "Uh, you don't have to say if you don't want to…" The king quickly corrected himself, not wanting to distress the poor girl.

"Well, I couldn't kill a sinner child from Cannibal Town. So, Lute tore my eye and wings out…" Vaggie whispered, not enjoying talking about her past. Charlie placed her hand on her girlfriend's, holding it tightly as she gazed at her love with soft red eyes. Sera stared in shock. *What in heaven is the meaning of this?* Her eyes flashed with silent anger at the first man's lieutenant, realising just how many more crimes the exorcist angel had committed than the court had discovered.

Lucifer wasn't doing much better. His sclera changed red as he heard that angel's name. Before he could lose control of himself, he felt a little rubber duck being placed on his lap. He turned to his side to see a certain demon's shadow grinning proudly before he looked up to see Alastor simply eating his food as if nothing happened. He felt his face flush as he shifted his eyes back to his own plate, composing himself. *Wait, where did he get the duck?*

"I'll be sure to bring that up to my siblings the next time I go up to heaven," Lucifer said, not noticing the confused gazes he was receiving.

"You're going back to heaven, dad?" Charlie asked, feeling happy yet nervous. *Is he going to leave me?* A voice in her head questioned. Before she could feel the tears gathering in her eyes, she heard the full explanation from her father.

"Oh, right! I forgot to ask… Charlie, do you want to go visit heaven with me? My siblings really want to meet you." Lucifer turned to his daughter, excited to tell her all the stories about his family.

"Oh… Oh, sure! When are we visiting?" Charlie exclaimed, eager to finally meet her aunt and uncles. As the two discussed the details as the rest continued with their dinner, they heard a knock coming from the door. Charlie turned to her father in shock. *Did they have another guest already?*

The princess got up from her seat, walking towards the door as the radio demon teleported beside it. "Welcome to the Hazbin Hotel!" Charlie exclaimed as she opened the doors. She heard a loud noise of static come from the sinner beside her as she stared at the one before her. He wore white gloves as he stood tall above the ground, black hair falling behind his back as ruby eyes stared back at the princess. He was very obviously not a demon. Silver and black feathers fluttered out behind his back with a raven black halo donned on his head. "Uh… What's your name?" The princess asked, feeling a bit nervous.

"Greetings, Charlie! My name is Azrael."

Chapter End Notes

A short special (crack) chapter will be posted later

Azrael makes his return and sneaks off to meet Char-Char

Really enjoyed writing Eve's past

Heaven will return soon (Lilith is not forgotten)

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Crack (Special Chapter)

Chapter Summary

Charlie walks in on her father and Alastor in a questionable situation

Chapter Notes

Thanks for 2k kudos! This is a short crack chapter for you all <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(set between the couple of days that they took to shoot the commercial)

Charlie headed towards her father's tower, requiring assistance from him regarding the new commercial. She took a deep breath in, calming herself before she entered the room.

“Dad, can you…” She paused as she registered the sight before her. Her father, Lucifer, the prince of darkness, king of hell, was lifted off the ground and pushed up against the wall by none other than Alastor. She blinked. Then blinked again.

What the fuck.

The fallen angel's hands were on the radio demon's shoulders as he was held up by his thighs, legs wrapped around the sinner's waist. Both sets of red eyes stared at the princess as she closed the door without a word.

In a panic, Lucifer pushed himself off the demon as he ran to open the door, chasing after his daughter. “Charlie! It's not what you think. We're fighting! Not… Whatever it looked like…” He explained as she yelped in surprise before Alastor appeared beside him, the gloved hand resting itself on the blonde girl's shoulder.

“Listen to your father, my dear! It was a simple argument over our tastes in music, really.” The radio demon said, a smile straining on his face as the princess stepped away from his touch.

“Right… Uh, don't fight anymore, please,” Charlie's voice came out as barely a whisper. The other two nodded, promising to try to behave before Lucifer shut the door, going back into his room as he left the sinner outside with his daughter.

Charlie glared at the overlord before her. “Don't you touch my dad.” Her voice was threatening as she pointed a finger towards him, glaring daggers into his red eyes.

Alastor merely smiled before he disappeared into the shadows, leaving the princess alone at the door. Charlie sighed, feeling a tad overwhelmed before she remembered why she was there.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will have more Radioapple development

Thanks for all your support!

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Burns

Chapter Summary

As the archangel meets the princess, he delivers some news concerning the queen of hell.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ugh. Work… Azrael thought to himself as he guided the lost souls on earth. He led a particular soul down to hell, sighing as he looked around the burning wreckage that the sinners call Pentagram City. He was really the only being in all of creation that was capable of roaming every realm freely. Death was everywhere. As long as lost souls exist, he would need to guide them. He never looked around hell much, never wanting to see the place after his youngest brother was banished there. He was called to earth for an emergency for a sudden surge of deaths. A war was occurring in the human world. Souls were getting lost across a couple countries. He had finally finished guiding most of them, this one being his last for the day.

He looked back up to heaven, where his siblings were probably resting right now. *I miss Luci…* He sighed, shifting his gaze as he noticed a certain hotel from the corner of his eyes. *Hazbin Hotel… That sounds familiar.* Suddenly, he remembered what his little brother said about his daughter having a hotel. *Hm… Heaven wouldn't miss me if I was gone for like 30 minutes.* He smiled to himself as he flew off to the hotel, making himself visible to the eyes as he landed in front of the door.

As he knocked on the door, he heard footsteps coming towards it from the other side. "Welcome to the Hazbin Hotel!" An almost identical female replica of his little brother greeted him. He noticed a very familiar demon from the corner of his eye let out a sound of static as his niece looked him up and down. He could sense her hesitation as she took note of his wings and halo before she continued, "uh… What's your name?"

“Greetings, Charlie! My name is Azrael.” He felt himself grin uncontrollably as he answered, reaching for her hand and shaking it excitedly.

“Azrael! What a pleasure to see you again…” Alastor said, smiling crookedly at the archangel. He felt a certain fallen angel come up behind him, staring at his older brother in shock.

“Azrael? What are you doing here?” Lucifer asked, catching the attention of the archangel in question. The elder smiled gleefully, squeezing the younger into a tight hug.

“Baby bro! How nice to see you again,” Azrael said, looking around the room as he let go of the younger archangel, “I must say, the place is really nice. Love the statue out there.”

“Wait, you’re Azrael? As in… So, you’re my uncle!” Charlie exclaimed, stars beaming in her eyes as she looked up at him.

“The one and only!” Azrael laughed as she stared in awe. She squealed in excitement as she grabbed his gloved hand, leading him inside to show him around.

“Just how many surprises are we getting today, your majesty?” Alastor questioned, his smile straining as he felt the glare from those ruby eyes coming back to haunt him.

“You don’t get to talk after we found out that you struck a deal with my ex-wife.” The king’s voice, although quiet, was filled with anger and betrayal. Alastor’s ears flattened. He had not realised the deal he made seven years ago would cause a problem between him and the fallen angel. For some reason, he could not help but feel an unexplainable guilt rising within him.

As Charlie showed Azrael around the lobby, his eyes was captured by the bar. “What in the unholy hell is that?” He felt his nose wrinkle in disgust at the smell of alcohol radiating from the bar.

“Well… Our bartender is really nice! You should come meet our guests.” The princess said, trying to turn his attention to something else. As they walked towards the guests, the archangel noticed a very familiar cedar-brown haired lady sitting among them.

“Heavens, is that Eve I see? My, aren’t you a surprise!” Azrael exclaimed, smiling at the pale yellow eyes. The second woman was a sweet lady. He saw how fond she was of his little brother, telling him about her days when they were in Eden.

“Azrael! Lovely to see you again. Haven’t been to hell much lately?” Eve giggled upon seeing the archangel. She would watch him from afar every time he came down to this pit, awestruck at his work. Eve never dared to speak to him. Despite knowing he would not harm her, she preferred to hide in the shadows. Seeing him with her angel’s daughter made her feel at ease.

“Sera.” Azrael greeted the former head seraphim as she lowered her head in respect. His attention turned to the princess who was gesturing a young white haired girl up. *Strange… Another fallen angel? I don’t recall a trial for this one for her to be sent here.*

“Uncle Azrael, this is my girlfriend, Vaggie!” Charlie exclaimed brightly as her love waved to the archangel awkwardly. Azrael’s eyes lit up in surprise.

“Oh! You like girls! So do I. Wait, I do? Anyway, nice to meet you, Vaggie,” he smiled as he grabbed the shorter’s hand, shaking it vigorously as excitement coursed through his veins. He could sense true love from spirits. Although it was more of Uriel’s specialty, he could sense the special connections between souls, the care and admirations they had for one another and more. Soulmates, as humans would call it.

“So… Azrael, what are you doing here?” Lucifer appeared behind his older brother with a burst of confetti as Alastor followed along with his shadows. The archangel turned back to his little brother, smiling as he combed his gloved hand through the blonde hair.

“I was merely delivering a soul, some of your blue bloods are causing trouble on earth with wars and stuff, and I just wanted to drop by, baby bro,” the elder explained, ruby eyes soft as he gazed at the younger. Lucifer nodded, accepting that information as the truth. The radio

demon eyed Azrael suspiciously, as if he would harm the king out of nowhere. “Oh right,” the archangel said as he took out a golden letter, showing it to his little brother as he continued, “Michael told me to give you this. I’m not sure why he asked me and not Gabriel, but he said that Lilith will be sent back down to hell.”

Handing the letter to Lucifer, he watched as the red eyes scan through the contents as the princess tensed at the mention of her mother’s name. “Mom is… What?” Charlie questioned as anger and confusion filled her. Alastor felt his eye twitch in irritation as he peaked over at the letter.

“Gabriel will tell you more about this later. Also, Alastor, was it?” The radio demon’s ears perked up at the mention of his name, turning back to the archangel. “Your mother is a very sweet lady,” Azrael smiled. It seemed like a genuine smile, yet it caused the sinner to stare at those ruby eyes in utter disbelief.

“How do you know about my mother.” Alastor growled as his claws clenched down on his cane, nearly scratching the surface of it. He missed his mother dearly, but after years of not being able to find her in this pit, he believed that she was in a better place. She deserved it. A sweet lady who gave it her all to raise her only child. He still remembered her kind smile. He loved that smile. She would make him his favourite desserts everyday when he came back from school, taking great care of him when he was sick, loving him with all her heart. *Who does he think he is to mention my mother’s name in vain.*

“The others may or may not have done some extensive research on you after your little trip to heaven with my baby bro,” Azrael grinned mischievously, watching the demon stare back in bewilderment as he glanced at his little brother to see that he was still distraught by the letter. His smile quickly faded as he placed his hand on the younger’s shoulder, hoping to comfort him even the slightest bit. “I’ve got to go now… See you soon, baby bro and my lovely niece! Don’t forget to visit.” He smiled gently at the two before opening a portal and leaping out of the hotel. The rest of the staff glanced at each other, not knowing what to say after that strange interaction. Except Eve, who was still munching happily on her apple.

“Lilith… Lilith! Fucking Lilith is coming back.” Lucifer groaned, digging his hands into his blonde hair. He was in his tower, leaving the dinner early due to the distress of the letter. *She*

left. Left and never said anything. Now she's coming back. He pulled at his hair, wings fluttering out in exasperation. Feathers landed all over his bed, making a mess as he sighed. In the corner of his eye, he noticed a shadow making its way through the door. *Alastor?*

As if right in cue, the radio demon appeared alongside the shadow. The king didn't say anything as he watched the sinner walking towards him, sitting down beside him on the bed. Lucifer sighed, shifting his gaze down to the floor as he let go of his hair. Alastor placed his cane beside the bed as he placed a hand on the fallen angel's shoulder. The king looked up at him with confusion in his eyes.

"Your majesty…" Alastor began, a hand moving up to hold the pale face. Lucifer pulled away from his touch. For a reason that the demon still could not fathom, he felt his dead heart drop at the action. The smile, although still visible, lowered significantly as he moved his hands away from the king.

"Why are you here?" Lucifer asked, anger evident in his voice as he felt tears gathering in his eyes. Alastor sighed, his ears flattening on his head. He hated this feeling. The guilt crept up to him. He felt helpless as he gazed into the wet eyes of the king. "Why'd you make a deal… with her?" The fallen angel whispered, voice so quiet the radio demon almost didn't catch it.

"The deal was… unlike the rest I've made. Of all of my deals, this was the only one I would not gain something from. She forced me, my dear," Alastor explained, his hand moving up to cup the rosy cheeks. He brushed away the tears in the fallen angel's red eyes with his thumb, holding him so gently that it felt wrong for a sinner like himself.

"Did you come to the hotel just to get closer to Charlie?" Lucifer asked quietly as he held the other's wrist with his own hand. He noticed the hesitation in the sinner's eyes. The answer was obvious.

"I would never harm her, I can promise you that. Yes, I did have alternative motives when I came to the hotel, but I cannot be more proud of your little girl," Alastor sighed as he continued, answering with such sincerity that the fallen angel could not deny that it was the truth.

"Don't lie to me, please…" Lucifer's voice cracked as he felt the tears roll down his cheeks as he buried his face into the taller's chest. The overlord felt himself burning from the

sensation of the touch but he didn't want to push the fallen angel away. He wrapped his arms around the king, pulling him closer as he held him tight. Muffled words came from the one in his arms, words that he could barely make out as a 'I hate you'.

Alastor laughed softly, running his hand through the blonde hair as he said, "I know…" Lucifer felt himself slowly doze off as he relaxed into the demon's arms.

The fallen angel opened his eyes in an all too familiar bedroom. Wait, why was he in the castle? He swore he fell asleep in the hotel. He got up from the bed to see his wife beside him.

"Hey, Lilith…" He whispered, shaking the queen awake gently.

"What is it, Luci?" The sleepy woman replied, pale yellow eyes half opened as she turned over to him.

"Where's Charlie?" Lucifer asked, glancing over to the empty crib beside their large bed.

"Who?"

Before the king could turn back in confusion, everything around him disappeared. "Lilith? Charlie? Wait, don't leave!" He yelled out as a figure he recognised as his ex-wife carrying his daughter walking away from him.

"Please, don't leave me!" He pleaded, trying to run towards them yet he felt as if he couldn't move.

"Your majesty."

The next second, he was in the middle of a courtroom. The court that he had just faced not too long ago. He looked up to see his brothers and sister turn away from him in disappointment as Cassiel's voice radiated off the walls.

"Charlie MorningStar will be sentenced to death as a child born of sin."

"No! No, you can't do this! Stop!" Lucifer felt himself scream, tears streaming down his face before he saw his daughter being brought to the court. "Stop! Please!" He shouted, voice cracking from all the yelling. His wings fluttered out in desperation before he felt Uriel's shield being cast around him, stopping him from reaching his daughter.

"Your majesty."

"No! Charlie! Stop!" He yelled out, slamming the barrier with his fists, demonic horns growing from his head. His heart dropped as he saw the flaming sword in Michael's hand. No no no no no!

"Stop it! Michael! Please… Please stop!"

"Lucifer!"

His eyes snapped open, leaping up from his fluffy pillows stacked against the headboard. A nightmare. It was a nightmare. Just a nightmare. His heart was beating frantically as tears fell down to the soft, feather covered blankets. *It wasn't real.* He heaved a sigh of relief before he turned to his side to see the radio demon staring at him with worry in those red eyes.

“Your majesty…” His voice came out as a whisper, static light as he moved closer to the king. He had tucked the fallen angel in bed properly after he had dozed off. Alastor had wanted to stay with him, but he believed the king needed some time alone. Just as he was about to leave, he heard Lucifer’s voice muttering something. Initially it was ‘Lilith’, setting a few of Alastor’s nerves. Then he heard ‘Charlie’. It sounded almost like a scream, thus he tried to wake the fallen angel up, calling out to him. Finally, he heard ‘Michael’ and he saw the tears stream down those rosy cheeks.

“Alastor…” Lucifer whispered, feeling a hand move up to face, wiping the tear stains away. His heartbeat slowed, no longer frantically beating, now thumping loudly instead, so loud it felt deafening. He felt safe in the sinner’s arms. His touch soothed his nerves. Alastor was his safe space. He had been with him no matter what happened. Even when he cried pathetically, the demon never left his side, comforting him, pushing himself to initiate physical contact even if he hated it just for Lucifer. Alastor stayed with him. “Don’t leave me,” the king’s voice came out so stifled, yet the radio demon smiled tenderly at him.

“Don’t worry, I’m here. I’ll be here for as long as you need.” Alastor cooed, holding the other close. He lifted the fallen angel's chin up to face his red eyes as words he couldn't be more sure of left his mouth, “I won't leave you.” That was a *promise.* He would never let anything take what was his. Lucifer was his. Whether the king wanted it or not, Alastor would find a way to make him belong to him and him alone. Although, it doesn't seem that he needed to try so hard, with the way the fallen angel's red eyes gazed up at the radio demon as if he wanted the sinner all for himself. A flush spread across Lucifer’s face, contrasting against his pale white skin as he stared into Alastor’s eyes. *Beautiful.* That was the word he wanted to describe the king as. *He looks so beautiful.*

The two leaned closer, their breaths lingering together as the heat between them grew. They were drawn in by each other like moths to a flame, a deer to the light, the sun to the moon. Their hearts were taken long before they’d realised it, crashing into each other like stars colliding. Both sets of red eyes closed as they closed the gap between them, their lips finally touching.

Ethereal. That was the only word to describe it. It did not feel like fireworks. It did not send sparks through them. It did not change their lives. What it did was give them peace. Seconds drowned into minutes which seemed like forever. Their racing hearts melted together as they shared the kiss. It felt divine, heaven could not beat this. It was perfect.

As they finally separated, red eyes opened to stare at the other, the heat between them never dying down. Sitting in a comfortable silence, they smiled at each other. No words needed to

be said at the moment. Lucifer snuggled up to the sinner as Alastor settled them properly in bed together. There was no denying their feelings anymore. Both of them knew that as they drifted off into the sweetest dreams of their afterlives, holding each other as close as they could.

They loved each other.

Chapter End Notes

The long awaited kiss is here

Archangels after Al left: quick do a background check on him

They need to make sure he is good enough for their baby Luci

More on heaven when Luci and Charlie finally goes to visit

The slow burn finally burning

Next chapter will be slightly Sera-centric

What do you think will happen when Lilith returns?

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Meets Hell

Chapter Summary

As the hotel members gather for a meal, Sera finds herself getting roped in to exploring more of hell.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As dawn came, Lucifer opened his eyes to find a certain overlord gazing softly at him. His face flushed as he remembered the night before. *We kissed… Like, actually kissed. Holy shit.*

“Good morning, my sleeping king.” Alastor said as he combed a hand through the half-awake angel’s hair. *Beautiful.* Lucifer looked so beautiful. The soft pale skin, silky-smooth blonde hair and rosy cheeks. The sinner held the king close to him, not wanting to let go. He felt the fallen angel bury the beautiful blushing mess of a face into his chest as a warm fuzzy sensation filling up his guts. The two enjoyed the peace of holding each other before they heard a loud clanking noise coming from downstairs.

Lucifer felt the radio demon’s clutch tighten around his waist, turning up to see the irritation in his eyes that have turned into radio dials. He giggled softly at the overlord’s possessiveness as he shapeshifted in a snake, slithering up Alastor’s arm and resting on his shoulder. “Shall we go see what happened?” Lucifer said as the overlord sighed, sitting up from the bed.

“Let’s go, your majesty.”

In the hotel's kitchen, Sera was trying to make some breakfast for everyone living there. It turned out to be a horrible idea. Without her angelic powers, she was not used to navigating items and properly handling the ingredients without causing a mess. The pans and pots fell down from their cabinets, clattering against the floor. She sighed. *Redemption really isn't easy…*

"This is a fine mess you've gotten yourself in, Miss Sera." The former head seraphim turned around to see the second woman by the kitchen door.

"Eve," Sera greeted before turning to pick up the items on the floor. Eve moved towards her, pristine white nightgown flowing just past her ankles as she inspected the ingredients on the counter.

"If you wanted to make pancakes, you could've told me. I remember how my angel made the most delicious pancakes for me back in Eden! He taught me the recipe," Eve explained, her smile never leaving her face as she recalled the time she spent with her angel and the first woman, "Lilith also showed me how to decorate them to make the pancakes look more appetising."

Sera stood up after cleaning up her mess, looking at the second woman, who had begun making the pancakes, in confusion. *Her angel? Does she mean Lucifer?* She never knew that the youngest archangel had snuck off into the Garden of Eden to spend time with Eve. She was only told the part of him giving the second woman the fruit of forbidden knowledge. Before she could ponder any longer, black shadows entered the room followed by a very annoyed looking radio demon.

"What happened here that caused such a ruckus?" Alastor questioned, eyeing the fallen seraphim in the room. Before Sera could answer him, she noticed the princess and another ex-angel enter the room.

"Sera? Eve? What's happening?" Charlie asked as she watched the former messing around with a pan on the stove, pouring a batter mixture in it.

"I'm teaching Miss Sera how to make my angel's famous pancakes, princess! Want to try some?" Eve exclaimed, all eyes falling on her as she flipped the pancake over. With a puff of confetti, Lucifer revealed himself to the room as he stepped up next to Eve, eyes sparkling as

he watched the graceful lady use his recipe. Alastor felt his eye twitch at her words. *Her angel?* A wave of possessiveness washed over him as he heard the fallen angel's voice.

"I didn't know that you still remembered it, Eve. Let me help you with it. You girls can wait at the dining table while we make enough for everybody!" The king exclaimed, excitement in his voice as he rushed the rest out of the room. "Alastor, you too." Red eyes landed on the radio demon as he said that, the overlord shrugging before holding up Lucifer's hand, leaving a small kiss on it.

"Of course, your majesty." Alastor whispered to his ear before disappearing from the room, leaving a very flustered Lucifer with the second woman. The fallen angel turned back to a giggling Eve, causing the flush on his face to spread to his neck in embarrassment.

"Sera…" Charlie sighed, not knowing what to say to the other as Vaggie held her hand. The former head seraphim glanced nervously at the princess. They hadn't spoken much ever since she told her the truth of why she was cast out of heaven. She was afraid of what the daughter of the MorningStar would do. The princess was kind, loving and caring, but if anyone dared to mess with the people she called family, well, just looking at how Adam ended up, Sera was rightfully hesitant. "Look, I don't know if I can forgive you for not allowing my father to speak with his siblings for ten thousand years… but I'm willing to let you try," Charlie explained, a gentle smile on her face as she turned to Sera, "it starts with sorry, after all."

Sera smiled softly at her words. She knew redemption was not going to be easy. She knew Bryant forgiveness would be a hard thing to earn. But she knew that she had to try, give it her heart and try to change for the better. "I'm sorry." Sera whispered, the words straining to leave her mouth as she felt tears gathering in her eyes.

Alastor entered the room just as the former head seraphim blinked away the wetness in her eyes, taking his seat as he waited for the king to finish preparing their breakfast with Eve. The princess perked up at his presence, turning to him as the former exorcist glared into his red eyes.

“Alastor, what were you doing with my dad?” Charlie questioned, watching as the radio demon tilted his head in confusion. “Like, why was he with you? Are you two finally getting along? That would be great for all of us!” The princess almost cheered, clapping her hands together with a squeal. Vaggie gazed at her lovingly, enjoying her girlfriend’s amusing behaviour.

“Well, I suppose you could say that we’re closer than before. After our little trip to heaven things have been changing, my dear.” Alastor explained, smiling fondly to himself as he remembered the events of the night before while he toyed with the radio cane in his hands. Charlie squeaked gleefully, happiness bubbling within her as she realised that her father and the overlord would no longer be at each other’s throats, but not without reservations about the sinner. She still remembered *that* night a couple days ago, after all. Her girlfriend, on the other hand, stared at him in suspicion, not trusting his words, but as long as he wasn’t harming anyone, she’d let it slide.

While the rest of the hotel guests and staff gathered at the dining table, Lucifer and Eve stepped out of the kitchen with multiple plates of pancakes, carried by golden magic, as they made their way towards the hotel members.

“Hope you all like it! It’s a special recipe I came up with even before Eden was created.” The king explained as he placed the plates in front of the others before taking his seat.

“Thanks, short king!” Angel Dust said as he picked up his fork, stabbing it into the pancake before he lifted a small piece into his mouth. Niffty dug into her plate joyously, munching on them with a bright smile on her face. Sera stared at her, slightly concerned for the short cyclops. How such a small body accommodates such ferocious energy was something she would never know.

As they enjoyed their breakfast, they complimented Lucifer and Eve for their cooking. “Thank you, darlings,” Eve smiled gleefully as Lucifer stared at the group with bright eyes before she continued, “Charlie, my dear princess, how would you like to train your abilities? I can see that you have a lot of potential, yet you’re not using it wisely.” The second woman shifted her gaze to Charlie, who stared back in slight hesitation and confusion.

“Uh… As much as I would love to do that, I don’t see any need to… The battle with heaven is over and there isn’t any upcoming dangers that would require me to train,” Charlie explained, turning to her father who just gave her a nervous thumbs-up, confusing her even

more as she continued, “besides, Vaggie and I wanted to go around the city to find new sinners for the hotel!”

“My sweet princess, you’ve mistaken my words. Training your abilities does not require any looming threat for you to do so. Your powers could even help you with your endeavours for the hotel.” Eve said, smiling widely at the princess as she stood from her seat. “I’ll be waiting in my room if you would like to take me up on it.” With that, she seemed to disappear from the room, leaving the rest, except Lucifer, as confused as Charlie was.

“Uh… Dad? What do you think about this?” The princess turned to her father, who seemed startled at her question, nearly dropping the fork he was toying with.

“Oh! Um, I believe it could be good for you! Besides, I’m sure someone else could take up the task of gathering new guests…” Lucifer answered, nervousness evident in his voice, shifting his gaze slightly to the radio demon’s.

“I’m with his majesty on this, my dear,” Alastor explained, his smile softening as he noticed the light flush on the king’s face. “With your powers, we could make the hotel even better. Although, I am unable to help you with your task today due to a meeting I must attend,” his ears twitched with annoyance as he remembered the overlord meeting later today Rosie had told him about just the day before, “surely our fallen guest could help you with your errands today?” He turned to the former head seraphim, grin widening as he watched her panic in her seat. “It would be a shame if all you did around here was stay at this fine establishment, wouldn’t it? Seeing the rest of hell could give you a taste of what really happens down in this pit.” He fiddled with the top of his cane as his red eyes sharpened onto her shocked expression.

“Right… I suppose I should explore the pride ring more…” Sera uttered, hesitantly shifting her eyes to the princess as she sighed.

“I guess it’ll be good for all of us… Alright! Vaggie, can you show Sera around today?” Charlie said, turning to the former exorcist, clasping their hands together.

“Of course, Charlie. Don’t worry about it,” Vaggie smiled, giving the princess a small peck on her lips as she stood up along with the former head seraphim. “We’ll be back by evening. Let’s go, Sera,” Vaggie said as she led them out of the room to gather some materials.

Sera sighed, anxious as she stepped out into the streets of hell. Nerve wrecking was the best way to describe it. Luckily, no one seemed to recognise her as an angel. She had tied her hair up in a high ponytail as it was getting in the way and changed into a dress more fit for walking around. The two former angels wandered the streets, handing out flyers, putting up posters and more.

It seemed that more sinners were taking an interest in the hotel. The two were bombarded with several questions which Vaggie gladly explained while Sera tried to follow her lead. The former exorcist was happy that her girlfriend's project was getting more attention now that they have definite proof for redemption. As they walked through the city, they came across a scene of the sin of lust heading towards a large building with three giant Vs at the top.

"Asmodeus?" Vaggie questioned, catching the attention of the sin. Sera felt her face fall as the large rooster demon headed towards them waving with a wide smile on his face.

"Ah, if it isn't the princess' little girlfriend! Vaggie, was it? How nice to see you again." Asmodeus exclaimed, shaking the former exorcist's hand. He glared at Sera for a moment before returning his attention to Charlie's lover.

"Nice to see you, too…" Vaggie chuckled nervously before she continued, "uh… Not to disrespect you or anything, but what are you doing at the Vees' headquarters?" She glanced up at the sin watching his family turn to a frown as he shifted his eyes to the tower in agitation.

"Just here to discuss some things with… that moth guy. Oh, right! Tell your friend… Angel Dust, was it?" Asmodeus said, the grin returning to his face as he continued, "tell him that I'm getting him out of his deal. No need to do anything for me. Just have a healthy relationship with Lust and it'll be the best payment I could receive." Sera stared at him, surprised at his words. *The sin of lust, helping others…* She had not realised how much Asmodeus valued his morals. While certain sins came into existence when hell began, the sin of lust was not one of them. She had known him more than ten thousand years ago.

“Hey Sera, don’t you think that the act of making love is beautiful?” The head seraphim turned her head to see the young angel staring at two animals leaning against each other.

“What do you mean?” She questioned, unsure of what he meant. Reproduction was added for the sole purpose of procreation, to produce more creatures of the same species to roam the earth. It was not supposed to be ‘beautiful’.

“Like, it’s an art! When one animal chooses another, the act is earned, not forced, and appreciated by both parties and…”

“Please, don’t say that in front of the other angels.” She had shut the young angel down, not wanting to hear about his thoughts on the act of mating.

“Anyway, I better get going. Great to see you again, Vaggie.” Asmodeus waved goodbye as he left, walking away from the two. Both of them glanced at each other, slightly confused but deciding to ignore it. Just as the two were about to continue their routes, a random demon ran into Sera, knocking the flyers out of her hands as she caught herself before she fell to the ground.

She couldn’t say the one that ran into her did the same. A shorter red man, possibly a hell-born, with a large white scar across his face was on the ground, rubbing his head. “What the fuck! Moxxie, why did you fucking push me?” The demon said as he got up from the ground, two smaller yet similar looking demons running up behind him.

“Sorry, boss. I didn’t mean to!” The shorter demon, who Sera assumed was Moxxie, exclaimed as he turned to the former head seraphim, apologising profusely for accidentally hitting her.

“Uh… It’s quite alright,” Sera said, trying to put on her best reassuring smile as she bent down to pick up the flyers strewn all over the streets. The three demons quickly left as Vaggie helped her in retrieving the flyers. *They seemed to be in a hurry…* She thought as she picked up the final piece of paper before she noticed another demon, closely resembling a shark, standing in front of her.

“Get the hell out of my way, bitch.” The shark demon roared as he kicked her in her shoulder. She yelped, gripping the flyers tightly as she moved out of the demon’s way, glaring at him. Vaggie ran up to her as she noticed the commotion, staring daggers at the demon leaving as she helped the former head seraphim up from the ground.

“Are you ok, Sera?” Vaggie asked, concern evident in her voice as she checked her shoulder. Sera smiled softly at her, moving her shoulder about to show that she wasn’t hurt.

“I’m fine, really… It’ll take a lot more than that to hurt a seraphim. But that demon is not…” Sera could not find a way to describe him as she held her chin, pondering for a moment before she heard the former exorcist’s voice.

“That guy is shit.” Vaggie sighed, gesturing to the other to continue walking through the streets. “This is hell, after all… If you want to survive, you need to be able to stand the threats of others, being heartless helps. Act tough or die, basically.” The former exorcist explained as Sera followed along beside her. She had never thought of it that way. Now that she thought about it, the only things she really knew about hell was that it was filled with horrible beings. Souls that lost their way and hell-borns shaped by their sins. *To fight or to fail and die… Of course souls would choose to fight. They need to be strong and tough to not be threatened with their lives…*

Redemption would be a long journey, even for her. But she knew that it would work. Not only because of the miracle of Sir Pentious, but because if she truly worked hard and improved herself, she could prove to everyone that she had changed. The sins of a soul should not define them, instead their efforts to grow and become better should reflect their true self. She understood Charlie now. The reason why she wanted to help these damned souls escape from the infernal blaze that was hell.

Just because someone is dead, it doesn’t mean they can’t resolve to change their ways.

Chapter End Notes

Sera finally goes to touch grass

Some of the sins are fallen angels in the 1st triad of heaven's hierarchy

I.M.P cameo

More on heaven next chapter

How do you think Lilith should be like

Seeing your comments makes me smile

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Remembers

Chapter Summary

Back up in heaven, Azrael finds himself in a situation where he needs to answer to his dearest siblings.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Azrael, you went down to see Luci without telling us?" Gabriel questioned as he barged into his younger brother's sleeping quarters. The black haired archangel jumped up from his bed, jolted awake from the sudden opening of his doors.

"Gabriel! Can you at least knock before you scare the life out of me?" Azrael scolded, ruby eyes hooded as he yawned. Violet eyes stared at him in disbelief as he slid back down on his pillows.

"For heaven's sake… Azrael! Wake up! The others want answers." Gabriel yelled like an irritated older brother before slamming the doors as he walked out, causing the younger to scream at him through the closed doors.

"Dammit Gab, go away!" Azrael shouted as the doors slammed shut, startling him awake. He yawned, stretching his arms and wings out as he got out of bed. "Blah blah blah, look at me, I'm Gabriel, the great virtue of diligence… More like the virtue of being annoying." The archangel mocked as he fixed himself up, combing through his tangled black hair and washing up before he got dressed for the day.

Silver and black feathers caught the attention of the archangels in the meeting room as the virtue of patience finally arrived at the scene.

“Yo. What did I miss?” Azrael asked as he flew to his seat, settling down as the eyes of his siblings fell on him.

“You didn’t miss much. We were just discussing the new information of that *sinner* while waiting for you,” Gabriel explained as the rest nodded in agreement.

“So what did you find out about that guy?” Azrael grinned before his question was shut down by an archangel just a two centuries older than him.

“How about you start with why you went to hell without telling us?” Cassiel questioned, hazel eyes staring at the younger as he waited for an answer. Azrael simply shrugged before stretching his legs, earning a glare from the older.

“It’s what I do, you should know this, Cass,” Azrael said smugly as he watched Cassiel raise an eyebrow, waiting for him to continue, “there’s some war going on earth and souls are getting lost. I went down to deliver them.”

“But you know you’re not supposed to make yourself known to the demons in hell,” Ramiel's voice was gentle despite the concern flashing in her eyes as she thought about what could happen if sinners saw a full-on archangel down in hell after the exterminations were just abolished not too long ago.

“Don’t worry, no one saw me,” Azrael explained, brushing his sister’s comments off before he noticed the distant look in Michael’s eyes. *What is he thinking about?* He couldn’t ponder on that for too long as another of his sibling’s voices brought him back to reality.

“But you went to see Luci and his child.” Uriel stated as he folded his gloved arms together. Azrael nodded his head before he heard Gabriel groan as the virtue of diligence facepalmed

himself.

“Azrael, you… You know what?” Gabriel muttered before he looked up, violet eyes meeting ruby ones. “How dare you meet our niece first?” He huffed in irritation, ignoring the confused glances he got from the rest of his siblings.

“Gabriel… what?” Michael was caught off guard as he felt himself laugh before he could stop himself. Ramiel smiled softly at her oldest brother, missing the sound of his laughter which had not been heard for over ten thousand years, as the rest of the archangels burst out in soft giggles themselves.

“I agree with Gab. How could you go first, Az? We wanted to meet her together!” Raphael chuckled as he scolded his older brother, leading to growing laughter from the others as Azrael rubbed the back of his head apologetically. Without their knowledge, their creator was watching them through the light, smiling as they observed their children lovingly.

As Sera and Vaggie left to bring more sinners to the hotel, Alastor got ready to head out to a meeting of overlords. A certain king in the form of a snake slithered into his broadcast studio as he fixed up his coat. “Your majesty,” Alastor greeted the fallen angel without turning to see him, hearing a popping sound as the snake shapeshifted back to his original form. Lucifer walked up to him, smiling sweetly as he watched the radio demon turn to look him in the eye. “To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit, my king?” Alastor felt his grin widen as he picked him the shorter’s hand, lifting it to place a kiss on the back of it.

The fallen angel giggled softly, moving his other hand up to hold the sinner’s face. “I believe we were interrupted this morning… Want to finish what we started?” Lucifer smirked, watching the taller’s face flush gently as a gloved hand moved to hold him by the waist.

“Of course, my king.” Alastor smiled as he leaned down, pulling the fallen angel closer as his lips met the king’s. The two shared a loving moment together, time melting together before they finally parted. Red eyes stared at each other softly, their face flushed as they smiled tenderly.

“I should… go and help Charlie with Eve,” Lucifer broke the silence, hesitant to leave as his eyes shifted away from the radio demon’s nervously. Alastor felt his eye twitch at the mention of the second woman’s name, gripping the fallen angel’s waist tightly. “We can… continue this when you return,” the king returned his gaze to the sinner, tipping his toes to leave a soft peck on his cheek.

“Of course. I’ll be waiting,” Alastor smiled as he felt his face heat up at the fallen angel’s actions. He let go of the king, watching him step back hesitantly. Just as Lucifer spun around to head towards the door, he heard the overlord’s voice behind him, “my king, I love you.”

He turned around, meeting Alastor’s smile as he gazed up with one of his own as a deep blush flashed across his face.

“I love you, too”

Alastor stepped into the meeting room to find a certain TV demon pointing his finger at him and laughing. “Alastor, glad to see you've decided to join us today,” the rest of the overlords did not seem phased at his antics as Carmilla welcomed the radio demon.

“That fucker fucking fled after he got his ass beaten by fucking Adam!” Vox laughed as he nudged Velvette, who was sitting beside him, with his shoulder as she scrolled her phone, ignoring the older demon. The scene of Alastor getting hit by the first man played on the TV demon's screen as the radio demon felt his ear twitch in irritation.

Alastor found his seat beside the cannibal overlord, not giving Vox any attention as he started a conversation with Rosie. “Rosie, my dear, you look as lovely as always,” he gritted his teeth as he smiled.

“Oh, Alastor, always sweet with your words!” Rosie exclaimed, grinning widely at her friend. “So, how are you with the big boss of hell lately?” She asked, a smug look on her face as she winked at the other, a light blush flashing across the radio demon's face before he composed himself.

“Holy shit! He's messing with Lucifer? I can't wait for you to get your ass kicked by him!” Vox laughed hysterically as Carmilla sighed, wanting to get on with the meeting.

“Might I remind you that the only one who ‘got their ass kicked’ was your little moth boytoy? By the sin of Lust no less. Such a pity that he did not even try to fight back… I would've loved to watch the show.” Alastor smirked, watching the TV demon's screen glitch in anger as he reminded him of their ruined reputation. Just as Vox was about to yell back at him, Carmilla’s voice captured the attention of the overlords in the room.

“Let's get on with the meeting before you two start throwing knives at each other.”

Up in heaven, the virtue of kindness flew down to the city. An uncommon sight for the angels wandering the streets. Ramiel gracefully landed in a place further away from the main roads, lowering her three sets of wings covered in angelic white and azure-blue feathers. The town she was in resembled that of the 1930s. She strolled through the place as many winners noticed her, gasping in awe and shock.

She stopped in front of a particular house. It wasn't anything fancy, just a humble abode with a cozy feeling to it. Ringing the doorbell gently, she heard hurried footsteps on the other side before the door opened to reveal a short Creole woman with dark curly hair.

“Greetings, my dear angel. I’m Ramiel, virtue of kindness,” the archangel introduced herself, curtsying elegantly as she noticed the winner’s eyes widening in shock.

“Oh! Oh my, what an honor to be in your presence, Lady Ramiel.” The lady bowed, a sweet smile on her face as she greeted the taller angel.

“There’s no need for such formalities, my dear angel. I’m simply here to ask a few questions. I believe one of my brothers visited you not too long ago.” Ramiel explained as she was led into the home of the winner. “I’m not sure how much you remember about your life on earth,” the archangel said as a piece of golden paper appeared in her hand along with a feathered pen, “but I do wish to speak with you about your son.”

“Oh, my sweet baby, Alastor? He was such an adorable child, really. I did my best to raise him after his father… left. He was always so sweet. I still remember his wonderful smile…” The winner rambled on about her dearest son as Ramiel noted down the important details.

Not far from the main city of heaven, a certain snake angel wandered the streets, trying to get accustomed to his new life up here. As he turned a corner, he noticed a very familiar looking spider-like being, except they had long puffy hair, with four legs instead of four arms and was an angel just like him. His eyes lit up at the sight as he slithered up to the winner, tapping on their shoulder.

“Angel Dussst? Isss that you?” Sir Pentious asked the winner who turned around in surprise. Large, peony-coloured eyes turned to him, blinking in confusion.

“Uh… Sorry, I’m not Angel Dust. My name is Molly. Nice to meet you.” Molly said as she reached a hand out to him.

“Ah… Sssorry, you remind me of my friend… Nice to meet you too.” Sir Pentious muttered as he shook the winner’s hand, a sad smile on his face as he did. He remembered his friends back down in hell, how they had accepted him, forgiven him for his actions and encouraged him to be better. *I miss them…* Molly noticed the sorrowful look in his eyes before she placed a hand on his shoulder.

“If you’d like, we can be friends,” Molly said, smiling sweetly at him. He held back tears in his large red eyes as he turned to her.

“That would be lovely.”

At another side of heaven, Michael held out his gloved hand to a young seraphim who fell to the ground. Emily rubbed the back of her head in pain before hesitating when she saw the hand in front of her.

“Emily, you’ve made a lot of progress in your training. A head seraphim must be strong-willed, dependable and capable of carrying out the duties given,” the eldest archangel explained, “but they must also be able to ask for help when they need it.” At those words, Emily gently placed her hand on his before he pulled her up from the floor.

They had been working on her powers at the current moment. Since Emily was almost always by Sera, she knew most of what the head seraphim’s duties consisted of. Furthermore, thanks to her past duties of spreading joy to heaven, there was no need to get her accustomed to facing crowds of angels. There were still many things she needed to work on to be a proper head seraphim, but with Michael’s teachings, he believed she would be ready in no time.

“I’ll try my best, Sir Michael!” Emily smiled brightly at the archangel. As they finished up their training for the day, Michael could not help but be reminded of his youngest brother in her smile.

“Michael!” Silver eyes shifted to meet golden ones that shone brighter than the sun. He smiled as his little brother ran up to him.

“What is it, Luci?” Michael questioned as he watched the younger climb up on a seat beside him, the blonde hair a puffed up mess with a snow-white coat in his hands.

“Can you help me do my hair? Ramiel is busy with the cherubims right now and I don’t know how to braid it like she does.” Lucifer grumbled as he gestured with his free hand to the frizzled mess behind him.

“Of course, brother.” Michael chuckled as he stood from his seat, walking up behind the younger before a comb appeared in his hand. Hair styling magic was a simple feat for the eldest archangel, but he preferred the traditional way when he wasn’t in a rush. Plus, it served as a good bonding time with his baby brother.

"Michael, why can't I participate in any of the duties of creating life like you guys?" He heard the youngest voice as he braided the soft, blonde hair. It wasn’t as beautiful as when Ramiel did it, but it served its purpose. He took the coat from his brother’s hand as he thought of how to answer him without breaking his fragile heart.

"Sorry, Luci, you're too young for that right now. But any ideas you have you can always tell Uriel. He could try to get it approved for you." Michael said as he dressed the young angel, fixing up the coat as he heard the other pout.

"Why can't you make them for me? I've seen you make the seraphims…" Lucifer uttered, puffing out his adorable little cheeks. Beings created without souls could not last long. They had an expiration date no matter how long they tried to slow it down but souls lasted forever. Most heaven-born angels did not have souls, only the ones in the first triad of the hierarchy possessing them.

"I could make them, but only Uriel with the court can approve of souls." Michael sighed, trying not to break his baby brother's spirit. Lucifer didn't say anything after that, only deciding to spawn a little rubber duck in the elder's hair. Michael picked up the bright yellow toy, watching as his little brother’s smile grew before he burst out in giggles as the older joined him.

That was barely a few hundred years before he fell. Michael saw the pain in those corrupted red eyes when he tore that beautiful golden halo off. The screams of fear haunted him. Every night, the same scene replayed in his nightmares.

He stared at the rubber duck that was still on his table since that day the youngest archangel gave it to him. His eyes burned with flames as he stepped towards the duck, picking it up and wanting to set it ablaze.

But he couldn't.

He had lost his beloved brother, he couldn't lose the last thing Lucifer gave him. It was the one thing he had left of him. Tears burned in his eyes as they fell down his cheeks, landing on the bright yellow duck. He felt his legs go numb as he collapsed against his desk, arms gripping the squeaking toy as he cried.

He was the archangel Michael, virtue of charity. He should not be crying. He should not be crying over Lucifer. He should not be crying over the one who damned all of humanity. But he did. As the overwhelming tears flooded out from his silver eyes, he held the rubber duck close to his chest, giving it his flame.

He gave life to the toy, creating a beautiful angel in his arms. It wasn't an unfamiliar scene. He created the seraphim angels after all. The young angel in his arms smiled brightly. She was just like Lucifer. He wanted to smile, he wanted to cry, he wanted to destroy the angel. But he could not bring himself to.

He handed the young angel to the current head seraphim, not trusting himself with her. He had practically raised every seraphim before her, teaching them the rights and wrongs, training their abilities and helping them understand how to lead the rest of heaven. But he could not do the same with her.

He was afraid he would tear her apart, kill the innocent angel who had done nothing wrong. All because of how much she reminded him of his youngest brother. The only thing he could trust himself to do was give her away, promising to himself to shield her from the evils like he couldn't with his brother. When the head seraphim asked for the young angel's name, he blurted one out on the spot.

Emily.

"Lilith."

A voice radiated from the other side of the room. The first woman awoke from the sound as she opened her eyes to see Michael standing by the gates of the dungeon. Pale yellow eyes widened in panic. *Why is he here?* Lilith moved backwards, fear crawling up her spine as her heart raced, nearly leaping out of her chest. *I can't die, not after I finally found her.*

"Calm down. I'm not here to harm you." The archangel said as he stepped closer to the woman, ignoring the unconscious exorcist on the other side of the room. He wasn't wearing his armour like before, just his regular set of white and gold robes, though he still carried his flaming sword on his hips. Without a word, he bent down and grabbed the first woman's arm, yanking her up from the ground as she yelped in pain and pulling her along as they left the room.

Just as they left the dungeon, Lilith was tossed in front of Gabriel, the first woman barely managing to catch herself before she crashed into him. "Brother, do be more gentle." The younger archangel said as he glared at the woman before returning his violet eyes to the eldest. Michael merely shrugged, slipping his golden gloves off and setting them ablaze before a new pair appeared in his hands.

Evening had fallen upon the realm above, many angels were wandering through the roads, just finishing their work or simply hanging out with friends, as the three headed towards the gates, Lilith following Gabriel closely as Michael kept an eye on her from behind. As they walked along the streets of the heavenly realm, the eyes of many winners and heaven-born landed on her, whispers about why the queen of hell was here began to spread like wildfire. The archangels seemed unfazed at the murmurs around them as they strutted through the cloudy grounds.

As they reached the gates, no words were spoken as St. Peter opened them, allowing for the three to leave. “Go.” Gabriel demanded, snapping his fingers to open a portal leading to the hellish pit below. Just as Lilith was about to enter, she heard the voice of the oldest archangel behind her.

“If you ever harm *him,* I will find you **myself.**” Michael’s voice radiated with authority, sending shivers through her entire body as she stepped into the portal before finding herself under an all too familiar red sky in front of the Heaven Embassy.

Chapter End Notes

Rewrote this chapter 3 times since it was supposed to be Lilith’s return but then decided to change it so I can work it more so have some cameos instead

Every rubber duck has some of Luci’s spirit just like what Azrael said about Al’s shadow in chapter 7 (hence the connection he feels with Emily)

Next chapter might take longer to come

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Calms

Chapter Summary

As Alastor leaves the overlord meeting, an unexpected guest appears before him.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the support on the story!

Kudos and comments are appreciated

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The overlord meeting ended pretty smoothly other than the occasional glares Alastor received from Vox. As he left the room, Rosie walked alongside him, telling him about the new souls that she'd managed to grab.

"How would you like to come down to the hotel for dinner, my dear?" Alastor asked, smiling at the cannibal overlord as they got onto the lift. "I'm sure Charlie would love to have you over, especially if she could have your support when she receives the message of her majesty's return." The radio demon explained, feeling his eye twitch at the mention of the queen.

"Oh, of course! I've been wanting to see her royal highness again since the extermination. Let me just settle a few things back in cannibal town and I'll be right there at the hotel!" Rosie exclaimed, grin widening as they stepped out of the lift before waving goodbye to the other overlord as they went their separate ways.

Just as Alastor was about to vanish into the shadows, a familiar blonde haired woman appeared in front of him. His red eyes morphed into radio dials and antlers grew out of his head in alarm. Static screeched as his claws nearly scratched the radio cane.

“Lilith…” His voice was thick with static as the queen approached him with a wide smile on her face.

“Alastor.” Lilith said, deadly curled horns on her head as her pale yellow eyes glowed, staring at the radio demon. A familiar scent filled the air as she sniffed up the overlord. “My, you sure smell a lot like my former husband. He didn’t take away my little pet, did he?” The queen questioned, grinning as she watched his ears flick up, agitated with what she called him.

“I’m not your pet, Lilith.” Alastor growled, anger and rage rising within him as he glared at the first woman. “If you would like to survive, I suggest you stay *away* from Charlie. His majesty will not be happy to see you after your little incident in the heavenly court.” The radio demon snapped back, walking past the queen to make his way back to the hotel.

Without a word, Lilith’s hand glowed a violet colour and before Alastor could react, roots shot up from the ground, trapping his legs in place. He snapped his head 180 degrees, staring at the frown on the first woman’s face. Her sinister voice set off every alarm in his body as she spoke, “I don’t believe you’re in any position to tell me what to do, *radio demon.* No matter how close you get to Charlie or Lucifer, you will never gain the power you so crave.”

Alastor could not help but laugh. He slips out of the roots trapping him, vanishing with his shadow then materialising behind the queen. “It seems that you don’t understand . What I crave is entertainment. Power is simply a nice little side effect that I receive from it,” his grin widened as the first woman turned to stare into his red eyes as he continued, “however, I will still stop you from harming his majesty and her highness. If that’s the game you want to play, *Lilith.* ” A cackling laughter echoed throughout the street they were in as large black tentacles ripped through the ground.

“You underestimate your queen, sinner.” Lilith smiled sadistically, violet magic surrounding her as she spoke. Just as the tentacles got in range of the queen, they were sliced into pieces, black ooze dripping from them as they fell to the ground, unmoving. Smaller demonic minions spawned from under her feet as she elegantly dodged each attack, a powerful blast bursting from her heels caused the radio demon to leap backwards to avoid it.

“I think you should know full-well of how powerful a soul can become when they take charge of their own fate.” Alastor grinned, static heavy in his voice as he spun his cane, dark magic blasting out from the ground below the queen. Lilith jumped up, back flipping as she

avoided the attack before roots were sent up from the ground, multiplying as they charged towards the overlord.

Alastor dissolved into the shadows, reappearing behind the queen as he sent a large tentacle towards her, grabbing her by the waist and lifting her into the air. She merely laughed as a powerful force of violet magic beamed out from the gaps of the black appendage, exploding it into pieces as she landed on top of a nearby building. Alastor avoided the splattering pieces of his magical structure spewing out inky black substances before he noticed the violet vines growing along the walls and ground of the street

“I don’t want to fight you, my dear radio demon,” the queen’s eyes shone under the red sky of Pentagram City as she continued, “neither do I wish to harm my daughter or her father. Plus, how would it seem if I, Charlie’s mother, harmed one of her beloved *friends?* ” She laughed, yellow eyes piercing red ones.

“So I see you’ve heard about my dealings with our dear princess?” Alastor felt his smile strain as static thickened in his voice as he continued, “I suppose you would know… Your *eyes* are everywhere, after all.” His arm gestured around, the streets littered with eyes of deceased souls engraved in the walls of buildings. It was certainly a surprise that she had never found Eve herself, but perhaps the second woman was simply too cunning for her.

A frown fell on the first woman’s face. “These are not my doing.” Lilith said as she took a step away from the radio demon, her attention turning to the eyes around them. Alastor tilted his head in confusion. *She’s not lying. But I’d surely sensed her presence in them.* He watched closely as the first woman bent down to inspect them. “I’d always thought that this was simply part of the contract Lucifer signed. ‘A soul’s presence will linger on after their death, corrupting the pride ring’ or something along those lines,” Lilith began, heels clanking along the concrete ground as she spoke, “but… Angelic powers are present in these eyes.”

Alastor felt himself tense at the words. *Angels? Was this the exorcist’s doing? Were angels spying on hell?* It could not have been the archangels. They seemed pretty much clueless about everything that occurred down in the pit of misery. Sera seemed to have spilled all her secrets in court, so unless he missed something when his shadow was interrupted, it couldn’t have been her. That left… *Adam.*

As the two former angels finished up their task for the day, they headed back towards the hotel. “Huh, I thought more sinners would be out right now… There’s practically no one here,” Vaggie said as she looked around the roads. Sera shrugged, not knowing much about when demons wandered around. Just as they turned the corner, they heard a loud crash followed by a familiar static filter. Immediately, the former exorcist dropped everything in her hands as she whipped out her spear as she turned to the source of the sound, the other former angel following close behind.

“The queen of hell…” Vaggie whispered before she could stop herself as she heard a very audible gasp from Sera. Lilith had her heel buried into the side of a building, causing the eyes to be sealed shut.

Adam’s lieutenant. They had been watching hell for thousands of years… The radio demon’s eyes flashed with memories of a certain king. The only possible explanation Alastor could think of was that they wanted to exploit the fallen angel’s weaknesses. Seeing as how the first man had been the entire reason for the exterminations, he was probably not far from the truth.

Lilith stood up properly, fixing up her dress as she dusted it before turning around to see the two former angels. “Sera.” She’d recognised the taller one, pale yellow eyes piercing the former head seraphim’s. *What in hell is she doing here?*

Vaggie whipped out her spear defensively, unsure whether she could trust the queen as Lilith approached them. “Stay back!” The former exorcist shouted, eyes burning as she remembered how much anger and sadness filled the princess at the mere mention of her mother.

“And who are you?” Lilith raised an eyebrow, shifting her gaze to the shorter ex-angel of the two.

“If you had even tried to reach out to your daughter for the past seven years, you would know that I am her girlfriend.” Vaggie snapped at her, pointing her spear threateningly. The queen’s eyes widened in disbelief. *Just how much of Charlie’s life did I miss out on?*

“I believe we should get going, my dears!” Alastor appeared next to the two fallen angels before the first woman could say anything. His eyes morphed into radio dials for a split second as he glared at Lilith before he turned back to the other two.

“Alastor, what do you mean? We need answers…” Vaggie began before a static filled voice cut her off.

“Let’s go.” As the radio demon uttered those words, the three vanished from the scene without a trace, leaving Lilith standing where she was, dumbfounded.

Well, that was interesting.

“Adam.” Lilith felt the first man’s name leave her lips as she stared into his golden eyes, anger burning within her as he landed in front of her with an exorcist beside him.

“My Lilith, still as hot as always.” Adam laughed, winking through his mask as the one beside him stared in dismay.

“Shut the fuck up, Adam. I’m not yours and I never will be.” The first woman snapped, violet magic glowing from her palms as she got ready to attack.

“Hah! Stop lying to yourself. I am the original dick! Your ass belongs to me. Isn’t that right, Lute?” Adam laughed, nudging the exorcist beside him with his shoulder. Lute merely nodded her head, the stern expression never leaving her face.

“Fuck off.” Lilith rolled her eyes before she sent violet roots flying in his direction.

“Hey! Bitch, don’t fucking do that.” Adam yelped like the little shit he was as he flew into the air to avoid the attack. Lute lunged at the first woman with her sword made from angelic

steel, Lilith barely managing to block her by grabbing the exorcist's arms to stop her from charging.

"Listen here, bitch. Eve is dead and soon, you will be too. So stop fighting and listen to him before I take your head." Just as the queen heard those words, she pushed the exorcist off her as her eyes widened in disbelief. Eve was dead?

"Hah! You tell her, Lute." Adam beamed as he landed back on the ground beside the exorcist, fist bumping her with a sharp grin on his face.

"What the hell do you want?" Lilith growled, horns growing out of her head.

"Let's make a deal, Lilith."

As Alastor reappeared in the hotel with the other two, he felt the eyes of the former exorcist piercing into his own.

"What the *fuck,* Alastor!" Vaggie yelled out, anger seething through her as she pointed her spear at the overlord. The radio demon merely hummed softly, a single finger pushing down the spear away from his face.

"Vaggie, it was the best course of action we could have taken. Lilith is… unpredictable." Sera explained, holding the former exorcist back by the shoulder. Her eyes were filled with concern before she noticed the princess heading towards them.

“Guys? What happened?” Charlie asked as she walked up beside her girlfriend. The king and second woman followed behind her closely, their eyes bubbled with confusion and worry as they approached the other three.

“Charlie… Your mother is back…” Vaggie explained, her voice strained with hesitation as she held the princess’s hands.

“Yeah, one of my uncles sent my dad a message just now. We were going to come find you guys, then we heard yelling,” Charlie said, wondering why her girlfriend seemed so nervous before realisation hit her like a brick as she jumped to conclusions, “Did you find her? Did she hurt you? Where is she? I will…”

“Charlie,” Lucifer calmed his daughter down as he placed a hand on her shoulder, “slow down, my girl. I’m sure your mother didn’t… do anything.” He glanced at the two former angels and the radio demon, not sensing any serious injuries yet he still sounded unsure of his own words.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head over this, my dear. We’re perfectly fine.” Alastor assured, giving her a convincing smile before she nodded her head, hoping that his words were true. She turned to her father, not knowing what to do now that her mother might be coming to find them.

“I’m sure the queen has very interesting reasons for how she ended up in heaven!” Eve’s chirpy voice captured the attention of the beings in the room. Alastor eyed her suspiciously, glancing at the king to see him doing the same. *Just what does she know?*

Eve knew that Adam had wanted to find her. Just as she knew he wanted to find Lilith. She cared about the first woman, hence she kept herself hidden from the first man knowing full well that he would use her against Lilith. She never interacted with the rest of hell, only lurking quietly as the pride ring changed over the ten thousand years.

Eve knew that Lilith was trying to find her. She just found it fun to keep hiding. It wasn't like finding her would have benefited Lilith with her plans. In all honesty, the first woman's plans would fail undoubtedly with or without her. She knew Adam was growing frustrated over not being able to find the first woman and herself. It was the main reason he wanted the exterminations in the first place, other than killing sinners for entertainment. He wanted to find them, control them, and force them to obey him like before.

Eve knew that Lilith wanted hell to rise up against heaven. She knew that Lucifer would never support the first woman's plans. He knew that it would never work. Just as she did. She also knew that Lilith only wanted to do so to keep herself safe. For those who knew Lilith, they saw that the pride she upheld was even greater than her angels. The extermination was something the first woman never agreed to, hence she wanted to do everything to protect the kingdom she created. Lilith would not give up her voice for something she did not believe in.

As the members of the hotel gathered for dinner, the main dish on the table being Alastor's self-proclaimed world's best jambalaya, a knocking sound from the front door caught their attention. Alastor beamed up at the sound, teleporting to the front of the door. As he opened it, a familiar cannibal overlord caught the eyes of the princess.

"Rosie?!" Charlie exclaimed as she ran over, smiling brightly at the sinner.

"Oh, your highness! It's so wonderful to see you again. Our dearest Alastor invited me over. Hope you don't mind me crashing your evening." Rosie grinned widely, her sharp white teeth beaming as she greeted the princess. Alastor invited her inside, telling her all about his mother's jambalaya recipe like he did earlier to the rest of the members of the hotel before he started cooking.

"Oh my! Is that his majesty I see?" Rosie exclaimed as she made her way towards the king- who stood up to greet her- grabbing the fallen angel's hand and shaking it enthusiastically. Seeing Lucifer's hesitation in those red eyes, Alastor appeared beside him, placing the gloved hand not holding his cane on the shorter's shoulder as he introduced the cannibal overlord.

"This here is Rosie, the most darling, delightful and most dangerous overlord in the cannibal district," Alastor explained as Rosie curtsied gracefully for the king.

“Oh! You must be the one who helped my Charlie on extermination day. I’ve been planning to visit to thank you personally but it seems I’ve forgotten…” Lucifer rambled for a bit, rubbing the back of his head in shame before turning his gaze back to the overlord with a nervous smile.

“Oh, don’t worry about it, darling! Alastor, you better keep this one around. He’s simply adorable!” Rosie exclaimed as the princess brought out an extra chair for the cannibal overlord, finally joining the group as she sat down beside her girlfriend.

“Oh, I plan to.” Alastor whispered under his breath, just loud enough for the fallen angel to hear him, smiling widely when he saw the king flush momentarily. Dinner proceeded as usual as the rest chatted merrily with Rosie, especially Eve, who seemed to have taken a liking to the overlord’s personality.

“Eve, darling, you sure are a fun girl to chat with! Do drop by cannibal town some time, I would love to show you around.” Rosie exclaimed, grinning as her holes for eyes seemingly sparkled.

“Aren’t you just delightful, Rosie! In all ten thousand years of my afterlife, I rarely find sinners like yourself.” Eve smiled, golden eyes gleaming as she carried the conversation. She already knew her way around cannibal town, but she wouldn’t mind the overlord showing her around if it meant she could see her again. Rosie was truly a wonderful being to talk to, a golden spark of the second woman’s descendants. No wonder her emporium was so famous around the district.

As they finished up their food, Rosie praised Alastor for his cooking before bidding the rest farewell. She truly worked wonderfully in keeping the princess’ mind off her mother. Lucifer went up to his room, tired from the activities of the day as he plummeted onto his bed. Socialising was not his strong suit and it absolutely drained whatever energy was left in him when evening came. Not long after he buried his face into his pillow, a certain overlord teleported into his room.

“You know, you should use the door.” Lucifer sighed as he sat up properly.

“But where’s the fun in that, my dear king?” Alastor smiled tenderly as he sat on the bed with the fallen angel. He combed his gloved hand through the blonde hair, feeling the softness as he placed a gentle kiss on the fallen’s head. Those red eyes of Lucifer’s seemed distant, as if he was deep in thought as the radio demon stared at him sweetly.

“Hey, Alastor…” Lucifer began, voice sounding unsure as he looked up at the sinner. Alastor hummed, tilting his head to the side, waiting for the shorter to continue. “Remember about our little game and that you still owe me something,” Lucifer chuckled nervously as he spoke, “when I… When we eventually have to face Lilith again, can I ask for you to stay by my side?”

Alastor’s eyes widened as his ears perked up, as if he wasn’t expecting this question, which, now that he thought about it, did make sense. The queen of hell was known for her cunning self. She carried out her duties without a care for the ones around her, only focusing on her goals. With that mindset, she had inevitably pushed Lucifer and eventually her own daughter away.

Alastor smiled softly, cupping the fallen angel’s beautiful face in his hands as he spoke, “I will stay with you no matter what happens, my dearest king.”

Chapter End Notes

Interaction of Rosie, Luci and Al is similar to chapter 3 of ‘Deal Or No Deal’ by BoredsoIread according to them

RadioApple fluff

Initially planned for someone to get seriously injured during their little fight but decided against it

Decided to change it to be more of an argument and then went off track to include another piece of lore

More on Eve and Lilith next chapter

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Sees

Chapter Summary

As Lilith prepares herself to go find Eve, the second woman decides to find her first.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all your support!

Updates might be a bit slower

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Eve lurked in the shadows, moving throughout Pentagram City with only one person in mind. The ever smiling face lit up as she found the one she was looking for in the privacy of a room filled with different kinds of grimoires, appearing out from the shadows before the first woman.

“Lilith! How wonderful it is to see you again.” Eve grinned, watching as the pale yellow eyes widened in surprise. Horns burst from her head as she took a step closer to the second woman. Eve simply smiled, golden eyes on Lilith as a hand reached out to her, holding her face as if she was not real before the first woman fell forward, pulling her into a tight embrace.

They stayed like that for a moment, Eve unmoving until the queen finally pulled back. “Eve…” Tears nearly fell out of Lilith’s eyes before she blinked them away. It seemed that the first woman really missed her. “What are you doing here?” Lilith questioned, the softness in those pale yellow eyes morphed into a look of suspicion.

Eve hummed, shrugging her shoulders as she stared at the first woman. “Just a simple visit. Can’t I see my favourite soul in all of *heaven* and hell?” The second woman asked, her sweet voice only speaking half the truth.

“You’re smart, Eve. Your knowledge superpasses that of even the archangels. I know you’re not here just to see me,” Lilith said, stepping away from the second woman as the horns on her head retracted slightly before she continued, “I don’t suppose you know about my attempts to search for you, and the reason behind them.”

“My dear Lilith, I suppose you should also know that I won’t support your plans.” Eve’s grin widened, revealing sharp red teeth as her golden eyes glowed softly in the darkness of the room. Cedar-brown hair swayed lushly behind her as she took note of the queen’s hand clenching into a fist, anger flashing across the strained smile of the first woman.

“Why?” Lilith’s voice echoed in the room, the word more of a demand than a question. When Eve merely shrugged, the grin never leaving her face, Lilith questioned again, “I don’t understand, Eve. Why? Why won’t you help me? Why come find me? Why did you hide for all these years?” The horns on her head flared out, desperation and rage bubbling within her. She had spent so much time. Ten thousand years. For what?

“You’re selfish.” Eve’s voice snapped Lilith out of her thoughts. Pale yellow eyes stared into golden ones as she noticed the smile on the second woman’s face disappear for the first time since she ate the fruit.

“What?” The first woman was shocked, confused and angry. She had been insulted many times in her life and afterlife. Adam had been the main cause of it during her time in Eden, then the archangels when they threw her down to the pit she helped create, sinners, demons and many vengeful beings after that. She never cared for them. They meant nothing to her. But to hear it from Eve, the one she helped, the first human friend she had, it hurt.

“You are selfish, Lilith. You don’t care how much you harm the ones you love. You will remove anything in your path just for your own benefit. You pulled your own family apart just so you can use your daughter. And then, you had the sheer audacity to abandon her!” Eve raised her voice for the first time. She had never shouted, never screamed, never yelled. Not even to Adam. And she hated Adam. Lilith was stunned at her words. The first woman did not know how to react.

Lilith loved Lucifer. But that was ten thousand years ago. She loved him before their fall. She heard Eve's tears, she comforted her and talked to her when they were in Eden. She shared her own stories of Adam, how much she hated him and how glad she was to run away from him. When she heard how much Eve wanted to run away as she did, even though she knew Eve couldn't, she was determined to help. She asked Lucifer how to achieve free will. Eat the fruit of knowledge. That was his answer.

After Eve ate the fruit, Lilith was so happy for her. She had encouraged Lucifer to give her the fruit and he followed her words because he loved her. He wanted to help Eve as much as she did. Then, they fell. Lucifer was there with her. He held her through the pain, through his own tears, through the agony of corruption. She loved him after their fall. It served as a common ground for them in the early days of hell, both of them being able to relate to the pain of the situation. Soon, Lucifer spiraled into a depression after many failed attempts in helping sinners become better while Lilith continued to support the demons in creating a kingdom in her image. He lost his spark while her light grew. She still loved him.

Until she didn't. He signed the contract to allow for the exterminations to occur yearly. She felt a dormant hatred festering within her. She argued with him endlessly, finding every little thing he did wrong. Everything that involved him angered her. She pushed him away, focusing on her duties as queen. She wanted to take revenge. Revenge on all those who wronged her. After Charlie was born, she left him, taking the girl with her. She wanted to shape her into an independent young lady just like she was. But Charlie was too soft, just like him. She tore them apart.

She loved until she couldn't.

"He's not to blame, Lilith. You know this. So, why do you still push him away?" Eve's voice calmed, but her anger was still present. She glared at the first woman, knowing that she could not face her own mistakes.

"I… I fell out of love, Eve." Lilith sighed, shifting her eyes away from the harsh gaze of the second woman. Love was difficult, even for Lucifer, a being so easy to love and feel love. Eve knew Lilith still loved him, but she knew that they were no longer in love. She sighed, turning away from the first woman.

“You should give up, Lilith. What you’re trying to do is impossible. I won’t help you, nor will anyone else.” Eve explained, her voice was near silent as she glanced back one last time at the queen. She knew that it would take more convincing to deter Lilith from her plans, but planting a couple seeds of doubt never hurt. With that, she vanished from the room, leaving the queen alone in her thoughts.

Lilith stared at the spot where the second woman once was, fury burning within her gut as a violet root burst out from the ground in that exact position. *I will have my revenge.*

Eve returned to the hotel just as everyone was getting ready to have breakfast.

“Eve! There you are. When I went to get you for breakfast, your room was empty. Where were you?” Charlie asked, large eyes staring at the second woman brightly.

“I was just going on a walk, princess. There’s no need to worry about me.” Eve smiled softly as she settled down in her seat, ignoring the red eyes from a certain overlord that fell on her suspiciously.

Alastor turned his gaze back to the king, who was fiddling with the apple in his hand, unbothered by Eve’s words. They were lucky that Charlie had knocked on the door before she entered Lucifer’s tower, otherwise she would have caught an interesting sight of the two. A scene not too different from a couple nights before, but this time they weren’t arguing. Alastor had vanished into the shadows just as the princess entered the room, leaving a very confused fallen angel on the floor.

“So… I’ve received a few calls from some sinners,” Charlie began, bubbling with excitement as Vaggie stared at her sweetly, “and they want to come to the hotel! They’ll be here next week.” Lucifer looked up in surprise as the rest congratulated the princess.

“Really? Heck, that’s wonderful news, Charlie!” The king exclaimed, happy for his daughter. “Oh, right, you should probably bring this up to Uriel when we visit heaven in two days. He can help you with judging the souls that are trying to redeem themselves,” Lucifer said, smiling sweetly as Charlie lit up at his words.

“Oh, yes! Definitely. Thank you so much, dad!” The princess nearly leaped up to hug her father before another voice stopped her.

“Uh, Charlie, can I ask you for a favour?” Sera said, hesitation in her words as the princess turned to her, tilting her head in confusion. “When you go to heaven, can you help me pass something to Emily?” The former head seraphim stared at Charlie, hoping that she would agree. She missed her little sister dearly and she wanted to give her something, to keep the hope of her return alive.

“Of course!” The princess smiled softly, her caring gaze touching Sera’s heart.

“If you don’t mind, can we write some letters for Sir Pentious too?” Cherribomb asked, missing the former sinner as Angel Dust perked up at her words.

“Heck, yeah! We should all give something to him,” The spider demon said, grinning widely, feeling proud of the snake demon-turned-angel.

“Oh! That can be our activity for today, then. I’ll go get some pens and papers, then we can all write something for Sir Pentious and whatever family is up in heaven that you want to write to.” Charlie exclaimed, getting up from her seat as she made her way to the supply closet. Vaggie was about to follow her to help out before she remembered something, turning back to the table.

“Angel, Asmodeus wanted me to tell you that he’s getting you out of your deal with Valentino,” the former exorcist said as she watched the spider demon’s eyes widen in shock.

“Wait, what? Like, actually? Holy shit… How, uh, how can I ever thank him?” Angel Dust asked, not being able to believe those words.

“He just said to have a healthy relationship with lust… I’m happy for you.” Vaggie smiled as she turned back around and sprinted towards the princess. Cherribomb jumped up at the spider demon, shaking his shoulders in excitement and happiness for him. Husk smiled softly at Angel Dust, who was still horribly in shock. Sera didn’t say a word, but deep down, she was glad that the sin was still as caring as he used to be.

The hotel members gathered around in the lounge room after they finished breakfast, settling down as they waited for Charlie to return with the supplies. Angel Dust and Husk were chatting on the couch while Sera sat in a corner, away from Niffty, who was running around, stabbing bugs with a knife, before Cherribomb joined the former head seraphim, striking up a conversation with her. Lucifer stood against the wall beside Alastor as they shared silent glances.

“So… Are you going to write to your mother?” The king asked, trying to break the tense silence between them.

“Hm… I suppose that would be the most logical answer, but I’m afraid she wouldn’t want to hear from me after knowing where I ended up,” Alastor said, even though the smile never left his face, Lucifer could tell he was nervous and upset.

“Hey, I’m sure your mother would love to hear from you. Even though I don’t know her, Azrael said she’s a sweet lady. I trust that she has missed you.” Lucifer comforted, fiddling with his apple cane in one hand as he looked up as the overlord with soft red eyes. Alastor hummed, clutching his radio cane behind his back. It was true that his mother was a wonderful woman, the best kind if Alastor would say so himself. She was gentle, wise and authoritative when she needed to be. A beautiful soul, most deserving to be in heaven. Unlike him.

“They’re totally fucking.” Angel Dust snickered as his gaze shifted to the king and the radio demon, nudging Husk with his shoulder, who was staring at him in disbelief. “Just look at the way they look at each other. There’s definitely something going on between them,” the spider

demon explained as the former overlord just blinked in absolute confusion. *Lucifer and the fucking radio demon. What the fuck.*

"We got the supplies!" Charlie exclaimed as she burst into the room, bubbling energy filling up the area as Vaggie followed closely behind her, smiling fondly at her girlfriend's antics. The two passed the pens and papers to the members of the hotel as Charlie explained what to do, "you can write or draw whatever you want and just write the name of who you want to receive the letter at the front!"

"Can we write more than one letter?" Angel Dust asked, remembering a certain sibling of his that he had not seen in hell. *At least I know she probably isn't in this shit hole.*

"I don't see why not." Charlie said, smiling as she placed a stack of extra papers on the centre of the table for those who wanted to write more.

As the members picked up their pens, they scribbled on their papers while the princess wandered around, observing their work. Most of the members were doing something for Sir Pentious, just as Angel Dust had suggested, while Sera wrote to Emily. Alastor was writing too, to her surprise. She took a peak at the work of her guests and staff. Cherribomb had drawn and heart on the note, writing her letter within it, while Husk and Angel Dust wrote a simple letter, with the former almost drawing something inappropriate on it before the princess stopped him. Meanwhile, Niffty was scribbling on her paper, nearly tearing it as she drew many lines on it, almost covering the entire thing black.

After a while, Charlie noticed the spider demon picking up a second paper, writing the words 'To: Molly' at the front of it.

"Who's Molly?" Charlie asked quietly, hoping that she wouldn't cross boundaries and say something wrong.

"She's my twin sister…" Angel Dust said, eyes seeming distant as he recalled his time on earth. "She was the kindest girl I knew, always there for me no matter what. I don't think she's down here with the rest of my family. That's great, though. She deserves to be in heaven." The spider demon smiled as he wrote down everything he wanted to say to her. Charlie stared at him, tears filling her eyes at Angel Dust's words. She gently wiped them away before she heard a knock from the main entrance.

Alastor felt himself tense as he recognised the presence by the door, glancing at the king who did the same. *Why is she here?* The fallen's sclera burned red as demonic features flashed across his angelic body. His breathing became heavy as he felt his heart racing before he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see the radio demon before he blinked, yellow iris showing through the bloody redness in his gaze.

"She's here." Eve said, voice so casual one would assume it was normal if not for how her golden eyes darkened. Charlie walked towards the door, ignoring the thick atmosphere settled in the room. The group glanced amongst themselves, as if to ask 'are we sure this is safe', as the princess opened the door.

Lush blonde hair flowed gently under the red sky of hell, pale yellow eyes shining brightly as a sinister smile rose to her face as her daughter slammed the door back in her face before she could even get a word in. The rest stared at her in confusion, Angel Dust suppressing a snicker as he remembered that she did the same to Alastor when he first arrived. Charlie took a minute to collect herself as the radio demon appeared beside her before she opened the door again.

"Hi… Mom."

Chapter End Notes

Slamming door

Angel Dust will be out of his deal soon

Eve is mad at Lilith

I do want to include the other sins but I haven't found the right scenarios for them to get involved in

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Fights

Chapter Summary

When Lilith appears at her doorstep, Charlie tries to maintain her cool.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the support on the previous chapters!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Charlie! My darling daughter. How have you been?" Lilith exclaimed, a sadistic grin plastered on her face as she spoke so cheerfully. *As if she didn't betray all of hell for the past seven years.*

"Don't touch me." Charlie stepped back as the queen leaned forward to hug her. Large red eyes glared at her mother, anger rising within her as she watched the first woman back up at her words. "Why are you here?" The princess's voice was stern as Lucifer walked up behind her, placing a firm hand on her shoulder as his wings splayed out behind his back defensively.

"Can't I see my darling daughter?" Lilith smiled, her tone so cheerful that it felt strange to witness. Alastor felt his ear twitch in anger as his eyes pierced the first woman's. A gloved hand snuck up the fallen angel's waist possessively, silently pulling Lucifer closer to him. The king felt a heat travel up his face before he heard his daughter's angered voice.

"No! You don't get to leave for seven *fucking* years and then show up like nothing happened." Charlie felt her horns grow out from her head as her sclera flashed red, hair bands ripping apart as her hair flared up like flames. "You left. You abandoned all of hell. So, what the *fuck* do you want now?" She yelled out, Vaggie running up beside her with her spear, pointing it at Lilith threateningly in case she dared to touch the princess.

The queen sighed, closing her eyes as she folded her arms. When she opened her eyes again, the pale yellow iris seemingly darkened as her smile vanished from her face. "I need your

help.” Lilith finally declared, staring into her daughter’s red eyes with a stern frown.

“No.” The voice of the king interrupted before Charlie could answer. His tail was still lashing out despite the horns on his head retracting. Lilith's eyes shifted, meeting the shorter's burning ones as she glared at him. The hand around his waist tightened, Alastor's own eyes turning to radio dials as antlers grew out from his head when the first woman took a step closer to the fallen angel.

“What? Why is it that I cannot ask my own daughter for help, *Lucifer?* ” Lilith spat his name out as if it were a bitter taste in her mouth. Her horns extended out from the top of her head, midnight purple eyeshadow evident as she squinted her pale eyes in irritation. The fallen angel’s wings rose up, white and red feathers puffing out protectively.

“Whatever you want, I’m not helping you, mom.” Charlie said, distrust in her voice as she glared at the queen, stepping in front of her father as if to shield him from her. Vaggie was beside her, waiting at any moment of threat from the first woman to defend her love.

“What if I were to say that heaven is planning an attack?” Lilith said as a grin, filled with malice, returned to her face. The princess’ eyes widened in disbelief as Lucifer felt his own body bubble in anger. *Lies.* It had to be a lie. They had already settled things with heaven. He remembered clearly that extermination day had been canceled.

“Stop spewing your lies, Lilith.” Alastor finally spoke, static heavy in his voice as his eye twitched at the presence of the first woman. “We all know extermination day is canceled. The angels aren’t coming to hell,” the radio demon would’ve scowled at her if it wasn’t for the everlasting smile on his face. That same smile seemed crooked at that moment, ears ringing with voices telling him to *kill* her. But his dearest angel wouldn’t like that, so he kept his composure.

“Oh, but it’s not just the exterminators.” Lilith said, pale yellow eyes glowing in the redness of hell. “If you agree to help me, I’ll let you in on this secret…” Her tone was suspicious, manipulative and cunning. Long ago, a more naive Lucifer wouldn’t have ever questioned her words. But now, he knew the true toxicity of the first woman. She didn’t care about anyone else but herself. As long as it would benefit her, she would even tear her own family apart.

“No, mom. We’re not going to believe your lies.” Charlie said, firm in her words as she glared up at her mother. “If something were truly threatening hell, you would help. If you truly cared, you wouldn’t stand by and do nothing.” The princess took a step towards her mother, eyes burning with flames as she spat out those words.

“Fine, then,” Lilith sighed, knowing how stubborn the girl could be, “I won’t bother you. But you should know, those angels you call ‘friends’ are not as pure as they seem. Don’t trust them.” With that, the queen vanished from the spot as if she were never there to begin with. Charlie finally let out the breath she didn’t even know she was holding as she shut the door and turned around to slump against it.

Vaggie kneeled down beside her, holding her girlfriend close to her as the king felt his legs go numb as he nearly collapsed on the ground if it wasn’t for the arm gripping his waist. Alastor held him up before he teleported them to the apple shaped tower, much to everyone’s confusion. The rest still at the lounging area glanced at each other in bewilderment. They could barely make out the conversation at the front door, only hearing the burst of angered voices of the royals. Eve fiddled with her pen as if nothing had happened, finishing up her letter with a smile.

Lucifer found himself lying on his bed. He hadn’t even realised that he had fallen asleep as he tried to recall the events that occured before he heard a voice coming from beside him.

“Your majesty,” Alastor said, soft voice laced with a thin layer of static as he sat in the bed with the king. His smile didn’t falter, yet Lucifer could see the worry in those red hot eyes. “How are you feeling?” The overlord spoke so sweetly that it made the fallen angel feel a heat rise to his face. He blinked the sensation away as he scratched his head, trying to remember what happened. His eyes flashed with anger and hatred when he recalled this former wife at the doorstep of his daughter’s hotel.

“Lilith…” Lucifer could see how the radio demon tensed at the mention of her name but he chose not to bring it up. “What happened? The last thing I remember is her leaving,” the fallen angel turned to the sinner for answers, red eyes determined to understand the truth behind the first woman's arrival.

“You were about to pass out before I brought us to your tower. When we reached, you practically fell into your bed. You’ve been out for about an hour, my dear king.” Alastor explained, concern filled his chest as he combed his gloved hand through his angel’s blonde hair, stopping at the red cheeks. “You scared me half to death, my love.” The radio demon smiled sweetly, fondness in his gaze as he watched the king flush beautifully at the nickname. He knew he had a way with words, it was truly a great gift, and he could not deny how fun it was when he used this gift to his advantage. Watching the king of hell squirm under his gaze was definitely the best outcome he’d ever received.

“I, uh, think we should go and see what Charlie is up to! I’m sure she’s terribly worried about us…” Lucifer said as he composed himself, fiddling with his fingers as his gaze shifted between them and the overlord’s eyes.

“Well, then… Shall we go, my dear king?” Alastor smiled at him before getting off the bed, holding a hand out to the king, waiting for him to take it. Lucifer felt his face heat up once again as he took the overlord’s hand, letting the sinner guide him out of the room.

As they entered the lobby, Charlie was the first to notice them, waving them over. “Dad, Alastor, where have you been?” The princess questioned, walking up to them with concern in her eyes.

“I was just in my room, don’t worry about me,” Lucifer smiled, assuring his daughter. “I think we should discuss how to proceed now that… your mother is back.” His gaze fell to the ground, nervously fiddling with the apple cane in his hand before Eve appeared beside him.

“Come now, my angel, there are a lot of things to talk about.” Eve smiled, guiding the king towards the couch where the rest of the guests were waiting. Alastor felt his eye twitch, every cell in his dead body tensing as he watched the second woman lead the fallen angel away. His attention was turned to the princess who was staring at him in suspicion.

“Is there something I can help you with, my dear?” He asked as Charlie squinted her eyes, distrust filling her gut as she glared at the radio demon.

“Don’t touch my dad.” She finally said after what felt like forever. The overlord blinked at her, confused. She pointed her finger accusingly as she continued, “I’ve seen how close you’re getting to him. Don’t you dare try something…”

“Wouldn’t dream of it, my dear.” Alastor’s grin widened as his ear twitched before turning to walk to the group at the couch. Charlie blinked, slightly startled, before she took a deep breath and calmed herself before heading towards them as well. She took a seat beside her beloved, listening into the conversation.

“I can fortify the shield if anything happens,” Lucifer explained as he thought about what Lilith might do. It would be unlikely that she would attack the hotel directly, considering it wasn’t in her nature to fight. Whatever she was planning was likely something to do with heaven. He knew her hatred towards the angels. Her words were ignored, complaints shut down when they were still in Eden. She hated the heavenly beings with her soul when she was cast down to hell, building the pit of unholiness to show them that she was just as powerful as them.

Then, the exterminations occurred and she was pissed. Overpopulation was the cover story for the start of the yearly genocide. Well, then, she would make it the truth, rallying up the ars goetia to wreak havoc on earth, turning more souls evil. She would continue to build up hell to go up against heaven, bring them the war that they were so afraid of. When she learned of Eve being in hell, her goals had changed to search for her. Until seven years ago.

“Rising against heaven is not possible.” Eve stated simply, messing around with the decorations on the coffee table. “Even if she had my help, Michael would simply kill her with a blind of an eye.” The second woman sighed, the smile on her face dropping the slightest bit as she turned to the king beside her.

Lucifer shivered at the mention of his oldest brother’s wrath. If he had deer-like ears, Alastor could almost see them flattening on the fallen angel’s head. “But if she declares war against heaven, none of hell will be spared…” Lucifer shifted his gaze to his daughter, feeling his heart squeeze and ache as he thought about what might happen to his precious little girl.

“We won’t let her do that.” Charlie stood up, her eyes determined to change her mother’s mind. “We need to show her that heaven is changing to accept sinners! There’s no need for war when redemption can help our people.” The princess grinned brightly as she looked at all the guests of the hotel, proud of her work. Sera smiled softly, understanding redemption now as compared to thousands of years ago, while Angel Dust and Cherribomb fist bumped each other, a silent promise to themselves to work hard and be redeemed.

Lilith buried her fist into the walls, causing the books on the shelves beside it to fall onto the floor. *These damn angels can’t be trusted.* They were unruly, wretched and bloodthirsty beings. All they wanted to do was crush the dreams of hopeful souls. She saw the amazing dreamer Lucifer once was. He was truly beautiful in her eyes. He would go on and on about his big ideas back in Eden. She really did love him. But the past was the past.

Those feelings faded not long after Charlie was born. Lilith was supposed to be the mother of all humans, but now she was the mother of demonic souls. She never had her own child, so when Charlie came to life, she loved her daughter dearly, but she reminded her so much of Lucifer. She couldn’t take it and separated the two to raise her daughter as her successor. She told the young girl about her own dreams, how she wanted to empower hell and stop the exterminations. Her daughter would listen so attentively that she would feel so proud of the little girl.

When she left hell, the only thing was worried about was her daughter. She didn’t want the girl to suffer without her in the pit of misery. Yet she didn’t have a choice, thus she left the kingdom she worked so hard on creating.

She did not care for her people dying. Eve was right, she was truly a selfish person. She chose her own safety rather than to fight for her kingdom. She only used those souls for her own benefit. She wasn’t pure like Charlie, she wasn’t angelic like Lucifer, she was just selfish.

Grimoires clattered on the floor, pages strewn across the ground as she sighed, rethinking her plans. She wanted war. But was war truly worth it if it meant going against those she loved? Her cold, dead heart was wounded from her former husband’s actions. But seeing how upset her dearest daughter was, she did not want to go against the poor girl. Charlie was naive and

pure, just like Lucifer once was. She saw the good in others and Lilith did not want to ruin her.

She wanted war for her freedom. But wasn't she always free? Despite being limited to the bounds of the pride ring, she never felt trapped. She didn't need free will to escape Adam, she had the freedom to be with Lucifer and no one stopped her from leaving him when she did. War would just bring about misery and the feeling of suffocation. Wasn't that exactly what she was fighting against?

She wanted war, but that would make her just as awful as the angels that denied the freedom souls deserved.

She sighed, bending down to pick up the books on the ground, placing them back into their spot before her eyes wandered to the singular window of the room. Red the hue of hell's sky with the large pentagram above it was just the same as it was seven years ago. The holy planet of glowing white light shone high above the clouds, casting its heavenly rays across the universe that the ones down here could seemingly never reach. She could not deny the beauty of it, but she would always have that sense of hatred for it within her soul.

Out of nowhere, a flash of golden light appeared high above followed by thousands of black winged angels with very recognisable LED masks flying down from the portal.

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

The exterminators really testing their luck to go down and pick a fight with hell

Protective Charlie

Lilith rethinking her actions but now she's proven right

What will the rest of the archangels think when they learn about Adam's army going down to attack their brother

Updates might take a bit longer cause I can't figure out how to write the next chapter

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Defends

Chapter Summary

When exterminators come down unannounced, they come face to face against the rulers of hell.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the previous chapters!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

High up above, a group of the remnants of the exorcist army gathered together outside the gates of heaven. It was impossible to sneak into heaven, but sneaking out was a pretty simple task. No one would expect anyone to leave the pearly gates willingly after all. The sisters stood together, sharp smiles on their masks as they turned to their randomly appointed leader.

“Let’s kick some ass!” One of them yelled out, grinning sadistically.

“We’ll show that fucking princess not to mess with us!” The supposed leader said, malice in her voice as she held out her sword. It wasn’t just made of angelic steel. A sinister aura radiated from it as it shone darkly in her hand.

“Let’s avenge our master!”

“Yeah! Don’t forget what they did to our sisters!”

“We’ll slaughter them all!”

“Let’s go!”

A golden portal opened up in front of them as they held out their weapons, spreading their wings out as they flew down into the pit of hellfire below.

Fuck. Lilith teleported to the hotel in an instant, blasting the doors down with a force of violet magic. *I knew those fucking angels could not be trusted.* The members of the hotel jumped up at the sudden intrusion. Charlie and her father’s horns flared up, the king’s wings splaying out protectively as he glared at the first woman. A static screech came from the radio demon as his eyes turned to radio dials, antlers sprouting from the top of his head. Vaggie pulled out her spear, ready to attack at any given moment. Although she was still smiling, Eve’s golden eyes darkened as she stared into those pale yellow eyes while the rest of the guests stared in utter shock and confusion.

“What the *fuck,* Lilith?” Lucifer was the first to speak, sclera glowing red from anger. *How dare she ruin Charlie’s hotel?*

“The angels are coming!” The queen yelled out, pointing towards the city outside as exorcists flew down. Sera’s eyes widened. *What?* The army should have been disbanded since Adam’s death. Why were they here, in hell? The king was the first to fly out to witness the army flying down from the giant portal in the sky, heading directly for the hotel, as the princess and her girlfriend ran out after him, pushing past the queen while Alastor vanished into the shadows before materialising out with them.

“What the heck…” Vaggie whispered under her breath, unable to believe the sight before her. The exorcists charging at them were stopped forcefully by the shield around it cast by the king himself. Sera ran outside to find whatever was left of the army flying high above. *What…* That was a direct order against the heavenly council. Their lives were at stake here. Did they not realise that? Dark tendrils shot out from the ground as Alastor stomped his cane down on the floor, grabbing the angels on the other side of the shield and throwing them against the hard dirt.

“Well, isn’t this an interesting turn of events?” Static filled his voice as the overlord spoke, eyes squinting as he spotted a small flying camera circling around the shield.

“Michael!” Gabriel called out for the other as he flew to the training ground where the oldest archangel and Emily were. Silver and violet wings folded together as he landed in front of the virtue of charity.

“Gabriel, I’m busy. What is it?” Michael sighed as he lowered his training weapon, gesturing for Emily to take a break as he settled the matter with his younger brother.

“Adam’s little army went down to hell!” Gabriel yelled out in between deep breaths. As soon as he heard the news, he immediately went out to search for his older brother. Violet eyes watched as silver ones widened in anger and disbelief as the young seraphim behind him nearly choked on the water she was drinking.

“What!? I knew we should’ve done something about those angels… We need to go, now.” His voice echoed throughout the room, nearly scaring both of the younger angels in there with him as he spread his wings out, preparing to take flight.

“Wait, where are you going?” Gabriel quickly stuttered out as he followed behind his brother, leaving the young seraphim behind, confused beyond hell.

“I’m going down. I’m not going to let them harm Luci or his family.” Michael’s eyes were flaming with rage, flying so fast that God’s messenger could barely catch up.

“Down as in… You’re going to hell?” Gabriel questioned, violet eyes widening in realisation. “No, wait! You can’t go down there, Michael.” The younger pleaded, not wanting matters to get out of hand. However, he knew that once the oldest set his mind on something, nothing could stop him. *Shit shit shit!* He needed to inform the others.

“Why are they here?” Charlie yelled out, summoning her trident as Razzle flew up to her, growling in anger at the angels as it remembered what happened to its other half. Lilith stepped up beside her daughter, placing a consoling hand on her shoulder before the princess glared at her, stepping away from the first woman.

“I told you, Charlie. Angels cannot be trusted. This has to be a planned attack.” Her words laced with curses as the queen eyed the angels on the ground, trying to get closer as they kept getting pushed back by the king’s shield.

“You’re wrong, mom.” Charlie spat out, clutching her weapon in her hands. “Heaven is changing and so is hell. Angels can no longer do whatever and get away with it. The pearly gates are opened for the sinners who prove that they can change.” The princess said, eyes determined as she stood her ground against her mother. “If you aren’t going to help your *own* people, why are you even here?” Her voice was not loud, she was not yelling, she was only stating a fact. She had changed. No longer was she the young sweet girl who allowed others to do and say as they pleased. She held her ground.

“Your people aren’t going to want you back after you abandoned them for heaven, Lilith.” Eve stepped up behind the queen, golden eyes glowing as she expanded her powers to trap the angels on the other side of the shield. It was the first time she had ever used her powers other than to hide.

“Shut it, Eve.” Lilith said, turning around as she shot a violet root to wrap around the second woman’s mouth. Eve simply grabbed it before ripping it apart with her bare hand. The two stared daggers at each other. They used to be so close. They hung out often in Eden whenever Adam wasn’t around. Lilith taught Eve how to sing wonderful melodies and dance gracefully under the warmth of the sun. Now, they just glared at each other. Anger filled Lilith’s veins as Eve merely walked away with the others who turned to subdue the battle.

“Sir Michael?” St. Peter asked as he noticed the archangel heading towards the gates.

“Open the gates.” Michael demanded, a flaming sword in his hand as the other angel gulped in terror.

“But…” St. Peter hesitated, not wanting to disobey orders but needing to know the reason as part of his duty.

“Don’t make me repeat myself, St. Peter.” Silver eyes pierced into the angel’s soul, terrifying him to no end as he opened the gates. With that, the archangel left without another word spoken.

Lucifer flew high above the shield he had cast around the hotel, blasting any exorcists who dared to get close to him. *These idiots don’t know when to quit, do they?* They were absolutely no match for him. Simple descendants of Adam could not compete with him. If he had kicked ass in his battle with the first man, his legs would be buried deep inside these angels.

Just as he was about to blast another batch of exorcists, he noticed his daughter running out of the barrier, trident and a golden shield in hand as she charged at the angels. “Charlie?” He whispered to himself before he saw an exorcist flying down behind her, about to swing her spear at the princess. “Charlie!” He yelled out as he blasted the angels surrounding him before swooping down towards her in an instant with only a singular goal in mind. *Save her.*

Charlie turned around as she heard her name being called, witnessing the angel about to strike her as she barely managed to protect herself with her shield before Vaggie stabbed the exorcist straight through the heart with her spear. She gave her girlfriend a wary thumbs-up before she looked up at her father flying towards her. She wanted to smile at him, show him that she was fine. Then, all she could see was gold. Gold of angelic blood. From Lucifer, dripping from his wings. Just gold. She saw red. Everything was red as she turned to the exorcist who threw the sword. The sword that was lodged inside the second set of those beautiful red and white feathers.

“Dad!” She called out, but it was too late.

He fell towards the ground. Too stunned to keep flying. He screamed in pain before he felt a pair of arms catching him just before he reached the cold, hard floor. Radio static filled his ears as he opened his eyes to see Alastor staring at him, eyes morphing to radio dials as the overlord noticed the blood flowing out of his wing. *Fuck.*

“Lucifer!” Lilith called out before she could stop herself, running up to the injured king as the radio demon set him down on his legs. Charlie felt the fury bubbling within her. Red. Everything was red. Her head spun, threatening to explode as her face contorted with rage. Anger. Her eyes flashed bright red, turning towards the smug exorcist who stabbed her father. Her trident flashed with blood red magic, swirling around the tips as she pointed it towards the angel up high. Without wasting another second, a red light exploded from the weapon. The exorcist did not have time to dodge. Red was all the angel saw. Red was the last thing she would ever see. With that, the angel was gone.

Before any more words could be said, a bright light from above caught the attention of everyone in the city. Golden and silver feathers trapped the rest of the exorcist angels attacking the hotel as the oldest archangel flew down from above, stunning all who saw him. Silver eyes scanned the bloody scene, splatters of golden liquid covering the ground as limbs were strewn all over the place before his gaze landed on his youngest brother. Michael’s eyes widened at the sight, flying towards the injured blonde.

“Michael?” Lucifer breathed out weakly as he noticed his brother. *Why is he here? Did… Did he do this?* His head was feeling fuzzy as he barely registered his name being yelled out in a panicked voice.

“Luci!” He called out, reaching the youngest archangel just in time before he collapsed into the older’s arms. *Shit.* His blonde hair flew up like flames, ripping apart the braid that was holding it together. Golden blood from the injured wing matched the golden light of his eyes. He clutched the younger close. Blood seeped out, staining the ground. Anger bubbled within Michael. There was only one word playing in his mind over and over again. *Revenge.*

“Shit, is he ok?” Angel Dust whispered the question to Sera, who just stared at the scene in stunned silence.

“Dad! Oh, no no no no… Shit!” Charlie cried out as she ran towards their father, Vaggie holding her hand as she tried her best to console the princess. Lilith barely held herself up upon seeing the archangel, now with her ex-husband unconscious, it was a miracle she was still standing. Alastor just stared with wide eyes, not knowing how to react.

Without wasting another second, another archangel appeared in front of the group. Smoke blue hair tied in a low ponytail captured the attention of the hotel’s guests as his silver and white feathers fluttered towards them. Icy blue eyes turned to the injured fallen angel in his oldest brother’s arms as Raphael gasped at the sight. Raphael called out for his youngest brother as he ran towards the virtue of charity who handed Lucifer to the younger’s arms.

Michael turned towards the exorcists trapped in the feathered cages, whispering in a low voice to Raphael, “I’ll take care of them. Help Luci.” The younger barely nodded before the oldest archangel disappeared in a burst of flames along with every single exorcist there.

“Bring me to a bed,” Raphael spoke, his voice firm before he squeaked softly as his icy blue eyes pierced the queen’s, finally taking notice of her. He stayed silent, trying his best to ignore her as he turned away to follow the princess who quickly led him into the hotel. Alastor stood there, unmoving. *He can get hurt?*

“There’s seraphim poison laced in the sword.” Raphael whispered to himself as he examined the wound, forgetting that he wasn’t alone in the room. The princess’ voice, filled with concern and fear, scared him out of his thoughts.

“No… Will he be ok?” Charlie asked, red eyes bubbling with distress. The older jumped up at the words before nodding his head slowly.

“Yeah… The poison isn’t lethal to archangels. He should wake up within 4 hours. I just need to heal his wings…” Raphael explained as he removed his gloves, placing a hand on the wounded wing. Charlie let out a breath, relief washing over her as she realised her father

would be fine. The others were outside, cleaning up the battlefield as Lilith dealt with the hundreds of questions from the public who witnessed the battle.

"You're Charlie, right?" The virtue of humility questioned as ice formed over the wound. His icy blue eyes were focused solely on the unconscious angel in front of him as cyan magic flowed from his hands.

"Yeah… Are you one of my uncles?" The princess asked, feeling calmer now that she knew her father was safe. The archangel hummed in agreement as the wound sealed, gently removing the couple broken feathers around it. *They'll regrow.* He told himself as he finally turned his head to his niece.

"Michael will… *deal* with the exorcists that attacked you today. They won't return." Those eyes seemed distant as Raphael winced at the thought of what the oldest would do to those angels. *But they deserve whatever happens for harming Luci…* He hated bloodshed. The most quiet amongst the archangels did not enjoy hurting others. Raphael was the youngest of the seven virtues, just a couple centuries older than Lucifer. He always stood by his siblings' side, rarely uttering a word as they carried out their duties.

The door opened, snapping the two out of their thoughts. "Sir Raphael, princess, I believe Lilith wishes to speak with you." Eve entered the room, smiling as always as her golden eyes landed on ice blue ones. Raphael tensed up at the second woman's words. He didn't want to talk to the queen.

"I… I'll get Gabriel to speak with her instead… Uh, goodbye." The archangel said quickly, his words nearly jumbling together before he disappeared in a cloud of snowflakes. Charlie blinked at the spot the virtue was at, confused, before turning back to Eve.

"Uh… I'll go talk to my mom first then." Charlie said nervously, walking towards the door. She took one more look back to her father before heading out, shutting the door behind her as she left with the second woman.

“What do you want to talk about, mom?” Charlie asked, gaze piercing those pale yellow eyes. Lilith sighed, looking back at her daughter.

“Are you sure about going ahead with redemption?” The first woman questioned, wanting to know her daughter’s true thoughts. “Heaven is not all rainbows and whatever. Angels are cruel. Just as you saw today.” Her words were firm, but Charlie knew that they could change everything.

“Angels aren’t all as horrible as you think. Like Vaggie and… one of my uncles that just healed dad! They are good people, mom. Sure, not everyone will be like that… but I want to help. That’s what the hotel is all about. Heaven is accepting sinners who wish to be redeemed and I will prove to everyone who doesn’t believe that sinners can change wrong.” The princess explained, determination filling her soul.

“I’ll support your hotel…” The queen sighed, a strained smile forming on her lips. She loved her daughter, but she couldn’t be sure that heaven would truly change. Charlie’s eyes lit up at her words. Even though she was still angry at her mother, this could be a step forward to mending their relationship. Lilith continued as Eve appeared next to her, smiling as she always did, “but I won’t trust those wretched angels. If they try *anything* like they did today, I will rise against heaven again.”

“Which *idiot* is the one who thought that going down to attack *my* brother was a good idea?” Michael’s voice radiated with authority, silver eyes sending shivers down the spines of the exorcists. They coward together, staring at the flaming sword in the archangel’s hand. They stayed silent, not daring to answer. Anger coursed through the golden veins of the virtue.

“**I will not repeat myself.**” Michael spoke, voice roaring loudly as he pointed the blade towards the angels. It seemed as if he was breathing out smoke. He grabbed the arm of the exorcist closest to him, yanking her away from the group. She yelped in pain, the grasp on her arm tightening as if wanting to stop the flow of her blood. She trembled under the cold gaze of the archangel, not daring to test the waters by trying to move away.

Before she could take another breath, the sword of flames was pressed against her face. The blade barely scraped the skin. Golden blood seeped out from the cut. She screamed. The sensation of the burn felt like death itself. She was burning alive, she was sure of it. Then, her left arm was sliced. Clean off of her body. She fell to the ground in pain. She couldn't breathe. She was in so much pain that she could not even hear the cries leaving her mouth.

The exorcists witnessed the scene before them, the pleas and begging of their sister fell deaf to the archangel's ears. He bent down, tearing the mask off the angel's face before forcing her to face his silver eyes by gripping her hair harshly. Her words fell out of her mouth, joining together into complete nonsense as he pressed his sword against her neck.

"**Speak.** " He demanded. Those cold, heartless eyes turned to the rest of the group. The horrors on their faces were priceless. He could almost feel a smile forming on his face at their fear. He wanted to laugh. Laugh at their terror, laugh at them for thinking they could disobey him, laugh at them for harming *his* brother. Merciless. Their punishment would come mercilessly.

"My child," an all too familiar voice caught Michael's attention. He lowered his blade as he stood up, turning around to see his creator behind him.

"Yes?" The archangel questioned. Thousands of eyes stared at the ones behind him. There was anger in them. Hatred shone darkly within God. As loving and forgiving their lord may be, if one dared to harm their children… Well, God was known as all-powerful for a reason.

The exorcists trembled in their places as unease crawled up their guts. None had seen God since the trial of the head seraphim. Rumors had spread throughout heaven about the king of hell being pardoned by the lord. They had gone against their order. They had disobeyed their superiors. They knew they were utterly *fucked*.

An unsettling smile formed on the creator's face.

"Let there be **pain.**"

Chapter End Notes

God: forgiving and loving

Also God when their child is harmed: m u r d e r

Fight scenes are not my specialty

Lilith will slowly get better (still hates heaven)

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Recovers

Chapter Summary

Lucifer finally wakes up after the battle, exhausted.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all your support!

Updates may be a little slower

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lucifer opened his eyes, feeling groggy as he shifted in the bed. A static sound immediately shot up at the movement. He rubbed his eyes as he turned to his right, noticing a familiar pair of deer-like ears.

“Alastor?” The fallen angel whispered under his breath. He sat up before wincing in a sharp pain he felt from his wings. *Ow… What the heck?* Alastor rushed up to him, laying his cane by the edge of the bed as he held the king’s hand.

“Don’t move, my dear. You’re still healing…” The voice lacked his signature radio filter. Concern was bubbling in his eyes, ears flattening as he laid the king against the headboard.

“Michael… Why was he here?” Lucifer asked, a slight fear laced in his words. *Did he cause the attack?* The fallen angel pondered to himself as the memories came back to him.

“I’m not sure, my dear king. He just left with the exterminators after handing you to another one of your brothers.” Alastor explained, his smile strained as he carefully moved his hand to the wing that was stabbed. “I believe Gabriel is speaking with Charlie right now.” He gently held the feathery appendage as he spoke. Anger filled his guts as he stared at the healed wound. *How dare they touch what's mine.* He would kill every last one of those disgusting vermins if the king permitted.

“I need to go down…” Lucifer muttered as he heard his brother’s name. *If Gabriel is here personally, it must be important…* Alastor’s eyes shot up at his words, black tendrils appearing from the sheets to hold the king down. “What? Hey!” The fallen angel yelped as he was forced back onto the bed.

“My dear king, as much as I would love for you to go down there and scream your lungs out at your brothers for allowing the angels to just come down to hell, you need to rest. You’re still recovering.” The overlord spoke, static returning to his voice as he held the king down. The archangel down in the lobby had told the radio demon to not let the younger get out of bed. It had been a message from Raphael. Moving around could cause the poison that was still being subdued in his system to act up again. Not that it was lethal by any means, but having the king of hell randomly faint during the day would not be a great scene.

“But, if Gabriel is here, then it must be important. I need to go down.” Lucifer huffed, crossing his arms as the black tendrils retracted. *Almost like a child…* Alastor smiled softly. He combed a hand through the blonde hair.

“Your brother will come up here after he’s discussed things with Charlie, your majesty. I’m sure the princess can handle the things down there for a while.” He held the pale face gently, feeling a slight heat coming from the rosy cheeks as he observed the faint blush forming on the king’s face.

“Fine…” Lucifer nearly pouted as he laid back down to bed, cuddling close to the sinner.

Sera paced around in her room in disbelief. *Those… exorcists! They disobeyed a direct order from heaven. They attacked hell!* Was this the same despair that Lucifer, along with the sinners, felt when she forced the contract upon him? What was she thinking? She should have never allowed Adam to just do whatever. Exorcists weren’t heavenly at all… just like her.

Why was it that she was an angel? Was her guidance of heaven misled? Just how much did she lie to herself? What she thought was the right thing to do was wrong. What other lies had

she told all of heaven? Was she worthy of being the head seraphim? She never thought that angels, beings who had ascended to be in the realm above, would be so cruel. But were they so different from herself? Was she not just as bad as them for standing by all these years and doing nothing? There must be something she could do to repent for what she had done. But was she truly worthy of redemption?

She buried her hands in her head as she sat down behind her desk. *Can I even be redeemed for all the sins I've committed?* Before she could drown herself in further thoughts, a piece of paper in the corner of her eyes caught her attention. It was her note to Emily.

'I hope you're doing well, Emily. I've truly missed you down here and I've been trying to help myself by asking for forgiveness. You were right, my dear sister. Redemption is possible for all the souls in this hotel. Heaven's gates can be opened to sinners who truly wish to change…"

The letter was long. There were three whole paragraphs on how much she missed her little sister and then another telling her about the progress she had made. She smiled. No matter how hard the journey to redemption would be, she would give it her all. She would try. Even if she failed, she would try again. She would try until she could see Emily again.

"I'll set up a meeting with Uriel and Cassiel for you," Gabriel said as a golden paper appeared in his hand, "after you get the hotel approved by them, they'll help you with the souls that wish to be redeemed, Charlie." The princess nearly squealed in excitement, bouncing up and down in her seat before she jumped up to hug the archangel.

"Thank you, uncle Gabriel!" Charlie squeezed the virtue tightly, causing him to drop the paper in his hand. *Yep, definitely Luci's child.* He smiled fondly before hesitantly patting the soft blonde hair. As the princess finally let go, he picked up the paper on the floor before turning to the queen.

"Lilith." Violet eyes stared into pale yellow ones. He didn't trust the first woman. Not after she encouraged his little brother to break the rules. As the virtue of diligence, he was harsh

towards his siblings. But he always loved and cared for them. They were the light in his eyes.

“What do you want, Gabriel?” Lilith questioned as he glared at the archangel. She never had the best relations with her former husband’s family. Despite being created by them, she never really formed a close bond with anyone except Lucifer. Gabriel was always harsh with his word. Whenever he did visit Eden, it was always because of his duties. He wasn’t carefree like his little brother nor was he kind like his older sister. He would put his duties first and never cut any slack.

“Do whatever you want. But, don’t you dare to hurt him.” The virtue’s voice echoed in her ears. Violet eyes darkened before he turned away from the first woman.

“Hah! The only ones who hurt him were your stupid little army of exorcists.” Lilith laughed out, grinning maniacally when the three sets of violet and silver wings splayed out offensively. Charlie immediately leaped between them, stopping the two from breaking out in a fight.

“Luci?” Gabriel asked as he knocked on the door to the apple-shaped tower. A dark shadow slipped out under him before a familiar red haired sinner appeared behind him as he turned around. He tilted his head to the side, confusion evident in those violet eyes as he stared at the radio demon.

“His majesty just fell asleep. I would suggest not waking him so he can have sufficient rest to recover, wouldn’t you agree, Mister Gabriel?” Alastor’s smile was strained as he spoke. He had finally managed to coax the fallen angel to stay in bed and he was *not* going to let his injuries become worse.

“You’ve been awfully close to my brother, haven’t you?” Gabriel raised an unamused brow, staring deathly into those red eyes. A faint static growl could be heard coming from the sinner. “Whatever you’re trying to gain from this will not work, sinner. We both know you’re not one for things like love.” The archangel's voice radiated, eyes cold as he crossed his arms.

“Spying on me now, sir? That doesn’t seem very holy of you.” Alastor laughed, folding his arms behind his back. His ears flattened as he heard a low chuckle coming from the virtue.

“Don’t *fucking* touch him.” A hand pulled the sinner closer to the archangel by his collar. Alastor’s eyes morphed into radio dials as static snarls filled the air. The demon’s gloved hand gripped the arm that was holding him up, glaring into those violet eyes that shone darkly. Antlers sprouted out from the overlord's head before Gabriel finally let go, pushing him into a wall. “I’m not afraid to kill you, demon.” The archangel spat out, visibly trying to calm his anger.

“Would that not go against his majesty’s wishes?” Alastor uttered under his breath as he composed himself, fixing his coat. The virtue’s eyes were on him, piercing through his soul, before Gabriel took a deep breath. Without another word being said, he disappeared in a flash of lightning.

Alastor sighed, dusting himself off before he entered the room again. The king was still asleep, clearly exhausted from the earlier battle. He smiled to himself. Love might not have been his thing during his life, but he could not deny the endearment he felt towards the fallen angel.

“How was the meeting with our niece, brother Gabriel?” Ramiel asked as the younger entered the meeting room. Those violet eyes seemed tired as he settled into his seat.

“It went pretty well… Luci will come visit tomorrow with her. After we welcome them, she’ll meet up with Uriel and Cassiel to discuss the situation with redeeming sinners while Raphael shows Luci around.” Gabriel explained, the piece of golden paper he had before reappearing in his hand as he spoke. “Where’s Michael and Azrael?” He finally asked as he looked around the room, realising two of his brothers were missing before he heard the door slam open.

“Michael is *busy* with the little shits that attacked our baby bro.” Azrael entered the room, loose black and silver feathers falling everywhere as he flew to his seat. Cassiel raised an

eyebrow, staring at the mess the younger created.

“And where were you?” Gabriel questioned, staring into those ruby eyes as Azrael huffed out in annoyance.

“Souls.” That was all the angel of death needed to say for the rest to understand his irritation. Guiding souls was not an easy task. Azrael’s patience was not unlimited even though he was the virtue of it. “Anyway, whose great idea is it to give the damned exorcists the ability to travel between heaven and hell?” Azrael questioned, folding his arms together after he fixed his messed up robes. The archangels glanced amongst themselves, sighing as they realised they had been too absorbed in their duties to settle things between the two realms.

“We should go… Our work isn't going to be done if we just keep mopping here.” Uriel sighed, getting up from his seat. “Raph, how’s the cure coming along?” Evergreen eyes turned to the younger as he spoke.

“It’s almost done.” Raphael uttered, fiddling with his fingers as he glanced up at his brother.

“Great, I’ll start sending information to earth then…” Uriel said to himself as he spread his forest green wings out, exiting the room as his siblings followed not far behind.

Lucifer slowly opened his eyes, waiting for the blurriness to clear up before he sat up, feeling sore all over. *Must have slept in the wrong position…* He thought to himself as he stretched out his arms, only to feel a weight on his right hand holding it down. Looking to the side, he noticed the radio demon’s gloved hand resting on his. Alastor was kneeling on the floor, head on the mattress with his eyes closed. *He looks so calm like this…* Lucifer smiled to himself.

The overlord had not had much time to rest since the battle. He had stayed by the fallen angel’s side since the princess left the room. Even then, he just watched the king, silently. He waited until Lucifer finally regained consciousness before finally allowing himself to feel relaxed. He would never admit it, but he felt fear. Fear like he had never felt before. When

the sword was thrown at the king, he felt as if his whole world came crashing down along with the fallen angel. He had barely managed to catch the shorter.

He had wanted to destroy the one that did that to Lucifer. But he couldn't move. His feet were rooted to the ground. The fear that something would happen if he let the one in his arms go suffocated him. Watching him faint made his whole world spin. He didn't know what to do. For the first time in his life and afterlife, he felt at a loss. His dead heart nearly stopped before the princess announced that the king would be fine.

Lucifer stared at the resting face of the overlord. A delicate hand ran through the red hair, careful to avoid the sensitive ears to not awaken the other. *He looks so peaceful…*

"I love you…" The fallen angel whispered under his breath. His eyes shot up as the deer-like ears twitched. The radio demon's eyes opened, giving the king a smug smile as Lucifer felt his face heat up.

"I love you too, my dearest king." Alastor whispered, placing a soft kiss on the hand that he was holding. Lucifer buried his flushed face into his other hand as the overlord pushed himself up before climbing on the bed with the fallen angel. He ran a gloved hand through the blonde hair, stopping to remove the hand covering the flustered face. A fond smile formed on his lips as he held the king close to him. *Beautiful.*

They leaned in closer, their soft lips touching gently as they held each other. If they could stay like this forever, they would. As they separated, Lucifer gazed up at Alastor endearingly. The silence was sweet. Until the demon broke it.

"I want to drink your blood." A sly grin formed on the radio demon's face. Lucifer blinked. He blinked again as if he heard something wrong.

"Oh, shit. You're serious?" The fallen angel asked, feeling slightly nervous. It wasn't everyday that someone just came up to him asking for his blood. But he supposed that Alastor wasn't just someone. The overlord nodded his head in agreement. The golden colour looked so enticing on the king. Alastor couldn't deny that he hadn't been imagining how it would taste since he saw it. Lucifer chuckled hesitantly, "uh, not right now, I'm still recovering… Alastor!"

The radio demon leaned onto his neck, as if asking for permission. The heavy breaths were making the king feel slightly light headed. Just as he was about to cave in to the sinner's request, a knock came from the other side of the door. Alastor disappeared into the shadows within a second, not waiting for whoever it was to speak.

"Dad, are you awake? Mom wants to talk to you."

Chapter End Notes

RadioApple fluff cures my sadness

Charlie will meet the rest of her uncles and aunt next chapter

Honestly not sure how long this story is going to be

Sera's part is inspired by the song 'Heaven Is Changing' by MilkyyMelodies

Thanks for almost 3k kudos!

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Meets Heaven

Chapter Summary

Lilith and Lucifer talk, to forgive or not they still plan on supporting Charlie's dreams together

Chapter Notes

Thank you for your support!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Dad, are you awake? Mom wants to talk to you." Charlie said after she knocked on the door. She heard their father scrambling out of bed on the other side before the door opened.

"Yep! I'm wide awake. Uh… What does Lilith want to talk about?" Lucifer asked as his cane manifested in his hand after he shut the door behind him.

"She wants to stay at the hotel with us! It's a great idea, isn't it? The more support we get the better." Charlie beamed, eyes almost glowing with excitement. The fallen angel smiled softly at her despite the slight worry that crept in his guts.

"My sweet girl, I know you want to see the best in your mother… But are we sure this is safe? I mean… As much as I loved her, she's changed, Charlie." Lucifer uttered under his breath, suddenly very aware of the golden ring on his finger. It felt heavy now that he thought about it. Too heavy. Like it carried the weight of his guilt and sadness.

"Dad, I know you two parted ways on an upsetting note, but… Please, I want to help my people. Mom has shown me that she's willing to give this hotel a try and support us. Can you do this for me?" Charlie asked, her voice soft as she held her father's hands.

“Alright… That’s my little girl.” Lucifer smiled as he held the rosy cheeks of his daughter. Although the relationship between Lilith and himself would never be what it once was, he would not be opposed to staying friendly enough just for his daughter to be happy.

“Lilith.” The fallen angel said as he sat down on the seat opposite of the first woman. Red eyes staring into the queen warily in case she were to try something.

“Lucifer…” Lilith sighed, folding her arms together. Charlie stood in the corner of the room, observing quietly. Even though the conversation only involved the two, the princess was there to make sure they wouldn’t kill each other. Vaggie stood outside the room, waiting patiently for her girlfriend. The former exorcist didn’t want to intrude on the private conversation, but if something were to happen, she would be ready to protect Charlie.

“Shall we begin with why you’re still here?” Lucifer squinted his eyes in distrust, light purple eyeshadow visible as he questioned this ex-wife.

“I want to support Charlie.” The queen said, glancing at her daughter who gave her a nervous smile back. “I know we ended things badly… I’m not asking you to forgive me or that we should get back together, but I do hope that we can be civil.” She continued as she turned back to her former husband. The red eyes did not seem less doubtful than before, but the fallen angel was visibly less tense at her words.

“Yeah… I think that it’ll be best if we just stay friendly… acquaintances if nothing else.” Lucifer sighed, looking down and fiddling with his fingers. “I’m not ready to forgive you, but I’m willing to give you a chance, Lilith,” He smiled. Although the smile was evidently strained, those red eyes genuinely did wish to accept her back in his life. They fell apart. But it didn't mean they had to stay apart. The path to forgiveness was a long one, and both sides would have to put in effort to make it possible. Even though they wouldn't want to be together again, it didn't hurt to support each other.

Charlie was almost in tears. She had watched her parents separate with her own two eyes. It was an awful process for all parties involved. But, seeing them talk to each other,

understanding and communicating their feelings brought a warmth to her heart. The warmth that she had always yearned for. The warmth of the complete family she didn't have. As they left the room, she jumped on Vaggie, squeezing her tightly. Her girlfriend's shocked expression quickly changed to a soft smile as she carried the tearful princess back to their shared bedroom. Lucifer smiled, knowing that his daughter was in good hands.

Lilith raised an eyebrow, confused before he leaned down to whisper in the king's ear, "are we sure that the angel is good enough for our daughter?" The soft gaze in those red eyes told her all she needed to know.

"She is. She's a kind soul… And she is the first to support Charlie's dream. If anything, she's perfect for our sweet little girl."

The next day, Charlie and her father came down to the lobby of the hotel, double checking their belongings as they awaited for the portal to heaven to open.

"Are you sure you'll be fine?" Vaggie asked, holding her girlfriend's rosy cheeks. She remembered the last time they went to heaven clearly, how poorly their trial went, how it exposed her as a former exorcist and how Charlie refused to speak with her afterwards. It truly saddened her to see the disappointment and anger in the princess's face and she didn't want her love to go through that again.

"Don't worry, Vaggie. I've got my dad with me! What could possibly go wrong?" Charlie exclaimed, giving her girlfriend a small peck on the lips. "We'll be back before you know it. I love you." Charlie smiled, running a hand through Vaggie's long hair.

"I love you, too." The former exorcist smiled back. Lilith and Eve were catching up at the lounge while Angel Dust flirted with Husk at the bar as Cherribomb watched in amusement. Sera was up in her room doing who knows what while Niffty ran around the hotel stabbing bugs. Alastor finally appeared in the lobby just as the two royals were about to leave.

“What a fine morning this is, your majesty.” The radio demon exclaimed, smile widening as he gestured to the nearby window. “Truly a shame that our dear Charlie has to leave on such a beautiful day.” Alastor said, grinning as he noticed the side eye from the king.

“ *My* Charlie.” Lucifer corrected before smiling to himself. Their banter had turned from throwing insults at each other into something more like playful teasing ever since the king’s trial. They knew their feelings for each other, yet they did not wish to explain it to the public, even the souls in the hotel.

“She’s my daughter too!” Lilith yelled out from the couch, snickering with Eve as they listened in on the conversation. “I’ve missed this…” The first woman smiled as the giggling died down. She had missed laughing together with the second woman. It used to be so fun, spending time together in the Garden of Eden. Eve smiled fondly, enjoying the reminiscence of the old days. They could still hear some chatting from the rest before a golden portal appeared in the centre of the lobby.

“We’ll be back soon!” Lucifer exclaimed loudly to the rest of the hotel as he and Charlie entered the portal. Alastor stared at the king as they left, a strange sense of dread crawling up his spine.

Gabriel awaited for the arrival of his little brother and his niece at the gates of heaven. His face lit up as he witnessed the golden portal opening before him as the two blondes stepped out.

“Luci, Charlie, welcome back to heaven.” The silver haired greeted with a slight bow. Lucifer waved back with a smile as Charlie bounced up and down excitedly.

“Uncle Gabriel! So happy to see you again. I know we didn’t have much time to talk about things aside from the hotel last time but I have sooo many things to tell you about…” The princess rambled on happily as they entered the heavenly realm. Gabriel smiled to himself. Although he was often hard on his siblings, he cared a lot for them. Seeing his niece so joyful really reminded him of Lucifer.

“Gabriel!” The virtue of diligence turned around to see his little brother run up to him.

“What is it, Luci?” Gabriel asked the younger, combing a hand through the soft blonde hair. Lucifer bounced up and down eagerly, rambling on about something new he found as the older archangel barely caught up with what he was saying.

“And and, there was this…”

“Slow down, Luci, you’re going to run out of breath.” He chuckled at the younger. Lucifer finally paused, taking a large breath as his cheeks puffed out adorably. Violet eyes stared fondly at the blonde’s antics before those divine golden eyes lit up at a sudden idea that popped in his mind.

“Gabriel, can you teach me how to use a sword?” Lucifer beamed brightly at the older. Michael had never allowed the youngest to hold a weapon in fear that he would hurt himself accidentally, hence the little archangel never got any training on using them. But those golden eyes stared up at him so radiantly that he simply could not refuse.

“Hm… I suppose I can let you hold my sword for a while…” Gabriel sighed before smiling fondly at his youngest brother. Watching the adorable grin form on his face would be worth any scolding he got from Michael and Ramiel later. He unsheathed his sword, cautiously handing the blade to the youngest as he spoke, “be careful now. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

Lucifer’s eyes shone beautifully as he witnessed the lightning-imbued sword. Violet bolts flashed stunningly, the light reflecting off those golden iris. The little angel was practically squealing in awe as he clutched the hilt tightly.

“I love it!” Lucifer squeaked ecstatically. He was bouncing up and down with glee, underdeveloped wings fluffing out behind him, as he looked at the older with pure delight.

“I’m sure you can ask God for a weapon of your own if you wish.” Gabriel smiled softly as he gazed into those angelic eyes. All the archangels had a weapon of their own that was modeled perfectly for their use. It would only make sense if their youngest brother had one too.

As they reached the heavenly palace, they were welcomed by the rest of the archangels. Azrael beamed brightly when he saw his niece, running up to squeeze her immediately before Cassiel pulled him away, allowing the rest of them to greet her.

“You already got to see her. Let the others get their chance!” The older exclaimed as he smacked the black-haired on his head, eliciting a quiet yelp from the younger. Hazel eyes returned to the princess as he introduced himself, “Charlie, I am Cassiel. I’m sure you’ve already met some of us, but I must say that we are all very happy to meet you.”

“I’m very glad to meet you all too! Oh my God, I have so many things to tell all of you about as well as so many questions. Like, what are your favourite foods? We have to get lunch or dinner together! It’ll be so amazing to have a big family gathering!” Charlie exclaimed as she headed towards the rest of the archangels. She took note of their distinct presence, strangely different compared to her father yet so similar at the same time. Various coloured halos glowed beautifully on each of their heads as their wings splayed out behind them elegantly. She quickly found herself talking enthusiastically as her father followed behind them with Gabriel.

“She really is a splitting image of you.” The virtue of diligence said, a subtle smile forming on his face. Red eyes turned to him, shining brightly as the fallen angel realised how lucky he was to be back. Lucifer couldn’t be more happy right now. He was welcomed back into his family along with his daughter, who his siblings accepted wholeheartedly. How much better could this get?

As they entered the main hall, the archangels and the princess were met with a pleasant surprise. Radiant light shone throughout the room, a loving smile on the ethereal face as thousands of eyes gazed at Charlie.

“My morning star’s daughter, how are you?” They reached a hand out towards her as they asked.

“Hi! I’ve been doing fine. Are you one of my family members in heaven too?” Charlie’s voice was filled with excitement as she gleefully took the hand and shook it. Her father walked up beside her nervously, tapping on her shoulder to get her to lean down a bit.

“That’s God, Charlie. Our creator…” Lucifer whispered into her ear as the rest of his siblings stared in shock. They hadn’t expected their creator to show up. It seemed to be a common occurrence nowadays, though. First the trial of the former head seraphim, followed by visiting Michael during his *business* with the exorcists, and now this. But, they were glad that God was being more present lately. It was a fine change from the past ten thousand years of silence.

“Oh… Oh! Oh my God! I mean… Uh, you are God! Um…” Charlie exclaimed, unsure of what to do or say. The lord chuckled softly, fond eyes staring at their granddaughter. She truly reminded them of their beloved morning star.

“No need to be afraid, child. I’m simply here to see my dearest child’s offspring.” A hand settled on the rosy cheeks of the princess. She smiled back at them hesitantly, not knowing how to react in the presence of their deity.

“So… Does this mean you’re my grandfather… or grandmother? Not to assume you are a man but uh… Should I just call you God?” Charlie chuckled nervously, red eyes wide with anxiousness as the thousand eyes focused on her.

“You may call me whatever you wish, child. You truly are as kind and wonderful as the light says.” If it was possible, it seemed like the smile grew even fonder. A lovely child from their beloved angel. The princess seemed less tense at the words as the creator continued, “I do hope you enjoy your stay in heaven.”

Lucifer wandered around the streets of heaven with Ramiel, telling her all about the things that happened in hell. Charlie was busy discussing important things about the hotel with Uriel and Cassiel at the moment, hence the king decided to take a walk with his older sister in the meantime. He didn't want to leave his daughter alone with his brothers initially, but she insisted that it would be fine. *They've changed.* He reminded himself. *She will be fine with them.*

"We made this commercial for the hotel and now more sinners are coming for redemption! Isn't it wonderful? I'm so proud of Charlie. Oh, I'm also making a zoo near the hotel! " Lucifer said, voice beaming with delight as he ranted on to his sister. She smiled softly, nodding her head to show that she was listening as they strolled the streets. Many angels took notice of them, but most scurried away once they recognised the king of hell. It was no secret that God had specifically allowed the fallen angel to visit heaven, yet many still did not trust the king. Lucifer was known as the terrifying prince of darkness in the end.

"Should we head to Heaven Park, Luci? I remember how fond you were of the roller coasters." Ramiel smiled as she gestured to the entrance of the theme park they were walking past. It was a good thing that her little brother didn't seem to be bothered by the silent whispers by the angels around them. She wouldn't want to ruin his bright smile.

"Oh, no. I'm fine, really. I prefer circus stuff more than the holy things here." Lucifer said, chuckling nervously as his sister tilted her head in confusion. *Circus imagery?* She wondered before his voice snapped her out of her thoughts, "oh! I need to help pass some letters to Sir Pentious and a few other angels…" He spun his apple cane around as a golden magic swirled around, causing terror to the angels around them as they ran away in a panic, before a small stack of letters fell on his hand.

"Oh? I can help you with that." Ramiel said, voice gentle as she gazed at the letters. Most were to Sir Pentious, whom she recognised as the first redeemed soul, one was to a winner named Molly, another to the sweet angel lady she had spoken to not long ago and finally one to Emily, the head seraphim-in-training. *Probably letters from those staying at Charlie's hotel.* It was sweet, honestly. A very sweet gesture from them to remember their dear friend who had already been redeemed.

“Really? Thanks, Ramiel!” Lucifer exclaimed as they continued their walk around heaven’s city.

Their first stop was a small café, where they found Sir Pentious chatting with a spider angel trying out the new desserts on the menu. *She seems awfully familiar…* Lucifer wondered as he waved to the snake angel, catching his attention.

“Your majesssty?” Sir Pentious said as he noticed the fallen angel, cutting his conversation with the other winner short as he placed the macaroon he was about to try back down. His red eyes stared in disbelief as Molly turned around to see the king of hell standing behind them with Lady Ramiel, causing her to jump up in panic. She had never seen the archangels in person before, especially not one so beautiful like her. She quickly bowed to the virtue of kindness before Ramiel gestured to her to rise.

“No need to be so formal, my dear. We’re not here on business. You are Molly, correct?” The older archangel’s voice was as calm and gentle as always, relaxing the winner in an instant. Molly quickly nodded her head as Lucifer lit up at her name.

“Oh! Molly, I have a letter for you.” The king exclaimed excitedly as he handed the envelope to her. She took it hesitantly, unsure if it was safe. *He is the king of hell… But if Lady Ramiel is with him, it should be fine, right?”* Before she could say anything, Lucifer stepped towards the snake angel as he continued, “I have a couple letters for you too, Sir Pentious.” He smiled brightly as he placed them in the winners hands. Immediately, he noticed the names of who these letters were from, red eyes beaming with joy.

“These are from Misssss Cherribomb and the ressst?” Sir Pentious asked as tears formed in his eyes. The fallen angel nodded enthusiastically, feeling glad that the winner hadn’t forgotten about his daughter and the hotel.

“They’ve all missed you a lot and wanted to write something for you.” Lucifer explained, smiling brightly as joyous tears nearly feel out of those wide red eyes of the snake angel. “Ah, I can’t stick around for too long. Still have many more letters to deliver… Hope to see

you again!" The king said as he waved the two goodbye before leaving with his sister, talking to her excitedly about the reaction of the winners.

"For the king of hell, he doesn't seem too bad." Molly said, smiling down as she noticed the name on the letter. *Anthony… I've missed you, brother.* "Hey, where did the macaroons go?" She said, confused as she turned back to the table to see that it was missing a plate. Sir Pentious stared down in bewilderment.

"I swear it wasn't me!" He exclaimed immediately, also baffled by the strange disappearance.

Chapter End Notes

Who stole the macaroons

Brother-sister bonding time

God finally meets Charlie

Updates might be slower cause I'm having a bit of a writer's block

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven Visits

Chapter Summary

As Charlie finishes up her meeting with her uncles, she decides to go hang out with a certain seraphim angel.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their next stop was in a small town as Ramiel led her brother to a humble home. Knocking softly, a short Creole woman with dark curly hair answered the door.

“Oh! Lady Ramiel, I didn’t expect you to drop by so soon. With a sweet-looking guest as well.” The winner smiled, taken aback by the suddenness of the visit as she tried to invite the two into her house.

“Ah, don’t worry. We’ll be out of your hair in just a jiffy!” Lucifer exclaimed, not wanting to intrude on the angel’s personal space. “You must be Alastor’s mother, right? I heard you are a very lovely lady. Your son wanted me to pass this to you.” The king continued as he handed the letter to the winner. Bewilderment was evident on her face as she accepted the letter.

“My son… Oh my, I haven’t seen him in such a long time. I’ve truly missed his lovely smile.” She said fondly as she reminisced about her time on earth. Happiness filled her eyes as she stared at the letter, a tinge of sadness mixing within as she understood her son’s whereabouts. The choices he made in life seemed to be not the ones that would get him to heaven. He didn’t go to much detail about what happened, but she knew he would tell her if he believed it was necessary. All that she needed to know was that he was safe.

“Thank you for this, sir.” She smiled softly at the fallen angel. If she recognised him as the king of hell, she didn’t mention it. She was just happy that she finally got to know her son again. Lucifer returned the smile. He noticed the sadness in her eyes, unsure of how to comfort her.

“Don’t worry, my dear angel. I’m sure he wouldn’t want you to be upset,” Ramiel said, voice as sweet as ever. Sapphire blue eyes gazed softly as the winner nodded her head, understanding what the virtue meant. With that, they said their farewells before the two archangels headed to their final destination.

“Michael!” Lucifer called out as he and Ramiel entered the training ground. The oldest archangel turned to see his little brother running towards him, smiling. He gestured to Emily to go drink some water while he talked to his siblings.

“What are you doing here, Luci?” Michael smiled as the youngest stopped in front of him, combing a hand through the short blonde hair. “Charlie is still with Uriel and Cassiel.” The oldest said, acknowledging their sister with a slight nod which she returned.

“Luci has a letter for Emily so we decided to visit you.” Ramiel explained, sapphire eyes shifting to the young seraphim’s. Emily quickly bowed as her name was mentioned, nearly dropping the water she was holding. She set the bottle down before stepping closer to the rest.

“A letter?” Emily asked before the king handed her an envelope. *From Sera?* She pondered as she accepted the letter.

“Your sister really misses you,” Lucifer smiled softly, a hint of guilt welling up in his gut. He was the one who had suggested that Sera be fallen. He was the one who separated the two sisters. The young seraphim smiled at him, thanking him for the letter, bringing a sense of comfort to his heart.

King of hell or not, he is still as sweet as the rest of the archangels. Emily thought as she set the letter aside, planning to read it after her training.

"So… You're going to be the new head seraphim? Congratulations! I think you're a very sweet soul." Lucifer beamed proudly, happiness flashing across his eyes as he spoke. Michael watched the two interact fondly with Ramiel by his side. The two bringers of joy. The oldest archangel had always thought of the seraphim as his youngest brother's replacement. Hence, he could never face her. He hated seeing her. However, now he could see that she was not Lucifer's substitute. She was her own soul. The things she did may be similar to the fallen angel, but she was not him. It seemed to heal a piece of the virtue of charity that he did even know was damaged. He could finally look at her and not be afraid to tear the poor angel apart. It gave him peace.

"Can I hang out with Charlie later? I've missed her so much since the last time she was here!" Emily squealed in excitement as the king chuckled softly. *She really is similar to Charlie.* It brought a smile to the youngest archangel's face, remembering how exhilarated his own daughter was whenever she got to see someone she liked.

"Of course! I'm sure she's missed you too." Lucifer's lips curled up in the shape of a crescent, feeling the sense of connection between himself and the seraphim grow. *She's so sweet.*

"Luci, Charlie's meeting should be done. Shall we return?" Ramiel asked, voice gentle as her wings lifted behind her back. A dejected look flashed across the younger's red eyes before he straightened himself and nodded, his own wings fluffing out behind him, ready to take flight. As the two archangels flew away, Emily resumed her training with Michael.

"So after a soul has been rehabilitated, I will bring them to face divine judgment." Cassiel explained, turning to his niece to confirm the process.

"Yep! And after that, uncle Uriel will provide them with the angelic status." Charlie smiled as she glanced between both her uncles, who were scribbling down the necessary details onto

golden papers with their quills. Once they were done, the three reexamined the writings before creating a contract to approve of this.

“Extermination is completely banned now and all souls of sinners are welcomed into the heavenly realm as long as they pass divine judgment.” Uriel declared as he signed the document. Both Charlie and Cassiel nodded in agreement before they inscribed their own names on the golden paper. With that, the contract was sealed. Sinners could be redeemed. Charlie felt giddy as she leaped up to bring both her uncles into a tight hug.

“Thank you so much!” She exclaimed repeatedly as the archangels smiled fondly.

“It’s no problem, Charlie. If you ever need any help with your hotel, just give us a sign,” Uriel said, evergreen eyes staring at his joyous niece. He still remembered the times when his youngest brother would ramble on about his dreams. Lucifer’s daughter was just like him. She was determined to accomplish her dreams even if many had rejected her ideas. Many had dismissed her beliefs of rehabilitation just as the angels of heaven did to Lucifer’s ideas over ten thousand years ago. But they never stopped dreaming. If Uriel couldn’t make his little brother’s dreams come true, he would try again with his niece.

Uriel was the embodiment of God's vision in creation, the virtue of chastity creating the majority of the heaven-born life, only ever speaking the truth as it was, guiding the first of Earthly souls to the path of purity. All life and souls meant to be created was overseen by him. He had tried multiple times to place many of his baby brother's ideas in front of the rest of the heavenly council to be approved for creation, but they always proved to be too dangerous to be brought into existence. However, he never stopped listening to Lucifer's ideas. He truly adored his little brother from the bottom of his angelic soul.

"One day, Luci, one day, they will witness the beauty of your ideas. Never stop dreaming."

Just as they were about to head out of the meeting room, they heard a knock on the door. It opened slightly to reveal the youngest archangel with the second oldest, peaking into the room to see if they were still discussing things.

"Are you guys done?" Lucifer asked, red eyes landing on his daughter's before giving her a smile. Cassiel nodded his head, inviting the two in.

"We just finished, actually." Uriel exclaimed, running over the details together with his niece to the king. Lucifer felt a warm feeling spreading within him. Charlie, his light and joy, was so welcomed by his family. He honestly could not feel more happy. He could barely catch up with the information both his daughter and older brother were throwing at him, but he tried to listen nonetheless. It felt like home.

"Oh, right. Charlie, I went ahead and gave all the letters our guests wrote to Sir Pentious and the others," Lucifer said as the two finished rambling. Charlie's red eyes beamed at him, happiness flashing within them as she hugged her father.

"Thanks, dad! It really means a lot to me how much you're helping with the hotel." The princess smiled brightly, squeezing her father tight before letting go. The fallen angel recounted the tale of Ramiel and his mini adventure as said archangel led them to a temporary guest room for her niece.

"We also found a winner, who looked a lot like Angel now that I think about it… Anyways, there was also a letter from him to the winner!" Lucifer exclaimed excitedly, eyes lighting up as he told the story to his daughter.

"Oh! That must be Angel's twin sister. He told me about her when he was writing the letters." Charlie felt her smile grow pained as he remembered the sadness in Angel Dust's eyes. *He must really miss her a lot… But, he'll definitely be glad that she is in heaven!* She pondered to herself, beaming at that thought.

"Huh, I didn't know… Oh, we also found Alastor's mother! She seemed really sweet, such a pure soul! No wonder she got into heaven…" Lucifer continued before stopping himself. *Alastor's mother… She seemed really sad when she understood that her son was in hell.*

“Dad? Are you ok?” Charlie asked as she realised that he had stopped talking. Snapping out of his thoughts, Lucifer put on his most convincing smile as he continued his words.

“I’m fine, don’t worry. Oh, we also went to find Emily. You remember her, right? She said she wants to come visit you after her training with Michael.” Lucifer said as they reached the room. Ramiel dismissed herself, leaving the father and daughter to continue their catching-up alone.

“Oh! That’s wonderful. I’ve missed her a lot since the last time I came to heaven…” Charlie smiled before she remembered about the trial before. *Don’t think about how poorly that ended. Not right now.* She told herself before she continued, “What is she training for?”

“She’s going to be the new head seraphim. Isn’t that great news?” Lucifer explained, smiling brightly as he helped his daughter settle into the room. Charlie’s eyes widened in surprise. She felt happy for the seraphim angel. It was wonderful that the new head seraphim was such a pure soul. She should definitely go hang out with her later.

“Charlie!” Emily exclaimed, waving enthusiastically as she ran up to the princess. Michael followed closely behind the young seraphim as they stopped by the entrance to the heavenly palace. The virtue had given her the afternoon off so that she could spend some time with the king’s daughter. Michael seemed like a really nice archangel, very different from how she had imagined him to be when Sera and other angels told her about him. *Sure, he's strict sometimes, but he seems really kind.* Charlie headed towards Emily with a wide grin on her face. She was very thrilled to see the angel doing well, just as Emily was glad to see the princess.

“Emily! There’s so many things I need to tell you about. Like, the hotel, Vaggie and other things that happened since the last time we met…” Charlie squealed, overjoyed as the two began talking about random topics. Lucifer walked his daughter out to the entrance to meet the seraphim after she said she wanted to see Emily again. Now the two archangels stood side by side as the two girls ran off, out to discover who knows what in the streets of heaven.

“This is safe, right?” The fallen angel turned to his brother, the concern in his voice taking the older by surprise.

“Of course, Luci. Shall we leave them be and have a meal with the others? I’m sure they’re waiting for us inside.” Michael said, a soft smile forming on his face as the silver eyes gazed into red ones. Lucifer nodded, following his oldest brother back into the palace.

As Emily and Charlie roamed the streets of heaven, they would stop by at various shops, checking out their intriguing supplies and buying some scrumptious foods and beverages.

“This drink is really good!” Charlie exclaimed, taking a sip from the colourful straw while Emily nodded in agreement as she drank her own drink. “It’s too bad we don’t have these back in hell… Oh! I should buy some back for Vaggie!” The idea popped into her mind as she ordered another drink to-go. The waitress quickly took her order, slightly intimidated to be in the presence of the princess of hell.

“We should go check out the accessories shop after this. It’s right down the street from here and there’s a lot of beautiful hair clips, bracelets and necklaces there!” Emily said, grinning happily as she spent time with her favourite demon. Charlie agreed to the idea swiftly as they quickly finished up their dishes before paying the bill and leaving the place after thanking the servers.

They headed down the street, chatting about whatever came to their mind as they entered the shop. A soft ringing sound could be heard as they opened the doors, alerting the shopkeeper of the presence of customers. As he greeted the two that entered, they looked around, mesmerised by the beauty of the products. There were bags of all colours and types, wristbands and other accessories along with some jewellery at the counter.

Immediately, a pair of shining earrings caught Charlie’s eyes. They were made of silver with rose quartz embedded within, glowing angelically under the light in the shop. It reminded her of her girlfriend. Emily noticed the princess being engrossed at the pair of earrings, smiling at the blonde as she said, “If you want, I can buy it for you.”

“Oh! I shouldn’t… It would be rude of me to ask this of you.” Charlie quickly rejected. It wasn’t as if the earrings were too expensive, but she did not have much of heaven’s currency on her.

“Don’t worry! I’m offering to get it for you. You could… think of it as a souvenir!” Emily exclaimed, quickly turning to ask the shopkeeper to take it out before the princess could stop her. “Please, Charlie. I owe you something for how you were treated by Adam and Lute.” Emily’s smile saddened as she remembered the trial with the princess.

“Fine… But I’m definitely going to repay you at some point.” Charlie sighed before beaming up at the seraphim. The two giggled like little kids as Emily paid for the earrings, handing the bag to the princess before they thanked the shopkeeper and left the shop.

It was evening by the time Charlie returned to the palace, quickly heading up to her room after greeting her uncles and aunt. She packed up the things she got from her little outing with Emily in her bags, unable to wait to bring them home tomorrow. Just as she finished packing her bags, she heard a knock coming from the door.

“Come in!” The princess yelled out before the door opened to reveal her father standing outside with a smile. “Dad? Is everything ok?” She asked, concerned if something may have happened while she was gone.

“Oh, I’m fine. Just wanted to check in on you before I turn in for the night.” Lucifer said, red eyes gazing at his daughter fondly. *I really did miss out on a lot of her childhood.* Especially those teenage years when Charlie stayed with her mother more often. He never got to be the father he had hoped to be, but he promised himself to become better and support her in whatever way he could. “Oh, right. Uriel said he left you some dessert on the table,” Lucifer explained, shifting his eyes to the empty desk before he continued, “Oh! I see you’ve already finished it.”

“What dessert? I didn’t see anything when I came back.” Charlie questioned, confusion written all over her face. Her father returned the look with his own baffled expression.

“Uh… I'll ask Uriel about it in the morning,” the king said, feeling a strange sense of fatigue wash over him before he continued, “I won't disturb you anymore now. Goodnight!” Closing the door, he left his daughter in her own bewilderment.

Chapter End Notes

I like to imagine that Emily just drags Charlie to every store in heaven

Who keeps stealing the desserts

Hell will return next chapter

Will try to update every two days

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell Returns

Chapter Summary

As the two MorningStars prepare to leave heaven, they encounter another mystery on their hands.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story so far!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the morning, Lucifer yawned as he sat up on his old bed. *Strange… I swear I slept the appropriate number of hours.* Despite that, his head felt heavy. He blinked slowly, allowing his vision to clear up before he got out of bed and headed to the bathroom. *Maybe a quick shower will help.*

As he cleaned himself up, the fog in his brain didn't clear much, but he felt more awake than he was before. He dried himself off before he put on his regular suit. Just as he stepped out of his room, he felt something was amiss. He thought he saw something moving in the corner of his eyes. *What? How strange…* He should probably ask Azrael about this. Out of nowhere, he clutched his head as a sharp pain filled him. *Shit! Why is my head hurting so much?* He sighed, taking a deep breath before deciding to check up on his daughter.

While walking to her room, he bumped into Uriel, causing him to suddenly remember the conversation between Charlie and him the night before.

"Morning, Luci. How did you sleep?" Uriel asked, evergreen eyes landing on his little brother.

“I slept fine… Uriel, you said you would put the dessert in Charlie’s room yesterday, right?” Lucifer questioned, rubbing his head with a hand as he tried to recall more details of the day before.

“Yeah! Did she like it?” The older archangel asked enthusiastically.

“Uh… Actually she couldn’t find it when she got back.” The younger said, looking up to see the confusion in his brother’s face. Uriel tilted his head, unsure of what to make of this information.

“Well… I’ll just make some more for her later. But that’s strange… I’m pretty sure no one else entered the room after I left. There’s no thieves in heaven, right?” The virtue uttered to himself under his breath, bewildered by the fact that the dessert was gone. He quickly waved goodbye to Lucifer as they both went on their way, his younger brother heading to Charlie’s room while Uriel went to the kitchen to make breakfast. Just as they separated, the older archangel felt a chill go up his spine, turning around to see that the hallway was empty. *What is happening?* He swore he sensed a strange presence, yet he couldn’t place a finger on who or what it was. Shaking his head, he decided to ignore it for now. *No one would dare to attack the heavenly palace, right?*

As the archangels ate their breakfast with Charlie, the virtues talked about many things with their niece, enjoying her lively presence.

“Oh, right. Az mentioned that you have a girlfriend, Charlie,” Uriel teased, chuckling softly at the princess’s shocked expression. Charlie laughed nervously, suddenly feeling all the eyes on her to be suffocating.

“Yeah… Her name’s Vaggie.” The princess said, fidgeting with the fork in her hand. She didn’t want to reveal the fact that her love was a former exorcist, seeing how hostile the archangels felt towards them and the fact that it wasn’t her story to tell anyway. She was learning to respect boundaries and she wouldn’t want to cross her girlfriend’s on accident.

“She sounds lovely. When can we meet her?” Ramiel asked, a warm smile plastered on her face. White hair swayed behind her back as sapphire blue eyes observed her niece. *She seems nervous…* Ramiel pondered as she noticed the fidgeting.

“You should bring her with you the next time you visit, baby bro!” Azrael butted into the conversation, mouth full and chewing on his food.

“Swallow before you speak, Azrael,” Gabriel reprimanded, earning himself a glare from the younger archangel. A warm feeling spread through Charlie’s soul. She never had a big family. Despite the little disagreements, being together and talking with family was something she didn’t experience often. It felt… nice. The warm fuzzy feeling that spread through the air brought a sense of comfort to the princess. She felt loved.

As they finished their breakfast, Lucifer and Charlie headed back to their rooms to prepare to return to hell. The two met up with the rest of the archangels at the palace’s entrance.

“Hope you enjoyed your stay in heaven.” Ramiel said, voice calming as she spoke. Charlie nodded enthusiastically. She really had a lot of fun here compared to the last time. Meeting all her uncles and aunt, hanging out with Emily and even seeing God. It was a wonderful experience.

“Visit more often, Luci.” Raphael smiled, his quiet voice barely audible yet still causing the youngest archangel’s eyes to light up.

“I will.” Lucifer beamed excitedly. Icy blue eyes softened at the bright grin.

“Shall we make our way to the gates?” Gabriel asked as he checked the time. Charlie and her father nodded in agreement, quickly following the virtue towards the pearly gates after saying their goodbyes.

“We're home!” Charlie called out loudly as they stepped through the golden portal before it closed behind them. Instantly, Vaggie was by the princess's side, welcoming her back. Lucifer stared fondly at the two as they started talking about what happened the day before.

“Hey, did ya manage to find Molly?” Angel Dust questioned, a hint of anxiety in his eyes. Lucifer turned to the spider demon, smiling softly as he nodded his head. The sinner's face lit up almost instantly, happiness filling his soul as he realised his twin sister was in heaven. *All the more reason to redeem myself.*

“How's Sir Pentious doing?” Cherribomb asked before the king's eyes shifted to her.

“He's doing pretty well, I think. He seems to be getting along with other winners,” Lucifer uttered under his breath as he tried to recall the visit. Cherribomb smiled to herself. *At least he's safe.* “Anyway, I should go unpack my things now. I think Charlie has a few souvenirs for you all.” The fallen angel said as he started heading towards his tower, turning the attention of the crowd to his daughter.

As he walked up the stairs, he felt a familiar shadow following him. “Alastor, you can come out now.” Lucifer chuckled to himself as the radio demon materialised from the ground. A fond grin settled on the overlords face as he took the king's hand, placing a soft kiss on it.

“Welcome back, my love.” Alastor said as he held the hand tightly. A deep flush spread across Lucifer’s face. It was simply adorable how flustered the fallen angel would get from just a small nickname. Despite not being the best at this type of relationship, having had zero experience from his birth until the king, he wanted to try. To learn to love others as easily as everyone else could. He had no interest in the act of lovemaking, but simply being close to Lucifer brought a sense of comfort that he had never felt before.

“We should go to my room before someone catches us…” The fallen angel whispered, an endearing curl of his lips on his face. Alastor hummed in agreement, not letting go of hand in his palm as they headed towards the king’s room. As they walked up the stairs, Lucifer could not help but feel as if there was some other presence in the walls. Something or someone which he couldn’t place his finger on. *Strange...* He pondered before his head began hurting again just as he reached his room.

“Are you alright, my king?” Alastor asked as he closed the doors, turning to the fallen angel who had a hand dug into his blonde hair. The overlord’s smile became strained as he noticed the king was in pain. Lucifer began gasping silently, feeling his world spin as he collapsed in a pile of rubber ducks right after he placed his belongings down. The radio demon lifted him back up immediately, concern flooding his mind. “Your majesty? Your majesty. Lucifer!” Alastor called out, trying to snap the king out of it. Panic washed over him like a bucket of cold water as he quickly brought the fallen angel to the bed, laying him down. Just as he was about to turn to get the princess, or someone, anyone, he heard a soft whimper from the one on the bed.

“Al… Alastor. It hurts… Please, don’t go.” Lucifer sniffled as he clutched his head tightly. Alarms rang in the radio demon’s head. As much as he wanted to stay and comfort the king, it would probably be better to get someone to help. “Please…” The fallen angel sobbed, tears falling from those red eyes filled with pain. Alastor took a deep breath, getting onto the bed with the king, holding Lucifer close to his chest. *What should I do…*

His gloved hands wrapped around the fallen angel tightly, allowing him to cry softly as the pain spread through his head. A silent ‘thank you’ could be heard coming from the one in the radio demon’s arms. “It’s alright…” Alastor lied through his teeth. He didn’t know if it was alright. But he wanted the pain coursing through the king’s veins to stop. He wanted to rip the soul of the one who did this to him apart. *Who dares touch what’s mine…* His eyes grew darker as antlers sprouted from his head as he clutched Lucifer with firm arms. He would make them *suffer.*

The fallen angel sobbed softly, gasping for breath before he felt the clasp around him tighten. The pain was unbearable. He wanted to tear his own hair out of his head. It was sharp. His body felt like it was burning alive. Lucifer stayed like that, in Alastor’s grasp, until the cries died out as he passed out from the pain.

“Michael, do you have what I asked?” The creator questioned, a thousand eyes falling on their oldest child. Michael nodded his head, bringing out the angelic sword stained with golden blood. The weapon burned with a sinister energy, laced in poison. It was the blade used to injure the youngest archangel.

“Why do you need it, God? Raphael had already examined the wound. It’s mere seraphim poison. Lucifer is already better as we saw yesterday.” Michael said, voice filled with confusion. He hadn’t questioned why the lord wanted the sword, he simply retrieved it for him when he requested it. It felt strange, though. Their creator never did anything without reason.

“I sensed something amiss when my morning star returned the day before.” A thousand eyes examined the blade as their firstborn handed it to them. The aura felt oddly familiar. It was something they hadn’t sensed in eons. Michael tilted his head in confusion as the thousand eyes inspected the weapon. “Thank you for your assistance, Michael.” They thanked their oldest archangel, dismissing him.

“It is my pleasure to be of help.” Michael bowed before golden and silver feathers spread behind his back, carrying him out of the room. As long as his little brother would be alright, he wouldn’t question his creator further.

“Alastor? What happened? You seem stressed.” Charlie asked as she noticed the radio demon appearing in the lobby out of the corner of her eyes. His ears were flattened, eyes morphed into radio dials and he seemed more jumpy than usual. *Strange…*

“Princess, I must request your assistance.” Alastor said, red eyes turning back to normal as if it calmed him just a tad when he found the princess. Charlie stared at him with confusion as Vaggie glared with distrust.

“This request doesn’t involve any deals, right?” The former exorcist questioned, suspicion evident in her voice. A static growl could be heard from the overlord before he composed himself.

“It involves his majesty.” Alastor sighed, turning to the princess. Charlie immediately jumped up at the mention of her father. “Somethings wrong with him, my dear.” The smile on his face seemed crooked as he spoke, yet the princess felt as though she couldn’t trust his words.

“If this is a joke, I’m not going to trust you, Alastor.” Charlie said, a firm expression on her face. She refused to be a fool for any longer. Suspicion filled her guts as she recalled the time when she found out about Alastor’s deal with her mother. He had wanted to use her. Yet, a part of her wanted to trust him. He still stayed at the hotel even after he had broken the deal with the queen. He continued to help out even though he didn’t need to anymore. That had to count for something, *right?*

“Please, Charlie.” If it was possible, it seemed like Alastor’s ears flattened even more. Whatever the princess and the former exorcist were expecting, it was definitely not a plea. A plea that felt more like a cry for help. Charlie nodded her head without another moment of hesitation, feeling a chill run up her spine. *What was that?* It felt like someone was here with them. Without thinking too much of it, she hurriedly followed the radio demon up to the apple tower along with her girlfriend. There were more important things at hand than whatever that was.

“I don’t know what happened, but he suddenly collapsed and cried out in *pain.* ” Alastor felt the words leaving his mouth as soon as he opened the bedroom door. He felt helpless. Why couldn’t he be stronger? If he was stronger, maybe he could do something. Charlie ran up to her father- who was lying on the bed- as soon as she heard the radio demon. She placed the back of her hand on his head before immediately retracting it.

“ *Shit!* He’s burning up.” Charlie yelped, her other hand grasping the burnt one tightly. It felt as though her skin was seared in holy water. It scorched the back of her hand like it was the surface of the sun, burning the cells alive. The pale skin was visibly fine, but the sensation stung. *What happened to him?* She pondered as she tried to figure out what was wrong. The princess turned to the radio demon, only to be met with pure panic and worry in those red eyes.

“Charlie, is he alright?” Vaggie asked, running up to her girlfriend’s side. Despite not knowing what happened, the former exorcist still wanted to help. She wasn’t sure what to do, though. As she turned to Charlie, she could only see the concern that filled her eyes. The princess shook her head, indicating that she had no idea what to do as well. Her father seemed physically fine, no serious injuries or problems. She didn’t know what caused this.

“Is everything alright, princess?” The three turned to the door to see the second woman standing by it, a concerned smile on her face.

“Eve! Please, can you help my dad? We don’t know what happened to him.” Charlie exclaimed, hurriedly gesturing to Eve to come to her. The second woman moved up next to the bed, letting out a hum of surprise as she noticed the unconscious fallen angel. Static growls could be heard coming from the overlord in the room as Eve took the king’s boiling hand.

“I’m not exactly sure what’s wrong with my angel, but I believe that the archangels might be of help.” Eve finally said after a long minute, letting go of the hand as she turned to the princess.

“Right… Right! I’ll just send a message to Uncle Raphael. Yeah…” Charlie uttered to herself, quickly dashing out of the room as the three glanced at each other before Vaggie joined the princess. Eve silently left the room, shutting the door on her way out as she left the radio demon alone with the king.

Alone with his thoughts, Alastor could hear his dead heart pounding loudly against his chest. He went up to the fallen angel, staring at the unconscious face as he clasped the soft palm between his gloved hands. It burned him, yet he refused to let go. His breathing was uneven as he felt his knees go numb. Sighing, he kneeled down against the bed, hand holding the king’s as he buried his face into the bedsheets. *Please, be alright.*

“He’ll be fine, right? Right.” Charlie told herself, eyes wide in panic as she quickly wrote the letter to her uncle. *Everything’s fine!* She tried to convince herself. Her hand dug into her blonde hair as she finished up the letter, using a spell she learned from Gabriel to send the letter up to heaven. Vaggie stepped up beside her, holding her love’s shoulder gently.

“Your father will be alright, Charlie,” The former exorcist reasoned. The king was the strongest person she had ever met, being able to defeat the first man without breaking a sweat. Surely whatever was causing this would pass by without causing too much trouble, right? Charlie turned back to her girlfriend, a worried smile on her face.

He will be fine.

Chapter End Notes

From one mystery to another

So who exactly is the dessert thief

Poor Luci suffering

Hadn’t planned on posting today but decided to do it since I finished the chapter anyway (thanks for all your support!)

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Hell?

Chapter Summary

Raphael receives a message from his beloved niece, immediately teleporting to the realm below to help out in any way he could.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Silver and violet feathers unfolded before Raphael's eyes. He was very familiar with those three sets of wings. They belonged to his older brother, Gabriel. He immediately placed the book he was holding down. *If Gabriel is here, then that means there's an important message for me.*

"Raphael, Charlie requests for your presence immediately," those violet eyes seemed distressed as his older brother spoke. The younger stood up from his seat, tilting his head in confusion.

"Down in hell?" Raphael asked, smoke blue hair swaying behind him as he looked up at his brother.

"Yes. Something happened to Luci…" Gabriel whispered under his breath, voice bubbling with anxiety. The letter he received didn't go into much detail, most likely due to the panic coursing through his niece. It only stated that his youngest brother was in pain and none of them knew how to help, thus requesting for the assistance of the archangels. *What happened… It hasn't even been a day since he left.*

"Luci? He seemed fine this morning…" Raphael muttered to himself as he hurriedly got ready to leave, fixing up his robes and tying his hair into a low ponytail. If Charlie had asked

for them personally, it had to be serious. Placing his work on hold, he spread his three sets of silver and white wings and swiftly left the room as he made his way to the pearly gates.

A golden portal opened in the hotel lobby, capturing the worried eyes of the princess. Feathers of a familiar archangel calmed her nerves just a tad as Raphael stepped out of the portal.

“Uncle Raphael! Oh, thank goodness you’re here… Please follow me.” Charlie exclaimed, gesturing to the virtue to come along as she led him to her father’s room. Icy blue eyes bubbled with concern as he quietly trailed behind her. *Please be alright, brother…*

As the princess barged into the room, she instantly noticed the radio demon by her father’s side. *Alastor?* Red eyes landed on the overlord as she saw the gloved hand clasping the fallen angel. *He…* Raphael came in after her, snapping her out of her thoughts. Icy blue eyes blinked as he saw the scene. Charlie quickly went to the sinner’s side, shaking him awake.

“Alastor… My uncle is here. Dad will be ok.” Charlie sighed, smiling sweetly as the radio demon opened his eyes. His ears flattened on his head instantly as he realised the princess was in the room with him. Standing up, he hesitantly let the hand in his grip go before dusting himself off.

“Uh… Let me check up on him…” Raphael whispered, walking up to his little brother’s side as he ignored the gaze of the sinner and his niece. He removed his gloves before placing the back of his hand against the younger’s forehead. A silent hiss could be heard coming from the virtue before he turned to the princess.

“Is he alright?” Alastor was the first to speak, the static in his voice was practically gone. Charlie held her hands together, concern rising in her guts.

“I can subdue the pain for now, but I’ve never seen anything like this…” Raphael pondered, unsure of what was wrong. Archangels couldn’t get sick, hence the regular fever or flu was out of the question. Their bodies were almost stronger than anything else in existence, second only to their creator. Anything other than their own weapons and powers could not do serious damage to them. Hence, the virtue of humility really had no clue of what this could be caused by. Snowflakes formed at the palm of his hand over his brother’s head, cooling the boiling heat down a little as he suppressed the pain.

“Will the pain come back?” Charlie questioned her uncle, wanting to help him in any way she could. The archangel remained silent for a few moments, seemingly unsure of the answer himself. Alastor felt his hand clench into a fist. *Why?* Why couldn’t he do something? Why couldn’t he help? If he really loved Lucifer, he would help him, wouldn’t he?

“If… If the pain returns, send a message to Gabriel immediately. I’ll try to suppress it again…” Raphael finally said. He knew it wasn’t a great long term solution, but it was the only way he could think of to help his little brother. “He should wake up in an hour. I’ll take my leave.” The archangel sighed, not wanting to go yet he couldn’t leave his duties unattended. Charlie nodded silently, saying her goodbyes as the virtue left the room.

As Raphael stepped out, he swore he saw something lurking in the halls. *What was that?* He wondered, taking a step closer to where he believed the thing was. As he turned the corner, he saw nothing. *Strange*... Just as he was about to leave, he noticed in the corner of his eyes a singular macaroon on the floor. Bending down, he observed the odd dune coloured dessert with suspicion. *Why is this here?* Questions flooded his mind before he got up from the ground, preparing to return to tell his niece about the suspicious discovery.

Out of nowhere, he felt himself being dragged into the ground before he could even scream.

“Alastor… Are you ok?” Charlie asked, reaching out to the radio demon before a sound of static stopped her. His deer-like ears were still pinned flat on top of his head, his usual grin seemed crooked as red eyes stared at the fallen angel on the bed with… worry?

“I’m quite alright, my dear. Why do you ask?” The layer of static in his voice was thin. So thin that the princess would have missed it if the room wasn’t dead silent.

“You just seem… lost. I’ve never seen you this distressed before.” Charlie uttered under her breath, glancing back at her unconscious father. *He will be fine.* She repeated in her mind, trying her best to convince herself.

“I… I’ll be fine, princess.” Alastor sighed, feeling his hands tremble slightly. *Is he… scared?* The princess looked up at the overlord. Alastor was not thoroughly familiar with fear. When he killed his first victim during his life, he felt the adrenaline coursing through his veins as he laughed maniacally at the blood on his hands. When he ended up in hell, he slaughtered overlord after overlord as if they were simply toys to him, treating them as mere entertainment until he got bored. Even when the first man nearly killed him, fear was not what spun his mind. It was an exhilarating feeling, one that electrified his veins. But now, fear rose in his heart as he stared at the one in bed. He couldn’t protect his love. He was *afraid.* Afraid to *lose* him.

“Alright then… I’ll be here if you need to talk.” Charlie said after a long minute before she turned around to leave. As she stepped out of the room, she glanced at the radio demon one last time before closing the door behind her. *He’ll be fine.*

The princess walked down the hallway, feeling anxious as she headed towards her bedroom where her love awaits her. *Does Alastor truly care for my dad? The expression on his face… When he asked me to help him… Is he just using my dad for his own personal gain? But he seemed genuinely worried. It couldn’t be all an act, right? It’s not all a performance for me to lower my guard around him so he could do something to the hotel, is it?* The sound of a familiar voice snapped her out of the tsunami of questions flooding her mind.

“Are you alright, princess?” Eve asked as Charlie noticed that she was in front of the second woman’s room.

“Oh, yeah! Yeah… I’m fine. I just… Have a lot of things on my mind right now.” The princess uttered under her breath, trying hard not to focus on her father and the radio demon. Eve hummed, as if pondering about what to say to Charlie before a graceful hand opened her room’s door wider.

“If you’d like, you can come in and talk to me about it, princess.” A gentle smile fell upon the second woman’s face, her words genuine as she reached a hand out to the blonde.

“Alright… Thank you, Eve.” Charlie sighed, stepping into the room of the second woman. It wasn’t too different from every other guest room in the hotel, a desk against the wall, a comfortable bed and a personal closet. The bedsheets were folded properly, items organised accordingly on the table and no visible mess in the room. As Eve snapped her fingers, a chair appeared behind Charlie before she gestured to the blonde to sit.

“What’s on your mind, princess?” The second woman asked as she took a seat herself. Charlie sighed as she looked into those golden eyes.

“I’m just… Not certain about Alastor being so close with my dad.” The princess admitted, folding her hands together. Eve simply hummed, allowing the princess to continue as she listened, “Like, at the end of the day, it’s *Alastor.* Who knows what he could be planning? I didn’t even know he was that close to my dad! What if he hurts him? He came to the hotel to help out for pure entertainment, to watch us- me- fail. What if he’s just toying with my dad? Leading him on just to reject him?” Red eyes looked up in distress, only to be met with a fond gaze from the second woman.

“I understand your concern, princess. All my descendants have their own unique personalities and goals. The reason they do certain things… I must admit that even I don’t believe I truly understand,” Eve confessed as she watched Charlie sigh before she continued, “However, I trust that the radio demon does not wish any harm on my angel.”

“I… Yeah, I think I can see it. The way he looks at my dad is…” Charlie whispered under her breath, trailing off a little before she came back to her senses. “Maybe I’m just… not over the whole thing about my mom and dad splitting up. I think a part of me still wishes to see them together. But… But if my dad really does care for Alastor… I think it’s about time I move on too.” She sighed, voice filled with uncertainty as she looked back up at the second woman.

“If there’s anything I know best, it’s that sometimes letting the past be the past is the best solution,” Eve smiled as she held the princess’s hand, “Dream for a better future, but live in the present. Love is difficult, princess. I’m sure you know this well.” She dreamed of escaping Adam. Each and every day she wished that she could leave the first man. Every

time she spoke to her angel and Lilith, she could feel a joy like she never felt with *him*. Even though she did occasionally miss her days in Eden, she knew paradise was not meant for her as long as the first man was there.

“Thank you, Eve.” Charlie smiled, staring up in those golden eyes. She didn’t know what she expected the second woman to be like when she first met her. Perhaps a strong hatred, for how her parents seemingly damned her and most of her children. Possibly disinterest in the dream of redemption, just like how everyone else believed it was impossible. Maybe even displeased at how hell was not under her rule but instead her mother’s. What she most definitely didn’t anticipate was how caring she was. Eve, the one who ate the forbidden fruit of knowledge, was the one to give her, the princess of hell, a heart to heart conversation about her concerns.

After she thanked the second woman, she left the room, feeling better about the situation as she headed back to her own bed. As she entered her room, she felt a familiar pair of arms wrap around her waist, pulling her into a tight embrace.

“What took you so long, Charlie? You made me worried half to death.” Vaggie asked as she shut the door behind her girlfriend.

“Sorry, Vaggie. I had to take my mind off things for a while.” Charlie smiled, settling down on the soft mattress. Her girlfriend sat beside her, giving her a warm smile as they shared a moment of comfortable silence.

“Alastor?” Lucifer uttered under his breath as he regained consciousness. Deer-like ears perked up as the radio demon appeared by his side in an instant.

“Lucifer… You’re awake,” Alastor said, the usual static in his voice was gone. He held the king’s palm in his gloved hands, a wave of relief washing over him. The fallen angel smiled softly, his other hand moving up to hold the overlord's face. They leaned closer together,

allowing their lips to touch for a moment. A moment which felt like an eternity. A familiar warmth bubbled up in their chest as they separated, smiling at each other.

“Thank you,” Lucifer said, voice soft as he watched Alastor settle on the bed with him.

“What for?” The radio demon asked, combing a hand through the blonde hair gently. The king hummed, snuggling closer to the warmth of the sinner’s chest. He mumbled something with his head buried deep. “I can’t hear you, my dear king.” Alastor chuckled as the fallen angel lifted his head up to meet the red eyes of the overlord.

“Thank you for staying with me.” The king smiled, observing the faint blush spreading across the taller’s face. “Thank you for trying your best to help me,” The fallen angel continued as the sinner tried to hide his glowing face with his gloved hand. “Thank you… for loving me.” Lucifer said as he removed the hand from the overlord’s face, red eyes tracing every inch of Alastor. He truly loved him. He placed a finger on where the heart of the radio demon would be, trailing up slowly towards his neck then to his chin and finally reaching the soft lips. He smiled to himself, whispering softly, “I love you, Alastor.”

“I love you too, Lucifer.” Alastor’s grin seemed to widen, a gloved hand moving to hold the king’s. They pulled each other closer, leaning into the touch of the other as they drifted into a moment of calming silence. It felt… nice. Just being in the other’s arms brought a sense of comfort to them, and they wouldn’t have it any other way.

“There’s some strange things occurring around hell, sir.” An imp said as he bowed diligently to the prince. Stolas sighed, not feeling in the mood to handle his duties. *Father will be angry if you don’t.* He reminded himself as he gestured to imp to continue, “There’s been reports of things disappearing from thin air, mostly food-related items, and sightings of unexplainable power. Some demons have even mentioned the Queen of Gluttony saying that some of her Beelzejuice were missing.”

“I’m sure her majesty would be able to fix the issue on her own without the help of the Goetias…” The prince uttered under his breath. What happened in the other rings were usually not his area of concern. He looked back up at the one before him and sighed. “This is hell. Everything down here is strange. Tell me something new.” Stolas said, feeling agitated as he buried his face into the palm of his hand. He hadn’t found the time to contact a certain imp due to his workload from his father suddenly increasing now that the king of hell made a public return. Too many things to deal with in too little time. It truly soured his mood.

“They said it seemed different, your highness.” The one before him continued, trying to hand the prince another stack of paperwork. Before he could, he noticed the irritation in those glowing red eyes, causing him to stop dead in his tracks. Wanting to keep his head, he quietly settled the papers down in a corner before sprinting out of the office. Stolas sighed once again before he felt a chill run up his spine.

Icy blue eyes opened, only to be met with nothing but darkness. Raphael tried to move before he felt his limbs being bound together behind his back. Snowflakes fell silently behind him as he attempted to freeze the ropes binding him to break out, yet he found his powers useless against them. He tried to sense his surroundings. *This isn’t hell… or heaven. It can’t be earth… Where am I?* Then, he heard something getting closer. It was the presence he felt before.

“Oh! You’re finally awake. Sorry for that, didn’t expect for you to pass out on me back there…” The voice echoed in the air. It was light, cheerful, even. The archangel tried to speak, only to find his voice struggling to form proper words. *What’s going on?* For the first time in many eons, he felt afraid. Whoever this was capable of rendering an archangel nearly useless. He couldn’t break free from his restraints, he couldn’t see what was happening, he couldn’t even cry out for help. Not that Raphael could sense anyone else in his surroundings. He puffed out his feathers, pointing towards where he heard the voice threateningly.

“Oh, dear! Didn’t realise you couldn’t speak. Give me just a second…” The voice got closer, causing the archangel to begin to thrash out in a panic. *Get away!* He tried to scream, yet his voice failed to leave him. *Stop!* It was like a nightmare that felt all too real. He tried to summon his weapon, tried to kill whatever or whoever it was, even tried to plead for the voice to leave. His breathing was frantic, his heart beating painfully against his chest. He

couldn't do anything. He was scared. He wasn't ready to meet his end. Not yet, not now. Not when he still had so many things he had never been able to say. *Help*...

Tears fell down those icy blue eyes as he blinked, his vision finally clearing up as he heard himself gasping. He looked around. There was no one there. No one in front of him. There was nothing. Absolutely nothing. Just a vast, empty darkness. It was only him. That voice he heard was nowhere to be found. His limbs were still bound together by thick black ropes. He couldn't flutter his wings to even try to escape wherever he was. Not that he would know how. It was an endless abyss for all that he could see. His breathing became more steady as he realised he was alone, yet his heart was still palpitating harshly against his chest.

Out of nowhere, he heard a soft hum of music. Icy blue eyes immediately turned to the direction of the sound. "Didn't mean to scare you, child." That voice returned, yet he couldn't pinpoint where the source was. He looked around, unable to see past the eternal darkness. It felt strange. He wasn't used to a lightless world. All of God's realms were made of light, even hell despite the sinful nature of it.

"Where… am I?" He finally asked, his voice shaky as he felt the ropes disappear around his arms and legs. He hesitantly stood up, unsure of who or what was awaiting him. Testing his abilities, he realised he still could not use much of his powers. His wings fluttered weakly behind him, refusing to carry him off the ground. That voice spoke once again in a cheery tone, as if excited to answer his question.

"You're in the Realm of Entropy."

Chapter End Notes

Behold: Lore that is most definitely inaccurate but I like it so why not

Stolas cameo because why not (might be ooc sorry)

Poor Raphael having a panic attack

Eve stealing the role of Charlie's mom from Lilith

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Heaven?

Chapter Summary

With Raphael's disappearance, his siblings begin questioning what happened to him down in hell.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey Gab, have you seen Raph?" Uriel asked as he stepped into the older's office. Gabriel looked up, raising an eyebrow in confusion as the younger continued, "I need his help for the virus going around down on earth."

"He's not back yet? Our niece requested his presence down in hell. I would've thought he'd be done by now…" Gabriel muttered under his breath, earning him a confused expression from the other virtue. *Whatever the issue was, Raphael's healing should be able to fix Luci up without taking too long.* It had been hours since the virtue of humility left. Something had to have happened if he was still gone.

"Did something happen to our niece?" Uriel questioned, concern rising up in those evergreen eyes. Whatever the issue was, he hoped it wasn't too serious. *Did someone hurt her?* Raphael was God's healing after all. If she had requested for him specifically, then someone must've been injured in some way or another.

"Nothing's wrong with Charlie. But, I believe something happened to Luci," the older said, noticing anger and worry flash within the younger before he added, "Don't worry, I'm sure Raph was able to help." Uriel took a deep breath, calming his nerves down at his brother's words.

“Well… Raph still isn’t back in his office.” The younger said, looking up at the violet eyes. *Strange… Az’s down on earth right now so I can’t go ask him to find Raph and Michael is always busy.* Uriel pondered, wondering who could assist him in searching for the youngest virtue.

“If I see him, I’ll tell him that you’re looking for him.” Gabriel said, watching the other nod before he shut the doors after thanking the virtue of diligence. *Where are you, Raphael…*

Strange occurrences happened throughout both realms of the afterlife. It began with items disappearing into thin air, mainly desserts and beverages. The macaroons were not her first target, yet she thoroughly enjoyed the confusion it caused. When the eyes of the winners left the plate, she absorbed them into her realm without a second thought. Sugar was probably the best thing humanity discovered. She loved the taste, smell and texture of all desserts she came across.

Then, she decided to mess around with the souls of both heaven and hell. Her powers extended all across the cosmos as she started performing her chaos throughout the realms. Random items levitated right in front of the eyes of certain souls, only to completely stop and drop to the ground when they tried to tell others. She loved the chaos. The essence of her powers lurked within the universe, corrupting certain items to no one’s knowledge. This included a certain blade that she had not intended to touch.

Finally, the third thing she had done, and plan to continue doing, was bringing souls to her home. It only felt right to do so. Where was the fun of chaos if she was the only one to enjoy it? She wanted to share the experience with all of creation if possible. Well, it would be possible if not for the potential war she would cause. She wanted to cause mayhem, not start a fight between the almighties.

She had been asleep for eons. The only creation she had witnessed was of the first archangel. She could not be bothered to care for life at the time. It simply did not interest her. Lower beings that could succumb to destruction was not her idea of fun. With her counterpart heading off to spread light across the cosmos, she felt empty. Empty like the void before

creation. Empty like the darkness of the abyss. Hence, this world manifested from her emptiness. She craved chaos, yet there was nothing to entertain her. With nothing left, she slept.

She awakened from her eons long nap. For someone who had been there since before creation, eons were nothing to her. What had woken her was her counterpart finally returning from their seclusion for the first time in ten thousand years. Many things had changed since she left, many things she could entertain herself with. Once again, she craved chaos. Using her darkness to witness the universe, she found herself quite entertained by creation. Life was not just lower beings that could be destroyed in a matter of seconds to her anymore.

She felt herself drawn in by souls. Souls lasted for as long as their lord permitted. Souls could bring her the fun she wanted. The first ~~victim~~ soul that she brought to her realm was the youngest of the seven heavenly virtues. He was quiet at first. Too quiet for her liking. That was until she realised he was unconscious. She hadn't meant to do that. Perhaps her methods of taking him were too out of the world for him. His mind couldn't keep up and went into hibernation mode. When he came to, he seemed terrified of her. She didn't want that. She craved chaos, not fear.

"What do you want from me?" Raphael asked, trying to summon his weapon once again in case of an attack. It failed, obviously. Whatever this realm was, it limited his powers drastically.

"Not much, really. I'm just soooo bored." The voice said, a dramatic sigh echoed through the place. The archangel's eye twitched a little at that. *Who kidnaps others out of boredom?* "Oh, right. I should probably do this…" The voice began again, cheerful as the virtue tensed at those words.

Suddenly, the ground below him flashed multiple colours, extending well beyond his sight as a long table appeared. It was filled with different types of desserts and sweets. An array of sugar-filled foods to pick and choose from.

“What?” Raphael questioned, bewildered by the suddenness of it all. If his brief visits to earth had taught him anything, it was that this seemed eerily similar to what human’s called a party. The joyous voice could be heard once more.

“Do enjoy yourself while I bring more souls here.”

And so, she left him alone as she searched for another unsuspecting soul to bring to her realm.

“We should head down to see your daughter, my love.” Alastor smiled at the king as he watched the flush on the pale face deepen. He could not deny how much fun it was to tease the fallen angel. The reactions from him were simply delicious.

“Yeah… Charlie’s probably so worried right now,” Lucifer said, thinking about his daughter’s reactions to whatever happened to him. *She must have been so scared…* He thought to himself before he felt a pair of arms lifting him off the bed. “Alastor! What are you doing?” He yelped as the radio demon bridal carried him.

“Sorry, my dear. Can’t risk you collapsing on your way down.” Alastor chuckled as a pair of hands instinctively wrapped around his neck. The fallen angel’s flustered expression was simply priceless.

“You…” Before Lucifer could scold the overlord, they materialised in the hotel lobby. Husk spat the cheap booze he was drinking out of his mouth as he noticed the two, causing Angel Dust to turn around and witness the scene.

“Well, ain’t that surprising.” The spider demon snickered to himself as he nudged the one behind the counter with his shoulder.

“Put me down!” Lucifer demanded before the overlord obeyed with a hum, allowing the king to stand on his feet. The princess and her love stepped into the lobby just as the commotion died down, gazing up with her red eyes in concern.

“Dad? Are you alright?” Charlie asked, stepping up in front of her father.

“Yeah, don’t worry Charlie, I’m fine.” Lucifer smiled, his hand gently brushing a stray hair on his daughter’s face away. “Sorry for worrying you…” He uttered as he noticed the tiredness in the princess’s eyes.

“It’s alright, dad…” Charlie smiled before she glanced between her father and the radio demon behind him. “Actually… I kinda want to talk to you and Alastor about something,” her voice was hesitant as Vaggie placed a hand on her shoulder to encourage the princess.

“Uh… Sure, Charlie.” Lucifer said, confused as he glanced back at the one behind him. The two followed the princess and the former exorcist into a room before the four of them took a seat.

“What is it, my dear?” Alastor asked, the static returning to his voice. Whatever it was, he could not help but feel a sense of dread. The princess took a deep breath before she spoke.

“Alastor, do you really… love my dad?” The words caused a deep flush to rise on the king’s face as a static screech filled the room.

“I… Uh, Charlie, I don’t think…” Lucifer tried to reason with his daughter to not concern herself with the relationship between himself and the radio demon before he was cut off by a gloved hand being placed on his shoulder by the one next to him.

“They should know, my king.” Alastor said as he turned to Charlie. The determination in his voice was obvious as he answered the question, “Yes. Yes, I do, princess.” Lucifer looked up at him with wide red eyes before he hid his face with the back of his palm. To say he felt his face burn was an understatement.

“Are you sure this isn’t just some sadistic plan of yours?” Vaggie questioned, distrust evident in her words as she folded her arms. She glared at the radio demon. As much as she wanted to believe her girlfriend, the former exorcist couldn’t really see the overlord as someone who would do love. And what sort of coincidence was it that the one he was after was the king of hell himself?

“You don’t have to trust my words. But, if you wish for me to clarify your doubts, then yes. I do, in fact, love Lucifer.” Alastor continued, red eyes firm despite noticing the suspicion within the two girls. “I’ve never had a relationship such as this with anyone else, and I thoroughly don’t plan on it. This… feeling I have is only towards his majesty.” He turned to the fallen angel beside him, smiling as he took the hand covering the flustered face and placed a gentle kiss on the soft knuckles.

“I… Dad, as long as you’re happy, I won’t object to this.” Charlie felt tears gathering in her eyes as she smiled brightly at her father. Red eyes of the radio demon widened in surprise. He had not expected the princess to approve of them and was fully prepared to spend the next few hours and maybe even days convincing her. He was pleasantly taken aback by her words.

“Thank you, my sweet little girl.” Lucifer smiled, gesturing for his daughter to come to him before pulling her into a tight embrace. Vaggie watched on, happy for the princess and the king. Even if she could not trust the overlord herself, as long as her love believed it was for the best, she would stand behind her words.

Alastor watched the two royals from the side, a warmth spreading up his chest. His only family that he knew of was his mother. His father was never in the picture, abandoning them as soon as he came into the world. His mother had worked hard to raise him as a single parent. Being there for him and putting a roof over his head was a difficult task, yet she never made him feel like he was a burden to her. He had resented his father, hating him from the bottom of his guts for making such a lovely woman sacrifice so much just for him. It was what made him detest the fallen angel in the first place. His own experiences had painted a horrid picture of the king. But now, when he observed the princess share this loving moment with her father, he could not help but wish for the same relations with his long forgotten father. He had sworn to himself when he was alive that he would be a better parent and partner than the one who left his mother ever was if he were to ever settle down and perhaps have a child of his own. He intended to keep that promise.

As the two pulled away from each other, Lucifer wiped the tears gathering in his eyes away. The fallen angel turned to the radio demon with a mischievous look on his face. Alastor's ear twitched in confusion before the king suddenly tackled him to the ground. Vaggie quickly ushered the sparkling eyes of Charlie- who had love hearts floating out from the top of her head- out of the room as Lucifer giggled atop the overlord.

“What's the meaning of this, my dear king?” Alastor asked, unable to stop the fond smile from reaching his eyes. He reached a gloved hand out to the blonde hair, combing through it as he leaned closer and planted soft kisses on the fallen angel's face.

“Take me out!” Lucifer exclaimed excitedly, pure joy written on his face. No wonder he was the bringer of light and joy. That beautiful smile could light up anyone's day.

“As in kill you or…” Alastor said, a smug expression on his face before he felt a light smack on his head from the one on top of him.

“On a date, idiot!”

Azrael entered the heavenly palace, wings almost feeling lighter than usual as they carried him past the doors. There were no loose black and silver feathers falling down to the floor, his robes were not tangled up and his long black hair was still sitting perfectly behind his back, intact. It was a good day for the archangel of death. Souls had not run astray when he went down to collect them and he was generally in a good mood.

He skipped through the halls to his bedroom where he could do whatever he wanted for the night. Suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks as he noticed something strange. He couldn’t sense Raphael anywhere. Sure, some of his spirit lingered on in whatever magic he had used in heaven, but a whole archangel disappearing was hard to miss. Raphael being gone at such a late hour raised several alarms in his head. Archangels harness power near

incomprehensible to other souls. Their spirits were strong, heavy even. The virtue of patience could usually even sense a hint of it even when they were in a whole other realm.

But Azrael couldn't sense his younger brother's anywhere. It was as if he had just disappeared from existence.

He didn't enter his bedroom. It did not matter to him that it was already late out. He didn't need sleep, he needed answers. Most of his siblings had already retired to their own rooms for the night, with only Michael still being cooped up in his office doing some paperwork. *Ugh, paperwork…* Something in his mind told him that his oldest brother would not have the answers to this mystery, and he didn't want to face Michael's sleep deprived wrath, hence he wisely chose not to bother the virtue of charity.

But then, where could Raph be… Azrael turned the corner as he wandered through the halls, only to notice something strange in the corner of his ruby eyes. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary, though. Then, an unknown chill washed over him. *What the?* He cautiously headed towards where he believed he saw whatever it was, an angelic scythe appearing in his gloved hand as he did. There was an intruder. He was sure of it.

Out of nowhere, he felt a pull on his leg, causing him to fall back before he could react, only for his back to never collide with the floor as he was dragged into an unknown abyss.

The blade in their hand reeked of a familiar aura. An aura they had not felt for eons, long before their beloved morning star was created. The presence of a deity lurked within every realm even if they had never been there physically. Physical presence was merely for the eyes of creation, in the end. Their existence was beyond the comprehension of even the archangels. If they were the light that shone throughout their realms, then she was the darkness that hid from the shining sun.

They knew this presence well. Even more so than their own children. They had been together since the beginning, before time was even a concept. Counterparts of each other. When they

had gone off to create life, they thought she would follow them, yet she never did. She never saw the need for life. She had only sat through the first of their creations. The creation of their oldest archangel. After that, she had gone into a deep slumber which they did not wish to wake her from as she created a realm for herself. Although her decision deeply saddened them, their attention was swiftly turned to their children they created.

Yet, her aura lingered on. It had unintentionally corrupted this very weapon that had been used to assault their beloved morning star. The damage that could be caused by a deity could be devastating. Even though their morning star had seemed fine, they could sense her power wrecking through him. It could cause near irreversible damage if it continued to stay within him, potentially even tearing his soul apart. Dark energy like that could only be thoroughly healed through the one capable of controlling that power. They did not wish for their dearest morning star to meet his end this soon. He was barely a fledgling in their mind, after all.

It was time to visit their sister.

Chapter End Notes

This is likely going to be quite different from other stories and lore

God and Roo aren't enemies here

She's going to be more chaotic than truly evil

Azrael getting kidnapped

Charlie approves of RadioApple

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Welcome to the Entropy

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Roo. The root of all evil. Creator of darkness. Lord of Chaos. God's counterpart.

In the beginning, before time was even a concept, there existed two halves of a whole. A being of pure light and another of abyssal darkness. They were complete opposites. One basked in the glory of order, the other enjoyed the pleasure of chaos. All they had known for an eternity before was their other halves. Their differences were what made them perfect. Perfect counterparts. Equals and opposites. Contrasting and conflicting. They were parallels, staying in their respective paths and never intersecting. Yet, they could not exist without each other.

All the darkness that spread across the universe was caused by her. Her powers seeped into the cosmos, polluting every inch of land it came in contact with. She had shut herself from the world. She craved chaos. To wreak havoc and ruin order. Chaos was her entertainment. Yet, her soul couldn't care less about life itself. Entertainment did not come easy. The life created by her other half was too uptight, always following the rules and never causing any chaos. It was boring. Boredom was her biggest enemy.

Azrael rubbed the back of his head, confused beyond heaven and hell. *What happened?* Bewildered, ruby eyes scanned his surroundings. Everything was dark. His scythe was gone from his hands as he tried to use his powers. He snapped his fingers, trying to create some form of light to help him see, yet his magic failed him.

“Azrael?” A familiar voice questioned, causing the archangel to turn around immediately to see his missing younger brother. Icy blue eyes stared at him in concern. “Are you alright?

Were you hurt?" Raphael asked, gloved hands patting down the older to make sure there were no injuries on the virtue of patience. The abyssal darkness had returned the moment the older archangel fell into the same void as the younger.

"I'm good, little bro. But, where in heaven are we?" Azrael answered, a sense of relief washing over him to have found the smokey blue haired archangel. Suddenly, he felt a strong presence, power that caused his hair to stand on its ends. A spirit that was eerily similar to his creator, yet so different at the same time. An unexplainable force, carrying an aura like no other.

"Welcome to my world, child." The cheerful voice echoed through the air, causing his skin to feel as though it was being pricked by sharp needles, drawing his angelic blood from his body as he instinctively reached out to the younger virtue beside him.

"Who's there?!" The archangel of death yelled out, a white gloved arm reaching out to his side protectively. Whoever was there, no matter how strong or how out of his power level it was, he would protect the younger. *That's the duty of an older brother.* Azrael remembered Michael's words.

It was many eons ago, he had gotten into a fight with Uriel at the time. They were both barely out of their fledgling phase, having the closest age difference between all his siblings with the virtue of chastity being just a few decades younger than him. He had been reprimanded by the older archangels for engaging in the fight despite his insistence that the other started it. Michael stayed behind after the scoldings, a disappointed look flashing across his face.

"Azrael, you shouldn't pick fights with your brothers." The oldest's words were still as clear as day in his mind.

"But…" Azrael huffed, pouting as Michael reached a hand out to him, carefully caressing the top of his head.

“You need to learn the strength of patience, brother.” The virtue of charity said, holding the younger’s face to help make him look into those silver eyes. “Don’t fight your siblings. As the older brother, it is your duty to protect the younger ones.”

Those words rang in Azrael’s head, as if they were implanting themselves deep within his memories.

“Don’t worry, I’m not here to hurt you… Oh? I suppose my antics have attracted someone else’s attention.” The voice said joyfully, sounding almost as if she had clapped her hands together in pure delight. Raphael held his brother’s arm nervously. He still could not figure out who she was. It seemed like she did not even have a physical form, merely a spirit with a voice that controlled the chaos around them.

Azrael tensed. As the words were spoken, he felt the strength of a presence that spread across the cosmos. A presence that he was most definitely familiar with. Their light extended throughout the universe, after all.

“Lovely to see you again too, Roo.” Their creator’s voice radiated through the air, their light shining within the abyssal darkness of this realm. A thousand eyes appeared before them, pristine white robes flowed gently in the light. Raphael stared up in absolute shock as Azrael held the younger in case the voice decided to attack.

“God! This form looks nice. So much better than the previous one you used before you started making those… Whatchamacallit? Angels! Right.” A soft giggle came from the voice, words fond as she welcomed her counterpart. The lord smiled, almost rolling their eyes at her words as they took note of the archangels.

“I do appreciate it if you don’t take my children away from their duties. If you wished to meet them, you could’ve asked.” God spoke, reaching a hand out to the two virtues, allowing the angels to feel the warmth of their light. The darkness of the realm was limiting their powers. With their creator here with them, they could feel their strength returning.

“But that’s so lameee… Where’s the fun in asking?” Roo said, finally appearing from the shadows in a physical form. Obsidian black hair faded to a red lava colour, a thousand eyes of black scleras matching that of her other half as she donned herself in glistening black robes. “Like my new look?” She giggled and twirled, the grin on her face widening as the creator nodded their head with a soft smile. She hummed cheerfully before she continued her words without the laughter, “What brings you to the Entropy? Surely you’re not here just to get these two adorable little things, right?”

“I have a request for you, Roo.” God’s words radiated as the archangels stepped behind them hesitantly. Whatever was happening, Azrael felt out of place in the situation. He wanted to get Raphael out of here as soon as possible. His poor brother seemed scared half to death. However, it would be rude to leave the presence of their creator when they had not been dismissed. The voice of the lord snapped him out of his thoughts, “My morning star seems to have found himself in a bit of a predicament. He had been struck by a blade that was imbued with your darkness.”

So that’s why I couldn’t figure out how to heal Luci. Realisation hit Raphael like a truck. Whoever Roo was, she was way out of his power spectrum. He could feel it. The darkness that lurked within that physical body seemed endless. However, that meant that his little brother was in grave danger. Power of this capacity could tear a soul apart, leaving them never capable of finding themselves again. *Luci’s in danger.*

“Oh? Hmm… How about this: if you allow me to bring your children here to play with me, I’ll fix the little guy up in no time!” Roo said cheerfully, seemingly proud of her own idea. God nearly chuckled at the statement. Of course their counterpart would wish to create some form of entertainment out of this. As all-knowing and all-powerful as they were, they were incomplete without each other. Two halves of a whole.

“As long as my children are fine with it.” The thousand eyes turned to the two archangels, gazing fondly at them. They knew that even if their children disagreed, Roo would still heal their morning star as per their request. But, engaging with their counterpart’s form of entertainment was a simple show of the respect and love they had for her. The brothers glanced at each other, hesitant at the request. They wanted to help their youngest brother, but at the same time they felt as though they couldn’t trust whoever she was.

“If… As long as Luci’s pain will stop, I… I’m fine with it.” Raphael was the first to speak, voice shaky as his grip on the older’s arm tightened. If their creator trusted her, then they would be fine… Right? Azrael turned to him, ruby eyes staring as if asking ‘are you sure’.

The younger brother nodded his head nervously, watching as the virtue of patience sighed, turning back to the lord.

“Yeah… If no one gets hurt in any way, I’m cool with… Whatever this is.” The archangel of death said, gesturing to the abyssal darkness of the realm. *Finally, someone to play with!* Roo’s grin widened significantly.

“Lovely!” A cheerful voice beamed as she snapped her fingers.

Lucifer wandered the streets of Pentagram City, entangling his hands with Alastor's as they headed out for their spontaneous date. The fallen angel skipped on excitedly, red eyes beaming at every interesting thing they came across. Many sinners took note of their presence, scurrying off and watching them from the corners. It was the *king* of hell and *the* radio demon after all. One of the most powerful overlords with the prince of darkness. None dared to question why they were being so close, in fear of either or both of their wraths.

They stepped into a garden away from the main city, enjoying the scenery as Lucifer pointed out each and every type of flowers and trees for Alastor. In the corner of his eyes, the overlord noticed something following them. *Hah! Does he really have nothing better to do?* He ignored the floating camera behind them, unconcerned about his obsessive TV rival.

“Look! This one is called Hyssopus Officinalis. One of my personal favourites.” The fallen angel explained brightly, staring at the stunning shade of purple of the petals. The radio demon smiled softly, enjoying the enthusiasm of his love. “Oh! Remember the zoo I was talking about?” Lucifer turned to the overlord he was clinging onto.

“You mean the zoo that you snuck off to make while your poor daughter was busy working on the hotel’s commercial?” Alastor chuckled as he watched the king pout at his words.

“Well, yeah… But I was on my break!” Lucifer argued, rosy cheeks puffing out adorably as he continued, “But, yeah. That one. I’m thinking of what other animals to add to it before I officially open it. What do you think?” Red eyes turned to the radio demon, gazing hopefully as the taller hummed, contemplating on what to say.

“Just how many ducks have you added to this zoo, my dear king?” Alastor questioned, grinning as the fallen angel avoided his gaze skillfully.

“Um, there may or may not be a massive duck pond right in the centre… There’s other animals, I swear!” Lucifer quickly corrected himself, flailing his arms out nervously. Alastor smiled before he swiftly grabbed the king by the small waist, pulling him closer and planting a soft kiss on his forehead. As a deep blush creeped up the fallen angel, the radio demon glanced at the camera with pure possessiveness in those red eyes. The lens shattered within the next second before the overlord turned his attention back to the flustered king.

Somewhere in the Vees headquarters, Vox could be heard throwing out curses at the several screens in front of him while leaving deep claw marks on the pristine table. *That fucker! How the fuck did he get the fucking big boss of all of hell!?* Velvette sighed as her phone began to glitch due to the unstable TV demon. They already had so much on their hands with trying to get back on track after Valentino practically lost all his power, they didn’t need another piss baby whining at his fossil of a rival.

Just as Lucifer recovered from his flustered state, he felt something pull at the back of his leg, causing him to tumble backwards. Instinctively, Alastor grabbed the king’s arm with the intention of steadying him, yet all it did was cause them both to be dragged down into the ground.

“Oops! Didn’t mean to bring both of them.” Roo giggled as Lucifer and Alastor fell into her abyss at the same time. The overlord’s red eyes morphed into radio dials, scanning the darkness that surrounded them as his antlers grew. *Who dares to touch what's mine?* He shielded the king protectively before he noticed two familiar archangels.

Lucifer rubbed his head, regaining his senses from the fall. *Fuck… That hurt like a bitch.* He could sense an impending headache returning as he sat up straight, turning to Aastor to make sure he wasn't hurt. “Hey, Alastor, are you…” He began before he heard another voice speaking.

“Luci! Are you alright?” Raphael ran up to his little brother's side as Azrael trailed closely behind. Gloved hands of the virtue of humility immediately held the pale face of the younger, patting him down to check for any injuries.

“I'm fine, Raphael… Where are we?” Lucifer asked, still severely confused as to what was going on. A sharp pain shot through his head as he felt another presence getting closer. His hand dug into the blonde hair as he hissed in agony. Concern flashed in Alastor’s eyes as he held the king up to prevent him from collapsing.

“Hey, Roo or whatever your name is! Get over here and help my baby bro!” Azrael called out to the abyss as Raphael instructed the radio demon to gently place the fallen angel on the ground. Alastor hated taking orders. But, as long as the pain would stop, he would help his king in any way he could. He settled on the ground, allowing Lucifer to rest his head on his lap as he held the fallen angel tightly.

“My, my! Aren’t you feisty? But I did promise God I would help, so you get a pass.” Roo exclaimed as she appeared from the shadows, heading towards the demon and his love. Alastor felt his body tense at the one before him. The power that radiated from that modest figure was potent. It was stronger than possibly all the archangels combined. Whoever she was, her powers could make or break the universe. A thousand dark eyes landed on the one in his arms, causing goosebumps to spread across his skin. She merely hummed as she examined the young angel in pain.

Lucifer couldn’t rationalise what was happening at the moment. Everything was a blur. The pain was stronger than before. It felt as though his skin was burning him alive, consuming his flesh in the scorching heat. Pain was all he could register in his mind. *Please… Make it stop!* He pleaded, unsure if he was making coherent words.

With a snap of her fingers, dark energy spread through the air before flying straight into the fallen angel’s chest. He choked out, tears pricked his eyes as he felt something get ripped out of him with all he saw turning red. Red hot pain blurring his mind, red scorching heat leaving his body and his red eyes opened to see red… hair? Red hair with a red coat and red deer

ears. Red radio dials for eyes… Wait, radio? Radio… Alastor? The fog in his mind cleared up as he regained his senses. Blinking the tears away, he sat up, looking around to see the radio demon, two of his brothers and a lady he had never met before in front of him. He rubbed his head slightly, confused.

"What… happened?" Lucifer sat up before an arm tugged him closer to the overlord. Alastor held him tightly, burying his face into the shorter's shoulder as his ears pinned flat against his head. The king smiled fondly, leaning into the touch. It was comfortable. No one could blame him for indulging in the sensation of the warm touch, right? Raphael's icy blue eyes inspected his little brother, glowing slightly as he used some of his powers to ensure that the fallen angel was completely fine. Azrael seemed to heave a sigh of relief when the other virtue gave him a sign that their brother was alright before a knowing smirk could be seen on his face at the display of affection between his little brother and the demon.

"You're in the Realm of Entropy, child. I'm Roo, by the way. Apparently some of my powers had leaked into the sword that was used to… I don't know, stab you?" Roo explained, clapping her hands together joyfully. An orb of dark energy rested in her palms before it dissipated into nothingness. It was the tinge of corruption that had caused the blade to be able to seriously harm the archangel. *Just that miniscule amount of magic could wreak such deadly aura…* As much as it irritated him, Alastor believed that it was probably a good thing that their spontaneous date was interrupted. "Honestly, I'm surprised you're still alive for so long… Anyway! Now that there's no more of that, let's have some fun!" With a snap of her fingers, the ground lit up just like before, an LED dance floor appearing below them.

Alastor helped the king return to his feet, still holding onto the thin waist even after Lucifer steadied himself. The fallen angel didn't seem to mind the gesture as they observed a long table materialising before them. Plates of desserts popped out from thin air, along with multiple cans of what the king recognised as Beelzebub's strongest stash of alcohol, plopping down onto the table as a comically large disco ball hung high above them.

"What is all this?" The radio demon was the first question, static thick in his voice. Now that the king was fine, he wanted to leave this *unsettling* place as soon as they could. The fallen angel seemed intrigued by the display, red eyes staring at every detail with great curiosity. The other two archangels seemed unsure about all of this, ready to protect their little brother at any sign of threat despite the promises that no one would be harmed.

"I believe this is what humans call a party. Don't worry, I'll bring all your friends so you can enjoy this together!" Roo exclaimed proudly as she clapped her hands together, causing the

disco ball to begin spinning as it lit up the area just a tad. Before any of them could question it, she snapped her fingers once again with a wide grin.

Dozens of blood red portals appeared in the air before many familiar faces fell through them.

Chapter End Notes

She’s just bored and wants to party

Being in the presence of Roo caused the headache to jumpstart in Luci

Finally found the motivation to write

I might write a mini sequel/other stories after I’m done with this

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

An Entropic Rave

Chapter Summary

> As Roo brings the rest of the guests to her realm, some find themselves more uncomfortable than others

Chapter Notes

> Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The angels barely caught themselves with their wings as they fell through the portal, with only Gabriel seeming prepared for it. Every archangel was here now, with the addition of Emily, Molly and Sir Pentious.

Vaggie managed to spread her wings in time to catch herself and Charlie while Husk almost dropped Angel Dust when Niffty landed on top of his head. Three pairs of wings splayed out behind Sera as she hurriedly grabbed Cherribomb before the cyclops demon could face plant to the floor. A golden aura appeared around Eve as she gently floated herself to the ground while Lilith caught herself with violet roots.

“Is nearly killing half of those sinners and my *niece* the only way you could bring them here?” Azrael questioned, raising an unamused eyebrow at the one who summoned the portals.

“Don’t worry! They can’t die here. Plus, no one got hurt so what does it matter?” Roo giggled maniacally, her thousand eyes looking up in delight as all her toys landed on the dance floor. “Welcome to the Realm of Entropy! I’ve invited all of you here to play with me.” She beamed proudly as everyone looked around in confusion.

“So this is what God was talking about…” Gabriel mumbled under his breath, causing the eyes of his siblings to land on him, puzzled.

“Brother Gabriel, do you know why we’re here?” Ramiel asked, gentle voice flooding with bewilderment. Michael scanned his surroundings, silently observing the rest of the souls before his silver eyes landed on pale yellow ones. He watched as Lilith instantly turned away, rubbing her arms as she pretended she didn’t see him and walked towards the second woman. A sadistic smile nearly formed on his face before his attention was turned back to his younger brother.

“Well… God said that our duties will be put on hold for the day due to some *special* circumstances and told me to inform you, but I was dragged here before I could.” Gabriel explained to the rest of the virtues before violet eyes fell on the radio demon’s. Alastor squinted his eyes, his signature smile feeling strained as he turned to the fallen angel beside him, taking the shorter’s attention away from the rest. Gabriel tensed, suspicion and anger filling his soul. *He’s just trying to piss you off, don’t pay attention to him.* He told himself.

“Wha… Misssss Cherribomb?” Sir Pentious noticed the cyclops demon, quickly slithering up to her as Molly trailed closely behind before she saw a spider demon that seemed so familiar.

“Sir Pentious?” Cherribomb called out as soon as she heard her name from that voice she missed so dearly, running up to the snake angel and pulling him into a tight hug. They shared a moment of silent embrace before the sinner hit the winner in the head, causing him to hiss out in pain. “Don’t you fucking do that ever again! I was so worried.” She huffed out in irritation before smiling to herself. She had truly missed Sir Pentious, yet so happy that he got redeemed at the same time.

“Anthony?” Molly felt the name leave her lips before she could stop herself. Angel Dust turned to her, eyes widening in realisation. A second of shock passed by before both of them ran into each other’s arms, tears forming at the winner’s eyes as she felt her brother’s touch again. “Anthony…” She whispered under her breath as she wept quietly.

“Molly… I’ve missed you so much. I… I was so worried that you might have ended up in hell somehow.” Choked up words fell from the sinner’s mouth as he felt his own tears falling down his face. He refused to let the angel go, clutching her tightly as memories of the days

before his death flooded back to him. The only regret he ever had from overdosing was that he could no longer be there to protect his dear sister. Everything that led up to that moment, he wished he could say it was all for her. Yet, he knew it wasn't true. She never would have wanted him to do drugs. But it was his only escape from reality at the time. "I'm sorry…" The words slipped from his lips repeatedly as they held each other.

"It's ok… You're ok…" Molly whispered out, her voice cracking as it nearly failed to leave her.

"Sera!" Emily squealed joyfully as she saw her older sister. Sera's eyes lit up as the younger ran into her arms, squeezing her tightly as a huff of air was forced out of the taller seraphim. "I'm so happy to see you!" She squeaked in delight, eyes beaming with excitement as she bounced up and down.

"I'm glad to see you too, Emily." Sera smiled as she combed a hand through the younger's hair. She never thought she would see her little sister so soon since her fall, especially not in… wherever this was. She felt a wetness rise in her eyes before she blinked the tears away. Whatever this place was, it had brought them back together and she couldn't be more happy. Emily was the shining light in her darkness, the joy of her immortal life. She had missed her sister a lot during her days in hell. It was wonderful to see her again.

"Hey, uh… Who are you?" Charlie asked the one in front of them hesitantly. Vaggie pulled out her spear protectively, standing by her girlfriend's side to defend her at any sign of threat.

"I'm Roo! I don't think most of you have heard of me before… So, I suppose a better answer is that I'm God's counterpart!" Roo explained cheerfully, watching the shocked expressions form on their toys' faces. The second woman stepped up beside the princess.

"Oh my! You're actually Roo? I didn't think you truly existed…" Eve uttered, disbelief flashing across her golden eyes.

"Wait, Eve, you know about her?" Charlie questioned, confused beyond hell. The second woman nodded her head gracefully, placing a hand under her chin as she recalled the memories of *that* day in Eden.

“When I ate the forbidden fruit, I heard a voice in my head. The voice called herself Roo. I’m not too certain what her words were, but then I never heard her again.” Eve explained, turning to the thousand eyes for answers.

“Oh? You speak of the fruit of knowledge? I believe my powers had seeped into the tree while I was still taking my nap…” Roo thought for a moment, listening to the darkness. Lucifer tilted his head in slight confusion. *Was that why the fruit was forbidden? Because of Roo’s power?* Before more questions filled his mind, Roo’s joyous voice spoke again, “I was sleep talking! That explains the words you heard. Anyway, I’ve brought you all here to have fun with me! So, do whatever you wish here. What was that human saying again? Oh, right. Knock yourselves out!”

With that, the thousand eyes faded into the darkness of the abyss, leaving the others severely bewildered.

“Uh… I guess we should have fun?” Charlie turned to the rest nervously as they glanced at one another.

“Party time?” Angel Dust questioned, turning to a certain cyclops demon as he finally let go of his sister.

“Party time!” Cherribomb yelled out in agreement.

Roo watched as some of her toys peaked at the desserts. Sir Pentious instantly recognised the plate of macaroons alongside Molly. They shared a confused glance, unsure of whether to say something about it. Uriel noticed the plate of dessert he had made for his niece amongst the array of food. *So that's where that went…* He thought to himself before heading up to Azrael to join him in the excessively sweet fruit punch.

“Aren’t they just adorable, God?” Roo’s voice could only be heard by the orb of bright light next to her, giggling as her other half hummed in agreement.

“You know you could always create your own souls, Roo.” The orb flashed as the lord’s voice sounded from it. She sat in silence for a brief moment before shaking her head.

“Too much trouble. But, I do like how these little ones interact. They’re so cute I could just squish them flat!” Roo giggled cheerfully, feeling her other half smile at her antics. Once she stopped her laughter, an idea popped into her mind as she turned to the little princess of hell. “Hey, God?” She started, listening as her counterpart hummed, waiting for her to continue. “What do you think would happen if I brought those little guys from hell here? You know, the… what did they call themselves? Oh, right, the sins! How much *fun* would it be to see them ‘talk’ to your little angels!” Roo’s laughter echoed through the orb of light as she strutted around in the darkness happily.

“Well, a fight would most likely break out,” God reasoned, always the more logical one of the two, “But if you can ensure they don’t end up tearing one another apart, I have no objections.” Roo smiled sadistically at the permission she was given, swiftly nodding her head.

“Oh, of course!” She grinned widely as she snapped her fingers.

The archangels were chatting amongst themselves, finally taking a break and catching up with one another as well as their niece. Lucifer was excitedly telling Raphael and Uriel about his zoo while his daughter rambled on about the sinners planning to join the hotel and how well the rehabilitation activities had been going to Michael and Cassiel. The eldest had a proud expression in those silver eyes as he listened attentively to his niece while Uriel was listing down a couple animals the king could include. Alastor stood by the side, ignoring the way Gabriel occasionally glared at him with hostility, as Vaggie nervously went up to the princess when she beckoned her over.

“This is my girlfriend!” Charlie’s red eyes beamed up proudly as she introduced the former exorcist to her uncles and aunt. Vaggie waved hesitantly before her hand instinctively moved to touch the hair that was covering her torn out eye. Ramiel smiled sweetly at how bright her niece seemed the moment she began talking about her girlfriend as Michael tensed as he recognised her as an exorcist angel. Silver eyes filled with distrust as he looked her up and down, as if silently judging her. This had not gone unnoticed by Vaggie, causing her to freeze up in her spot. Lucifer witnessed this interaction from the corner of his eyes, dismissing himself from his other two brothers as he went up to the oldest.

“Michael…” Lucifer whispered as he tapped the virtue of charity on the shoulder to get his attention. Silver eyes turned to the youngest archangel as Michael tilted his head in confusion. “She’s not like the rest of *them.* She really loves Charlie…” The fallen angel explained softly to ensure his daughter did not take notice of them. *She would be so heartbroken to know that Michael did not approve of her relationship…*

Michael sighed, nodding his head as he understood the youngest’s words. Although he did not trust the exorcists as a whole, he would give it a try if it made Charlie happy.

The sinners were talking together with the two winners along with Sera and Emily while Eve and Lilith sat by the side, watching the drama unfold. A cup of Beelzejuice was in the queen's hands as they gossiped like old ladies.

“Just see how that spider guy looks at our little bartender. They’re totally in love!” Lilith exclaimed, grinning widely as she heard the second woman hum in agreement.

“There’s definitely some tension between the two,” Eve smiled before she took a small bite of a cake, “But, dearest, have you not seen my angel and the radio demon? They are simply adorable!” Lilith tilted her head in curiosity, turning her attention to the two across the room. It really was not her business whether her ex-husband wanted to start looking for love again, and honestly she couldn't care less. What he did was his own choice. She may have loved him once, but that was the past. The first woman hummed before her eyes landed back on her drink.

“If Alastor doesn’t have any ill intentions for Luci or Charlie, I can see those two working out quite well.” Lilith said, smiling softly at the sweet golden liquid in the cup as she took

note of her own reflection. “Hey, where’s the little cyclops girl? You know, Niffty?” Pale yellow eyes turned to the second woman when she realised the short sinner was nowhere to be found.

“She’s drunk.” Eve explained nonchalantly, taking another bite of her cake before she pointed to the little girl scurrying under the tables. Lilith stared at the small demon, wondering if she should bring her over here with them to not cause any trouble.

Then, a dark portal opened in the centre of the dance floor as six demons manifested from it. The sins were here.

“Uh, Roo?” Azrael called out, ruby eyes scanning the darkness for their creator’s counterpart. Satan composed himself, looking around to see the archangels and his king standing side by side. *Lucifer?* The sin of wrath ignored the way Mammon cursed loudly as he got on his feet while Asmodeus raised an unamused eyebrow at the sin of greed. Beelzebub’s eyes instantly landed on the princess, her mood switching from confused to excited in an instant, as Belphegor sighed, half awake from her nap, while Leviathan’s eyes narrowed on the angels.

“So, I invited some more *guests!* I believe you all recognise them as the deadly sins so I’m just going to leave you guys to it. Have fun in the Entropy!” Roo’s cheerful voice disappeared just as quickly as she began, not even showing her form for her little toys as she continued to observe them with her other half. “This is going to be fun!” A sinister smile grew on her lips as the light beside her sighed fondly at her actions.

“Charlie!” Beelzebub immediately flew up to the princess and squeezed her tight in all her arms, uncaring of the strange looks she received from those she recognised as the seven virtues. “It’s been so long since I saw you, Char-Char! All that partying really made me lose track of time…” The sin unwrapped one set of hands from the princess, bringing them up to her chin as she tried to recall when the last time she visited the MorningStars was.

“Aunt Bee! It’s wonderful to see you again.” Charlie exclaimed as she noticed the rest of the sins heading towards them. Lucifer glanced at his siblings, nervousness crawling up his spine as he realised what was about to happen. The deadly sins and the heavenly virtues, all within the same vicinity. The archangels stood together, eyeing the sins with distrust and dismay.

Emily watched on with her eyes wide before Sera quickly beckoned her away, not wanting to get involved with whatever was about to go down. The sinners took the hint, hurriedly following the seraphims together with the winners. It might not be safe for them to stand too close to them. They all gathered closer to the queen of hell and the second woman, observing the situation unfold wordlessly.

“Yo, Char-Char. Shouldn’t you give your ol’ uncle Mammon a hug too?” The sin of greed grinned widely, pulling the girl closer to him as he watched the silver eyes glare at him in pure anger. The virtue of charity stared daggers into Mammon as Charlie gave him a quick squeeze before turning her attention to the other sins.

“Your majesty, why are we here?” Satan questioned, turning his eyes to the king. Belphegor nodded her head slowly in agreement, sluggishly blinking one eye after the other. Lucifer’s cane appeared in his hand as he fiddled with it nervously as the eyes of the sins turned to him.

“Well… Uh, we all got dragged here pretty much against our will by this lady called Roo who is the voice you heard just now and she told us to have fun.” The words escaped his mouth quickly as he witnessed the many confused faces from the leaders of each ring of hell. They glanced at one another awkwardly at the information as the archangels beckoned Charlie back to them protectively.

“Well, as long as there’s my sweet honey here, this shit might not be that bad.” Beelzebub shrugged as she noticed the cans of Beelzejuice on the table. Cassiel frowned as he witnessed a cup of the honey-like alcohol materialise in one of her hands. Although it was not sacrilegious to drink alcohol, when it was done in excess, it would lead to sin, which would be blasphemous. The sin of Gluttony was known for indulgence without control, causing the virtue of temperance to furrow his brows when she finished the cup without a second thought.

“Let’s try to remain professional.” Ramiel said, her voice gentle despite her disdain for the other six sins. Gabriel nodded his head, agreeing with his sister as Leviathan glared at them bitterly while Belphegor blinked lethargically.

“Uh… Yeah, let’s not cause a scene!” Charlie exclaimed as she clapped her hands together nervously. Vaggie gave her an encouraging thumbs up as they noticed the tension between the sins and the virtues. Lucifer nodded his head quickly in agreement before Raphael backed away from the two groups to stand with his youngest brother. Alastor walked up to the fallen angel’s side, enjoying the free entertainment as he watched on with silent glee.

Roo giggled at the tension, loving the chaos.

Chapter End Notes

Niffty is just running around drunk

The sins vs the virtues

Luci and Raphael are just chilling in the corner watching the fight go down

Hell’s greatest dad but it’s uncles and aunts

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Farewells to the Entropy

Chapter Summary

The guests interact with each other mostly peacefully as Roo watches on with absolute glee.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Angel Dust was spending some quality time with his twin sister, Cherribomb and Sir Pentious away from most of the crowd.

“Molly, this is Cherribomb, my best of the best friend,” the spider demon said as he brought the other sinner to the angel before he continued, “and Cherry, this is my sister, Molly!” He introduced the two as the snake angel watched on with a nervous grin.

“Nice to meet ya, Molly!” Cherribomb exclaimed as she held out a hand for the winner, which she gladly took.

“Nice to meet you too, Miss Cherribomb,” She smiled sweetly at the sinner while the snake winner beside them had a confused expression on his face.

“Wait, your sssiblingsss?” Sir Pentious gave a dumbfounded look to the two as both Angel Dust and his sister nodded in unison.

“Ah, right. I suppose you don’t know my actual name…” Angel Dust muttered under his breath as he realised why the snake winner hadn’t put two and two together. He earned a few

confused gazes from that before he swiftly changed the subject, allowing the group to talk about whatever they felt like.

“You know, Sir Pentious talks a lot about you.” Molly gave a knowing smile as she turned to the other winner with them. Sir Pentious’ face flushed instantly at her words, causing the cyclops demon to turn to him suggestively with a red blush on her face as well.

“And why's that?” Cherribomb smirked as the snake demon began to stutter. Angel Dust chuckled softly at the winner. *Even now that he's in heaven, he really hasn't changed all that much…*

“Well… I, uh… Becaussse I talk a lot about everyone!” Sir Pentious exclaimed loudly, catching the attention from the rest of the beings in the area. They stared at him in confusion, causing his embarrassment to grow tenfold, before returning to their own conversations. Cherribomb laughed fondly at the display, remembering back when the now winner was still in hell with them.

“Come on now, Pentious! You've already confessed. Be more willing to take the chance!” Molly huffed before she smiled to herself. Angel Dust swiftly agreed with his sister's words, encouraging the snake angel to talk to the other sinner more.

“Emily, I'm really proud of the progress you've made.” Sera said, smiling sweetly as her sister's eyes lit up at her words. The head seraphim-in-training had been rambling on and on about everything that went on while the former head seraphim was in hell, explaining how Michael had been helping her with her abilities and teaching her new skills. Sera had listened intently to the younger, simply happy to be finally seeing her sister again.

“Emily, how would you like to become the next head seraphim?” The eldest archangel had asked the young angel.

Emily was hesitant. The offer had come from the virtue of charity himself, the one who created all seraphims in heaven and one of the main authorities in charge. Despite this, she felt that it was not right to take her older sister's position. She felt guilty at the thought of it. Emily had been Sera's right hand angel for centuries. Now with that she was gone, she had not fully processed the thought of her sister being cast out. Throwing the duties of the head seraphim on her seemed all too sudden. Additionally, there were more seraphims that the archangel could choose from who had far more experience than her. She was the last seraphim that had been created for centuries after all. It didn't seem right.

“Sir Michael… Could you give me a few days to decide? Sorry, it just doesn't feel like the right thing to do…” Emily explained, nervous as she voiced her concerns to the virtue.

“Of course. My apologies for asking so suddenly. When you've come to a decision, do find me in my office.” Michael said before leaving the young angel in her own thoughts. For whatever reason, that was not the reaction Emily had expected. Many older angels had told her how strict and fierce the eldest of the archangels was and after witnessing him lose his cool in court, the mental image of the virtue was pretty much solid in her head. Yet, he was very different from her imagination.

And it made him seem all the more approachable.

She had taken him up on the offer with the promise that it was only until Sera could prove herself to become the head seraphim again. Emily was a kind soul. She didn't wish to fight her older sister for the position. If Sera wanted it back, the younger would gladly return it to her. It had belonged to the older for over ten thousand years after all.

“Thank you, Sera!” Emily exclaimed, pulling the older into a tight hug. The older smiled, running a hand through the soft hair of her sister fondly. She was happy for Emily. A truly kind and bright soul. The young angel would definitely become a great head seraphim. *Greater than I ever was…*

Time passed by without too much trouble from the angels and demons. The sins mostly stayed together, discussing some improvements which could be made to their rings, while the virtues talked with the sinners that were undergoing rehabilitation, giving them some tips and suggestions.

However, there was one issue; Charlie. Whenever one of the deadly sins or heavenly virtues interacted with her, their opposites would come in and try to talk to her as well. Neither side would back down, both wanting the attention of the princess. Poor Charlie would be trapped between the dispute, unable to calm either side down until her father and the virtue of humility stepped in, practically dragging the two adversaries away before they cut open each other's throats.

This time was no different.

Charlie was talking to Husk about lowering the amount of alcohol given to guests when Belphegor walked up to her sluggishly. The princess turned to the sin as she noticed her coming over, smiling as she waved at the Queen of Sloth.

"Hey, Aunt Belph! Did you need something?" Charlie questioned as Husk backed away awkwardly, not wanting to involve himself with whatever was about to happen. Violet eyes narrowed on the sin as Gabriel paused his conversation with Azrael abruptly.

"Princess… You seem tired. I have some medicine on me. Here." Belphegor said, voice slow as she sounded out every syllable of each word. She reached into her pockets and pulled out a bottle of drugs and handed it to the princess.

"Oh, no. I'm fine, really!" Charlie explained, politely declining the offer from the sin. It was no secret that the drugs from the sloth ring were highly addictive to anyone who consumed it,

and the princess truly did not wish to become dependent on them. The archangel of diligence watched the scene in silence before Azrael took notice of it.

"Are you going to go over there or something?" The virtue of patience asked, chewing on a sugary sweet snack which caused violet eyes to turn his back to him in slight repulsion. Gabriel sighed, trying his best to ignore the younger archangel's chewing as he returned his eyes back to the sin and the princess.

"Charlie is being disturbed by that… indolent thing, of course I should do something." The older archangel said, disdain clear in his words as his younger brother merely shrugged.

"Suit yourself." Azrael said as he turned his attention back to the snacks he was eating. Gabriel took a deep breath, composing himself, before he placed his plate down and headed towards his niece and the sin.

"Charlie, you should visit heaven more often." The archangel said, catching the attention of the princess while Belphegor squinted her eyes as he continued, "With more sinners undergoing rehabilitation, heaven and hell would need to work closely together." Violet eyes glanced at the sin with irritation before gazing at his niece with a smile. Before Charlie could answer, the sluggish voice of the one beside her spoke.

"Are all angels this obnoxious? You can talk business after I finish speaking with the princess…" Belphegor rolled her eyes dramatically as Charlie's red eyes turned to her anxiously. This truly had not been very entertaining for her. Every other hour, something like this would happen when she just wanted to spend time with her friends.

She considered the deadly sins as part of her family, yet it was quite unpleasant whenever she was trapped between two ancient beings arguing to get her attention. Her eyes landed on her father- who had yet to take notice of her situation- before she glanced over to Vaggie. Her girlfriend was about to come over to help her, spear in hand, before Charlie gestured to her to stay where she was. She didn't want the situation to get any worse.

Vaggie stopped in her tracks, unsure of what to do. She looked around the place before her eyes landed on the queen.

Lucifer was talking with Alastor, face beaming as he spent some alone time with the radio demon after settling things down with his family. Alastor smiled fondly at the bright red eyes as the fallen angel continued going on and on about whatever was on his mind.

“And then, we can go to this really nice place I found! Wait, no that place was taken down three thousand years ago… Well, we could find some other place. I’m sure there’s plenty of nice areas within the pride ring.” Lucifer exclaimed, clapping his hands together in excitement as he rambled on.

“I’m fine with whatever as long as we’re together, my love,” Alastor chuckled as the king’s face flushed, a warmth spreading through his chest as he continued, “I do know a good place in Cannibal Town, though. We could visit Rosie as well while we’re there.” The fallen angel’s eyes instantly lit up at the suggestion. He had planned to send a gift to the cannibal overlord, but if he could hand it to her himself, it would probably be better. Just as he was about to go into another rant, he noticed his ex-wife heading to them in the corner of his eyes.

“Lucifer, our dear Charlie is being bothered by your brothers again.” Lilith said as she walked up to him. Alastor tensed at her voice, a quiet static screech coming from him, as the fallen angel turned over to his daughter.

“Ah, shit…” Lucifer cursed under his breath as he saw that the dispute had grown and majority of the archangels and sins were at each other’s throats, quickly dismissing himself from his conversation with the overlord before Alastor could protest.

Ramiel was trying to calm her brothers down as gently as she could, yet none of them backed down from the argument. Mammon was cursing Michael out as silver eyes merely stared at the sin with disinterest while Satan was trying to make the virtue of patience lose his cool. Belphegor and Gabriel were still in their earlier dispute as Cassiel patronised the sin of Gluttony's habits. Leviathan scoffed at the virtue of kindness' failed attempts to stop the fight while Uriel and Asmodeus simply stared at each other in confusion as the others continued to argue.

"You're just a little shit!" The sin of greed yelled out loudly as his glare pierced the archangel's silver eyes. He was only met with a sneer from Michael, the virtue of charity folding his arms at the weak insult.

"What are you, then? A pig?" Michael taunted, ridiculing the sin who knew that he had no power over the archangel. Mammon growled in anger before he shot the virtue a middle finger. Michael derided the notion as he continued, "You just want to use my niece for your own personal gain. Truly a disgrace to the realms."

"Should we do something?" Asmodeus asked the virtue of chastity, who seemed caught off guard by the question. Uriel glanced at the fight warily, unsure of how to stop his brothers, before giving the sin of lust a confused shrug. Charlie was nervously fiddling with her own fingers, unable to escape from the argument.

Before any more insults could be thrown out, a puff of red confetti and snowflakes caught the attention of the two opposing sides. Lucifer-in his full demonic glory- and Raphael appeared in the centre of the commotion, causing both sides to quiet down. The virtue of humility immediately dragged the rest of the archangels out of the vicinity of the sins, pulling his siblings aside and talking some sense into them for starting this unnecessary fight.

Charlie heaved a sigh of relief when the noises finally died down, allowing her a moment to breathe as Vaggie ran up to her. The former exorcist checked her for any sign of injury before she led the princess away from the scene and hugged her tightly.

"Sorry I couldn't get you out of there sooner." Vaggie apologised, feeling horrible for allowing her girlfriend to be trapped amidst the fight. Charlie smiled at her, combing her hand through the former angel's hair as she explained that it was not her fault.

Back with Lucifer, his demonic horns were sharp on his head as the sins looked away from the glowing red sclera sheepishly, knowing they had screwed up. For a man of such small stature, it sure was a sight to witness when he was truly in rage.

“Your majesty, you must understand that it was the angels who started this,” Satan tried to explain as the rest of the sins nodded in agreement.

“Yeah, short king. Those pesky little things are so exhausting!” Mammon added swiftly, earning a glare from Beelzebub to ‘shut the fuck up before he whoops your ass’.

“Oh, wow, big ol’ Mammon is using long words. The world is ending!” Asmodeus laughed at his own joke, causing the rest to turn to him, baffled, as the king let out a silent snicker which none of them noticed.

“Shut it, you…” Mammon cursed out before he felt Leviathan hit his head in dismay. The sin of envy shot him a look that said ‘don’t get us into more trouble with the king’ which finally shut the other up.

“I don’t care who started the fight, but don’t involve my daughter in whatever shit you all are doing.” Lucifer sighed, blinking to reveal his yellow iris behind the blood red glow as he folded his arms in disappointment. “If I see you guys make her feel uncomfortable one more time, I’m getting Lilith.” The king threatened, eyes glaring daggers at the sins as his tail lashed out behind him, watching as fear shot up their spines. They respected their king but feared their queen. She was harsh whenever she was upset with them, like an angry mother berating her children.

“We will watch ourselves, your majesty.” Belphegor said, finally snapping out of her tiredness for just a second at the mention of the queen of hell. The other sins quickly agreed, moving on to do their own thing to not frustrate the fallen angel. Alastor appeared by the king’s side, his grin wide as those beautiful eyes turned to him.

“Was I too hard on them? I mean, they don’t usually lie to me, other than that greedy bastard… But I think my siblings may have started this fight.” Lucifer sighed before turning to look at the ground, contemplating his actions as he returned to his usual form.

“They did this to themselves by cornering Charlie in the first place. Don’t think too much of it, my dear king.” Alastor smiled as he gently combed his gloved hand through the soft blonde hair, careful to not knock down the comically large hat. The fallen angel turned to gaze into those red eyes, smiling at the overlord’s comforting words.

Roo giggled at the constant banter between the archangels and the sins, loving the chaos. Although she had no care for these souls, she thoroughly enjoyed the free entertainment they provided her. The light beside her watched the commotion in silence, thinking of new lessons to teach their children from this experience.

Out of nowhere, a short red haired cyclops climbed up her side. A thousand eyes blinked in confusion as she stared at the small sinner. *What’s her name again? Niffy? Eh, whatever.* The light moved up towards them, gazing at the shorter in utter silence.

“What are you doing here, child?” Roo giggled, picking Niffty up by the back of her dress with on of her many hands. There was a blank look on the cyclops’ face as she stared into the lord of chaos.

Niffty search around in her pockets before pulling out a crown made of roaches. She grinned maniacally as she plopped it on Roo’s head. “You’re cool!” She giggled before leaping out of the grasp of one of the many hands before scurrying off elsewhere.

Roo took the crown off her head, giggling madly as she came up with many new ideas she could test with the dead roaches. The light beside her stared in silence before checking the time.

“I believe it’s about time to return these souls to where they belong, Roo.” God explained after the agreed upon hours had passed. They heard a disappointed whine from their other half as she pulled her attention away from her new toy.

“Aww… That’s too bad. I had more things in store for them too!” Roo sighed, a pout evident in her voice as her counterpart chuckled fondly.

“We came to an agreement, Roo.” God reminded, a sweet smile on their face as the lord of chaos hummed, dissatisfied by their words.

“Hm… I guess we did. It’s fine, I can always find more toys!” The eerie giggles returned as new ideas came to her mind.

Roo emerged from the darkness in front of the crowd, capturing the attention of the souls in her realm. She clapped her hands in delight as she began, “Alright! You have satisfied my expectations so I will send you back to your homes.” The thousand eyes relished in the shocked expressions of the sins who saw her for the first time.

“Uh… Thank you, Miss Roo.” Charlie exclaimed, hesitation clear in her voice as the thousand eyes turned to her. A wide grin spread across Roo’s face, causing chills to shoot through the souls, before she snapped her fingers. Multiple portals appeared underneath the beings within her realm as she waved a final goodbye, causing everyone to fall through before any more words could be said.

“We should do this again sometime!” Roo exclaimed gleefully as the light appeared beside her.

“Perhaps we could plan something out without the need for you to kidnap my children.” A soft chuckle came from her other half before they spoke. Roo giggled at their words, finding it hilarious for her other half to suggest such a thing.

“I want to keep that little one eyed girl!”

“Roo, no.”

Chapter End Notes

Roo wants to keep Niffty

I think Uriel and Asmodeus would actually become decent buddies if not for the circumstances

Michael just wants to kill Mammon

Beelzebub and Cassiel would probably be great friends if not for how uptight he is

Heaven and Hell's greatest relatives?

Timeskip next chapter (mostly radioapple stuff)

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

More than Anything

Chapter Summary

A year has passed and many things have changed. A celebration is in order as Alastor takes Lucifer on a dance.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A year had passed since they returned from the realm of Entropy. The Hazbin Hotel had grown rapidly, with many more sinners undergoing rehabilitation now that it was deemed possible. There were many new additions to the hotel to accommodate the growing numbers of souls that wanted to try redemption, starting with more guest rooms, larger community spaces and more places to hold the princess' bonding exercises. Charlie and her father had also continued to visit heaven whenever they could, working closely with the virtues to help the souls in hell to become better.

Lucifer and Alastor had also made their relationship public after a couple incidents with other sinners trying their luck on the separated king and queen. The radio demon enjoyed the reactions from hell's population, especially from a certain TV overlord. Vox had already been pissed when some of his employees had gone over to the little princess' hotel, now he always had to deal with his most hated rival dating the literal king of hell. Despite Alastor's repulsion towards most public displays of affection, he was fine with light touches and occasional hand holding if it was initiated by him. Lucifer was completely alright with this, wanting to make his partner as comfortable as he could. The fallen angel had also taken off the ring from his past marriage. He no longer needed it. The comfort it once brought felt heavy on his fingers, so he decided to remove it, keeping it safe in a place no one else can reach.

Lilith was hanging out with the second woman more, the two enjoying each other's company as they rebuilt their past friendship. The queen also had not taken many sinners to her bed, preferring to help out around the hotel for her daughter. Charlie really appreciated it. Both her parents were now supporting her dreams as best as they could. She could never thank them

enough. The princess was also grateful for all the help from the radio demon and other hotel staff.

Angel Dust had become the second redeemed soul, passing divine judgment and ascending to heaven after many trials. Everyone was happy for him. Cherribomb was a laughing-crying mess and Husk had rejoined the hotel as a guest instead of the bartender after that, deciding to give redemption a shot as well. Sera had shed a few tears herself. Despite having her doubts on demons, she had grown close to the sinners of the hotel throughout the year and formed quite a few friendships along the way. To witness a second soul ascend with her own eyes filled her with more hope for her own journey to redemption.

Many cried when their friend left. He was a part of their strange family, forming bonds stronger than ever. It made them all the more determined to continue the path of seeking forgiveness. They knew that it was not ‘goodbye’, rather a ‘see you later’.

A party was being hosted at the hotel to celebrate Angel Dust's successful rehabilitation. All of the guests were invited to attend along with some of hell’s blue bloods dropping by to congratulate the princess and her endeavours as a sign of respect. They were welcomed to stay for the party, but most of them had business to attend to.

“This hotel had truly proven its worth, princess.” Stolas said as he bowed down in the presence of the royals. Charlie thanked him for his high praises, pleased that her project had come so far. The prince was here with his daughter to send the regards of his side of the Ars Goetia family.

“Would you and Octavia like to stay? We have plenty of food and drinks to go around!” Charlie exclaimed, excited to show them around.

“My deepest apologies, princess, but I must return to my duties. Father has high expectations that I need to meet… Via, you can stay if you want.” Stolas said, turning to his daughter who had finally put down her phone. She looked around the place, taking in the sight of the well-

thought-out decorations, before nodding her head. Charlie squealed at that, immediately gesturing for her girlfriend to come over so that she could introduce the two to each other.

"Seems like the celebration is going well." Alastor remarked as he materialised beside the king. Lucifer had been watching the party go on from the open hallway above, elated that his daughter's hotel had been working out so well. The radio demon joined him after finishing *handling* some unwelcome guests trying to break into the hotel by means of force. *Vox and his attempts to taint our reputation through such unruly methods… How distasteful.*

"Yeah… I'm really proud of Charlie." Lucifer smiled as he gazed at his daughter fondly. It was truly wonderful. Heaven was finally listening after ten thousand years, things in hell were improving and Charlie was happy. As music played in the background of the party, Alastor's hand moved up to a pocket hidden by his coat, grinning to himself before he reached the same hand out towards the king. The fallen angel turned to him curiously, unsure of what the overlord was doing.

"Care for a dance, my love?" Alastor smiled fondly as a flush creeped up the pale face of the king. Lucifer stood silent for a moment, processing the information, before he let a soft chuckle slip from his lips.

"Of course!" The fallen angel exclaimed delightfully, taking the hand as he allowed himself to be pulled in by the radio demon.

They swayed to the music, one step after the other as red eyes gazed lovingly at each other. Their bodies moved to the rhythm of the beat, following the soft melody as they swept their way through the halls. Alastor held the shorter's hips possessively with one hand, gliding across the hotel with his love in his arms. Lucifer felt his breath being taken away as the light shone divinely on the radio demon.

Alastor wore a red coat, similar to his signature one but without its stripes. He was donned in a black dress shirt with gold designs embroidered and a slightly different shade of black dress pants. He still kept his regular gloves as they provided him with a sense of security. The fallen angel swore his face burned as their bodies slotted together perfectly, each intricate step bringing them closer to the other.

Lucifer was in a white blazer with gold patterns, a red waistcoat and a white shirt within. He wore a blood red bow with an apple crest in the centre of it and his usual tall black boots. Alastor brought them closer, leading the king onto the balcony where they continued to sway to the soft music that could barely be heard.

Red eyes were locked onto each other, neither wanting to look away as they danced across the large platform enclosed by balustrades. The night was beautiful in the pride ring, maroon skies covered with twinkling bright stars as the large pentagram emitted its bright red light across every corner of the city.

The two twirled around the balcony, lost in thought as they had not even noticed that they were too far from the celebrations to hear the music. It felt like a dream. They saw their futures in each other's eyes, warmth spreading through them as Alastor spun the king around before allowing the shorter to fall back just a little as the overlord wrapped his arm tightly around the small waist. Lucifer felt his leg being held up by the taller's hand as he stared into the sweet smile, lost in those red eyes.

Soft panting noises could be heard as they finally ended their dance, catching their breath as the radio demon brought the king back to his feet. As they collected themselves, Lucifer noticed a small glint in the other's eyes as they stared into his own. His face was beautifully flushed as he held out a hand to Alastor's face, barely touching it before the overlord leaned into it with a fond smile.

"I love you." The fallen angel was the first to break the silence, eyes bright as the words left his lips. The radio demon had adoration in his eyes as his ears twitched at the words, loving the voice of the king.

"I love you too, my dearest." Alastor said, a warmth spreading across his chest as he held the hand on his face. His heart raced as he watched the smile on the king's lips grow, a sudden wave of emotions flooding him as he continued, "And I want to spend the rest of my afterlife with you…"

Lucifer tilted his head, intrigued in the overlord's words. Alastor took a deep breath, feeling his dead heart beat rapidly against his chest. It was loud, so loud he thought that perhaps the fallen angel could hear it thumping. Lucifer watched in confused interest as he reached into his coat, unsure yet curious about what the taller was doing.

“I wish to be with you, my king,” Alastor explained, hesitation written all over his face as he pulled out a small box. Anxiety grew in his chest as he got down on one knee, red eyes never leaving the fallen angel as he witnessed the realisation dawning on his face. A fear he remembered very well flooded his mind as his ears twitched at the loud gasp from the king. He took a deep breath as he continued, “I wish to adore you and I wish to love you for evermore, Lucifer…”

Tears pricked the corners of the red eyes as the fallen angel covered his mouth in surprise. Alastor opened the box, revealing a beautiful golden ring with a stunning red gemstone shaped like an apple sitting on top, as he finally popped the question.

“Will you marry me?”

A singular tear slipped down the rosy cheeks as the king sniffled silently, trying to contain his overwhelming emotions. A moment of unbearable silence passed as the fallen angel composed himself, sending a surge of anxiety up the radio demon. Had he said something wrong? Was Lucifer upset with him? *Did he not want to be with me?* Questions flooded through Alastor’s mind as he felt distress rise within him. Just as he was about to get up from his position, he heard a silent voice from the king.

“Yes… Yes, I will…” Lucifer said through his tears, small hiccups coming from his throat as he smiled beautifully for the radio demon. Without another word being said, Alastor stood from the ground, pulling the fallen angel into a tight embrace. The red hair buried itself into the king’s shoulder as the shorter wept happily, wrapping his arms around the overlord.

Many moments passed as they stayed like that in each other’s embrace before they pulled away, only for Alastor to bring the king back towards him for a soft kiss on his lips. As they separated, the radio demon wordlessly held the fallen angel’s hand, slipping the ring onto the delicate fingers.

Through the window, Charlie witnessed the entire scene play out with a bright grin on her face. The radio demon had come to her just a couple days before this with a request without anyone else knowing.

“My dear Charlie, may I speak with you for a moment?” Alastor questioned when he finally managed to find the princess when they were both free. Things had been very busy lately as they were planning the celebration, so it was quite a rare chance to be able to find any of the staff having an ounce of spare time.

“Oh, sure! What is it? Is something wrong?” Charlie asked, worried if something had gone wrong with the plans. Alastor shook his head, calming the princess down as he led her to a private room, away from any prying ears. As they settled down, Charlie tilted her head in curiosity as she continued to ask, “So… Did something happen?”

“Do you remember the favour I wanted back when the extermination was coming?” Alastor began as he watched the princess tense before him. How could she forget? The deal they made so long ago was bound to return to bite her in the back at some point. Was he going to betray them? Abandon the hotel? Abandon her dad?

“Yes… I do. I also remember that it would not involve harming anyone. This includes my dad, so don’t you dare try something.” Charlie said, her voice firm as red eyes stared at the radio demon with distrust.

“Don’t worry, my dear. It’s nothing like that,” Alastor tried to give a reassuring smile, only to be met with an eyebrow raised in suspicion. He sighed, deciding to just spit it out and not drag this on for longer than it needed to be, “Initially, I needed it to break free from my deal with Lilith, although I suppose that you already know. But, it’s not like that this time, my dear…”

“Go on…” Charlie beckoned for him to continue, sensing the strong hesitation radiating off the radio demon. She had suspected it was the reason he wanted her to make a deal with him back then after witnessing the overlord break free from his chains, but seeing him admit it brought both a sense of betrayal and comfort. Alastor gripped his cane tightly as he spoke.

“I want your approval to marry Lucifer.”

Charlie was stunned by his words. Out of all the things she would have expected the overlord to ask, this was not one of them. It wasn't as if she didn't know how happy he had made her father, however, there was a part of her that still couldn't trust him.

But, she still owed him a favour in the end.

It was a wonderful scene. The tears of happiness flowed from her father's eyes as the two embraced each other in a tight hug, the ring glistening on his finger. Perhaps she had been wrong about Alastor. The way her father smiled with him was something she had never seen him do with others. The radio demon was truly special to him. Maybe she could find her own comfort with the fact that their bond was stronger than ever.

She smiled at the loving couple, blinking away the wetness in her eyes before she returned to the party, leaving them to their own world.

As the party ended, the sinners returned to their own rooms while Octavia waved goodbye to the princess. A few guests stayed to help out the staff with the clean up, earning multiple thanks from the princess. As Niffty scurried around and stashed everything in a large trash bag, finally sobering up after accidentally drinking some alcohol that had been mistakenly given to her, Charlie noticed her father returning with the radio demon. She waved them over with a bright smile.

"Dad! Where have you been? We're just beginning to clean up." The princess explained, the knowing grin never leaving her face as the king avoided her eyes sheepishly. The fallen angel shifted the conversation to something else as Alastor helped tidy the place up with his powers. After a couple minutes, most of the guests left the room, leaving only the three along with Vaggie, Husk, Lilith and Eve.

“So… Um, Charlie, me and Alastor are getting engaged!” Lucifer exclaimed, both nervousness and excitement coursing through his veins as he showed his daughter the beautiful ring on his finger. Charlie acted surprised, an enthusiastic squeal leaving her lips as Vaggie and Husk suddenly rushed to her side to witness this for themselves.

“Holy shit…” Husk whispered under his breath, still not truly understanding why the king chose Alastor of all people.

“I’m so happy for you, dad!” Charlie exclaimed, pulling her father into a tight squeeze. She rambled on about preparations for the wedding, going on and on about the different decorations, foods and guests they could invite before Alastor stopped her.

“Hold on now, my dear. We can talk about all this tomorrow. It is getting late after all.” The overlord grinned, satisfied with the reaction of the princess. It brought a smile to his love and that was all he needed. His ears perked up, alerted, as he observed the queen and second woman heading towards them.

“Congratulations, Lucifer.” Lilith said with a smile as she allowed the other to take the lead instead.

“I’m happy for you, my angel.” Eve grinned widely, golden eyes filled with genuine happiness for Lucifer. It was truly delightful to see someone bring him so much joy. As long as her angel loved the radio demon, she had no objections.

“Thank you, both of you,” Lucifer said, feeling giddy as he wiped away joyful tears before he continued, “We should all turn in for the night, though. It is getting pretty late.” He turned to Alastor with a bright smile as the two dismissed themselves to their rooms for the night, happiness bubbling through their souls as they walked back hand in hand.

“I’ve been thinking…” Lucifer began as he sat down on the soft mattress after getting ready for bed.

“Well, that’s good.” Alastor hummed as he fixed his robes up before he felt a fluffy pillow hit the back of his head. Red eyes morphed to radio dials as a static screech sounded before he snapped his neck back at the king. His eyes returned to normal as he turned around fully, unable to stay mad at those adorably puffed out cheeks. The overlord laughed softly as he settled down beside the fallen angel, waiting for him to continue his words. Lucifer sighed, fiddling with his fingers nervously as he whispered so quietly that the radio demon almost didn’t catch it.

“Anyway, since we’re… engaged now, could we… bind our souls?”

“What do you mean, my dearest?” Alastor questioned, tilting his head in confusion. He had heard of soul owning, that was for sure, but he had never come across the term soul binding.

“It’s like… we both own each other’s souls in hell’s terms. It’s something I learned in heaven,” Lucifer explained while his hands gestured around anxiously, the hesitation still evident in his voice as he continued, “When two winners get together up there, they’ll bind their souls so that they’ll always be together… We’ll share like all of us with each other. Like, you know, heart, body, mind and all that… It’s similar to regular human vows but with actual souls involved…”

“If that’s what you want, my love, I have no objections to it.” Alastor chuckled fondly at the king’s nervousness. It was endearing to witness, causing his heart to beat fast as he felt himself fall in love all over again. He combed a gloved hand through the blonde hair before resting it on the rosy cheek, waiting for the fallen angel to calm himself down before allowing him taking the lead. He was already committing himself to the king and he would never betray his own words and promises.

Lucifer bit down on his tongue nervously, feeling warm blood spread within his mouth before swallowing it on instinct as his face flushed beautifully. He reached his hand out towards the taller, bringing their face closer until their lips touched gently. A golden light shone brightly as they embraced each other, arms entangling together as they leaned close.

A sweet warmth covered the pride ring, providing a comfortable feeling as the night reached its peak. Sleep had never felt so easy for the demons in hell, a fuzzy feeling creeping over the entirety of the dark pit.

As the two pulled away from the kiss, they stared lovingly at each other as they drifted off into the most beautiful dreams of their life.

Chapter End Notes

Lucifer is definitely the wife

Never planned or been to a wedding so I'm probably going to get a lot of things wrong

Soul binding is a thing up in heaven which is similar to soul dealing but without the absolute control over the other's soul

Angel Dust finally got redeemed

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

For Evermore

Chapter Summary

The wedding preparations has been going well, although there were still a few doubts going around.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your support on the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The planning for the wedding had been going swimmingly. Everything was in order and the ceremony was just in a week. Lucifer had double and triple checked with his siblings that they had received the invitation and that they would be coming. It was a big deal for all of hell and some of heaven.

Charlie had taken initiative to invite everyone they knew with the couple's approval, bringing together all six other sins and some angels from heaven, namely Molly, Angel Dust, Sir Pentious and Emily. Thanks to some help from her aunt, Ramiel, she had also managed to get a hold of a special guest. All of hell was invited to the occasion with Lilith helping with the celebration's security to ensure no one dared to try anything.

The preparations were all in order as the princess awaited for a special guest to arrive.

"Wife? Why am I the wife?" Lucifer asked, an exasperated expression on his face meant for the radio demon for even suggesting that idea. He was the *king* after all. Why was he the wife in the relationship?

“Because you’re attentive,” Alastor said as he cupped the pale face in his gloved hands before he continued, “sweet…” He watched the king flushed beautifully as he voiced the last reason, “and you look good in white.” The radio demon grinned fondly as flustered stutters came out of the fallen angel’s lips, pale face completely burning up.

“Don’t… You can’t just say stuff like that, Alastor!” Lucifer scolded, pouting adorably as he folded his arms and pulled away from the touch. Alastor had to stop himself from chuckling as the king walked away from him to the dressing table, finding the amusing display quite endearing.

“But it’s true, my love.” Alastor smiled as he went up to the fallen angel and placed his hands on his shoulders. The overlord stared into the mirror in front of them, admiring the king. Soft blonde hair with rosy cheeks and pale face. With the shining ring added on the delicate finger, it was a truly spectacular sight. “You’re beautiful…” He said before he could stop himself, causing both of them to flush brightly.

“Thank you…” Lucifer whispered out as he hid his face behind his hands, embarrassed from the compliment. Alastor chuckled at the action before turning the king around and placing small kisses on his forehead.

It was perfect.

A knock on the door caused the both of them to look up, startled, before they heard the voice of the princess.

“Hey, it’s Charlie. I don’t want to bother you two right now but I have a special someone who would like to see you, Alastor!” Charlie exclaimed as she opened the door, excitement in her eyes as she bounced happily.

“Someone wants to see me?” The radio demon tilted his head in confusion as he reluctantly let go of the king. Charlie nodded her head with great enthusiasm, her rosy cheeks puffing out as she bit her lips to not spoil the surprise. She hurriedly gestured for the overlord to follow her before jumping out of the room as her father and Alastor trailed closely behind with amused smiles.

As they entered a private room at the end of the halls, the sight of a short lady with dark curls caught the radio demon's eyes. She was obviously a winner. Pure white wings rested on her back with a heavenly halo glowing softly on her head. She turned around as she heard the footsteps of the three, causing the signature smile on Alastor's face to falter as he instantly recognised her.

"Alastor? Is that really you? Oh…" The lady asked before the sinner ran up to her, falling to his knees as he hugged her tightly. It took a minute for Lucifer to remember where he had seen her, finally recognising who she was. The king and the princess watched the two embrace each other with tears in their eyes before Lucifer turned to his daughter with a smile that wordless said 'thank you'. Charlie nodded in acknowledgment with a smile of her own, just happy that the two could finally reunite.

"Mom…" Alastor barely managed to utter out, feeling the tears prick the corners of his eyes as he refused to let his mother go. She smiled sweetly at him, holding him tight as they shared a moment of comforting silence.

"I've missed you, my son." She whispered, running a hand through the red hair as she felt a familiar wetness gathering in her eyes. It had been so long, *too long,* since they last saw each other. She had tried to find him in heaven, but never succeeding. Thus, she came to the only reasonable conclusion that he was not there with her. After receiving the letter after almost a century of not hearing from her son, it confirmed her suspicions.

It wasn't up to her to dictate how her son chose to live his life, yet she still couldn't help but feel saddened by his decisions. However, if that meant that he would be happy where he was, she was fine with it. Never had she thought that she would see him again. Not until the princess of hell had come to her doorstep with a special request that would allow her to visit her son for a week. The lovely young girl said she had gotten permission from the archangels and that it would be truly delightful if she could attend her son's wedding.

It was truly shocking to hear that her son had a lover, much less getting married. From what she knew and saw, Alastor had never once dated or fell in love with anyone during his life. She was most definitely overjoyed to hear that he had finally met the one for him. She had no objections to whoever it was as long as they made her son happy. Imagine her surprise when she found out that he was engaged to the *king* of hell. She believed that the lovely little angel was a pure gem when she had first met him. Despite the many things he had definitely gone through, he still had the brightest smile she had ever seen. His daughter was no different. A bubbly, lovely and sweet young girl.

"I've missed you so, so much, mom…" Alastor whispered as tears streaked down his face before his mother reached down and wiped them away.

"My dear, we've missed out on so many things. Have you been well?" His mother asked as they finally pulled away before she helped him up from the ground. He nodded, composing himself as he still held a tight grip on his mother's shoulder, as if she would disappear if he let go for a single moment. His mother smiled sweetly as she continued, "That's good… You must tell me everything! How about we start with your marriage?" The couple flushed at that, Alastor turning his head and beckoning the king over as the princess gave them an encouraging thumbs up.

"I believe you have already met my fiancé, but allow me to introduce you two properly." Alastor smiled fondly as he noticed the nervousness rising inside the fallen angel, gently grabbing the king's hand to calm him down a little. As he watched the shorter's breathing even out, the overlord continued with the introduction, "Mom, this is Lucifer. My love, this is my mother."

"Nice to formally meet you…" Lucifer chuckled nervously, his grip on Alastor's hand tightening as he held his hat to his chest before bowing gracefully. His future mother-in-law smiled sweetly at the gesture before she gave a curtsy of her own to the king.

"Nice to meet you as well, my dear. Never in a million years would I have thought that my son would've scored such a lovely young angel." She complimented, giggling softly at the flustered expression on the king's face.

"What can I say? I have very specific tastes." Alastor chuckled alongside his mother, missing a moment just like this from before his death dearly. The three continued to talk, the radio demon showing off his love to his mother which caused the king to flush nervously, before

Charlie was invited into their conversation. Lucifer adored his future mother-in-law, and seeing how fond she was of his daughter, he couldn't help but feel a warmth spreading through him. A truly beautiful moment they shared together, talking about Alastor, the hotel, their relationship, their families and the wedding.

Everything was perfect.

"Are we sure that letting Luci go through with this is a good idea?" Gabriel asked the rest of his siblings, reading through the contents of the letter over and over again to ensure he was seeing it right.

"Man, Gab, don't ruin this for our baby bro! Like, come on, when was the last time you've seen him all smiles like that?" Azrael sighed, folding his arms behind his head. Violet eyes met the younger's ruby ones, unable to think of a reasonable counter. The virtue of diligence didn't trust the radio demon, but he saw how bright his youngest brother shone whenever he talked about the sinner.

"I'm with Az on this one," Uriel said as he watched Raphael nod quickly in agreement. The younger archangel had told the virtue of chastity how he believed the demon truly cared for their little brother and how he wanted to support them. Raphael was never one to talk much unless he truly believed in something, hence Uriel wanted to be there for him just as the virtue of humility was always there for the rest of them, helping the older archangels silently without complaint.

"Brother Michael, Cassiel, what are your thoughts on this?" Ramiel asked, wanting to hear all her brothers' opinions. Gabriel turned to the silver and hazel eyes in desperation, not wanting to feel as though he was alone in his stand.

"Although the sinner… I mean, Alastor, isn't trying to be redeemed… He's still been plenty of help for Charlie, especially when her hotel just started," Cassiel began, still having his own doubts but willing to try for his youngest brother's sake. "Maybe we should give him a

chance. What do you say, Michael?" The virtue of temperance shifted to face the oldest. The rest awaited for an answer in a brief moment of silence as Michael shut his eyes, thinking of what would be the best course of action.

Of course he wanted Lucifer to be happy, but they had done their background checks on the sinner. The dead man had killed dozens of people when he was alive. He schemed and murdered many souls, forcing them to meet their ends early. He was wicked and evil. Yet, the youngest archangel loved him. Michael knew how much his little brother cared for the sinner and he didn't want to sadden him.

"Let's just… See what happens."

It was a day before their wedding. The angels up in heaven would be here by tomorrow morning and the rest of hell would gather at the venue in the evening. Lucifer paced around his bedroom anxiously, terrified that something would go horribly wrong despite his love's reassurance.

"What if someone trashes the ceremony?" The king muttered out, panic-stricken eyes glancing around frantically.

"My dearest, you're the literal *king* of hell. No one would dare to try anything. Plus, if anyone does ruin our day, they'll serve as a *delicious* dessert." Alastor grinned sadistically, a bright green glow emitting from his hands. It didn't calm the fallen angel one bit.

"But… What if someone objects? What if… I don't know…. my siblings don't show up? It'll… It'll just be like last time…" Tears fell down his cheeks before the king could stop them as he remembered about the past. How they never even tried to reach out to him, how they just left him alone… *Things are different.* A voice in his mind reminded, yet Lucifer could not bring himself to believe that. Everything had changed since he was cast out. He thought he could never trust the family he had known for an eternity again. Despite being

proven wrong with every visit since his trial, the past still haunted him, terrorising his dreams and forcing his heart to ache at every thought of his family.

His wings had opened unconsciously as he allowed his mind to race, his entire body shaking nervously. The thoughts became too loud for him, so loud that he hadn't heard his own name being called by his love. Before he could envelope himself in a cocoon of feathers and his own overwhelming emotions, he felt a familiar warmth wrap around him. He finally snapped out of his overpowering thoughts as he felt the radio demon's arms holding him close, a gloved hand running up the back of his neck.

"My love, everything is fine. Everything is going to be fine. Nothing will go wrong as long as I'm here with you. I promise." Alastor whispered softly into his ear, hugging him tightly as his other hand gently brushed the stunning sets of wings. He was careful to avoid the sensitive parts as he watched the shorter shiver slightly at his touch, simply holding his love close to him to calm him down.

Lucifer buried his face into the warm chest, muttering a silent 'thank you' as he wrapped his own shaking arms around the taller's waist. The warmth was comforting, allowing him to finally breathe properly. The trembling stopped after a few moments as they stayed like this until the king finally felt stable enough to pull away.

"Better?" Alastor asked, running his hand through the soft blonde hair.

"Better." The fallen angel nodded with a gentle smile, grateful that the other stayed with him. Alastor had never once left the king when he was having another of his depressive episodes, always staying with him until he felt like himself again. Even through his panic attacks, the overlord would hold him tight, not letting go until Lucifer calmed down. Gradually, these occurrences had decreased thanks to his love's constant support and he could be more thankful. Red eyes of the king gazed up fondly at the radio demon as he felt his voice slip from his throat, "I love you."

Alastor smiled, planting a sweet kiss on the soft lips, before he replied with his warm words, "I love you too, Lucifer."

Alastor went down to the meeting room to talk with the staff to ensure that everything was in order. Charlie gave him a complete rundown of all the details, pulling out several notes with very intricate descriptions of everything that would happen during the ceremony.

"We're still lacking an officiant, but uncle Michael said that he'll handle it." The princess explained as she watched the overlord nod in acknowledgement. As the meeting concluded, all the staff left the room, leaving the radio demon alone with a certain sinner.

"I still don't get why you asked me to be here when I'm no longer working for the hotel." Husk huffed out with his arms folded. He was long bored of the meeting that didn't involve him in any way, still confused on why he had to be here.

"Well, my dear Husker, I have some news for you!" Alastor hummed, a questionable grin settling on his face. The former overlord could not decipher the emotion in the radio demon's eyes, feeling completely bewildered. Surely he wasn't going to hurt him, was he? It would defy every rule of the hotel if Alastor harmed one of the guests. But, he was *the* radio demon. That man was known to be evil and unpredictable.

"Don't call me that… What do you want, boss?" Husk sighed at the nickname before turning to face the overlord eye to eye. Alastor hummed, shrugging his shoulders and setting off every alarm in Husk's head. He had not felt this on edge since the day he sold his soul, sensing the chills run down his spine.

"Hm… I suppose I'll just say it to you straight." Alastor said, static thickening in his voice as he watched the other's ears flatten on top of his head. The overlord chuckled darkly as he explained, "I want to keep my dear Lucifer happy, and to keep him happy means making Charlie happy. If one of her most dearest friends were to be set free, would that not make her simply delighted?"

"What do you mean?" Husk questioned, pure and utter confusion written all over his face. *If he is implying what I think he's trying to say…* Surely not, right? The former overlord was sceptical as he kept his eyes on the radio demon.

“I’m sure you know what I mean, my dear Husker!” Alastor exclaimed, delight in his eyes as he witnessed the intriguing reactions of the one before him. He had all the power he needed already by sharing his soul with the king. Plus, it would truly make Lucifer happy if he were to do this. Hence, it was a win-win situation for all parties involved. Husk truly could not believe this. Never once did he think this would happen.

“You… You’re setting me free?” Golden eyes widened in incredulity as his voice nearly failed to leave him. Alastor’s grin widened as he nodded, sending the former overlord into further shock. Just as Husk was about to laugh at the ridiculousness, not fully trusting his words, an all too familiar golden paper appeared in front of him. His name was written clearly at the end as his eyes nearly dropped out of their sockets from how wide they opened. Alastor held the contract in his hands, the grin never leaving his face as he tore it in half, completely shattering their deal.

Husk watched as the poisonous green chains around his neck broke into a million pieces as he felt the walls around them glow brightly. His soul was returned to him. A weight lifted from his body as he stared in utter shock. Completely dumbfounded, he didn’t even know where to begin his words. Thank him? *No, that’s fucking stupid.* Throw insults at him? *Would be satisfying but I don’t want to cause any trouble here.* Just… sit there in silence? Yeah, that was what he was doing already.

Before anything else could be said, Alastor stood from his seat, leaving the broken contract, that had lost its toxic green glow, scattered on the table, before he walked out of the room, shutting the door behind him close. Husk was left in his own thoughts as he just stayed in a shocked state, unsure of how to process this information.

What the fuck?

Chapter End Notes

Husk is finally free

Alastor meets his mom again

The archangels have their doubts but are coming around

Should Luci wear a suit or dress I can’t decide

Constructive criticism is appreciated!

Till the End of Time

Chapter Summary

The special day is finally here! The couple hurriedly prepares themselves and await for the time to come.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all your support on the story and suggestions for what Luci should wear!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The day was here at last. Charlie was ensuring that the venue was properly decorated together with Vaggie. Niffty was scurrying around, cleaning the place up, before a golden portal opened, several angels flying down to the wedding hall. Rosie was with Alastor, providing him with the best relationship advice he could ask for, while Eve was in the dressing room with Lucifer, helping him get ready.

“Alright! Everything is in order. How’s my dad and Alastor?” Charlie exclaimed before turning to her girlfriend. Vaggie put away the notebook she was holding onto before checking her phone.

“Your father is still with Eve and your mother said that Alastor has not come out from his room.” The former exorcist said before she noticed three familiar winners walking towards them. Charlie turned to where her girlfriend was looking to see Sir Pentious, Molly and Angel- *wait, no* - Anthony waving to them. She waved back excitedly, running up to them happily.

“Guys! We missed you a lot! Husk and Cherribomb would be so happy to see you all.” The princess exclaimed, bouncing up and down enthusiastically. They chatted amongst themselves for a short while before Charlie had to leave to continue the preparations.

“Still can’t believe smiles bagged the big boss of hell.” The spider demon-turned-angel said, astonished by how far the couple’s relationship had gone. Sir Pentious nodded with the same amusement as Vaggie guided them to their seats.

“Is it wrong that I feel like tearing my heart out of my chest?” Alastor asked, slight distress in his eyes as he gazed up in the mirror to meet the dark holes of the cannibal overlord. Rosie combed through his hair gently, humming as she thought of how to answer the question.

“Well… This is your first time getting married after all. I mean, when I met my first husband, I felt like my blood was boiling. If he didn’t taste so bad, we probably could’ve worked something out!” She explained with a wide grin on her face. Alastor sighed, hesitation filling him as he thought about everything that led up to this.

He truly loved the king. No matter how many people doubted him, he knew his feelings were real. He wanted to make Lucifer happy, yet he felt like he didn’t know how. He had never been more lost before. He didn't know if this was the right step. *Is it too soon? Is this the right thing to do? Should I just disappear?* A knock on the door snapped him out of his thoughts.

Rosie placed the comb on the table in front of him, turning to open the door. A short winner she recognised as the other overlord’s mother greeted her before stepping into the room. The radio demon had introduced them a couple days ago when bringing the sweet angel around the city to meet his friends. Rosie smiled, dismissing herself to allow Alastor to spend a few minutes with his mother before his wedding.

“Mom…” Alastor whispered out before standing up, smiling softly as his mother walked towards him.

“My son… You look so handsome like this. I can’t believe my little boy is really getting married.” She said as she held his hands in her own, staring lovingly at the sinner.

“Thank you, mom. I… Is this the right choice?” He felt the words slip from his mouth before he could stop it, earning a slight frown from his mother. The winner squeezed his hands, a stern expression on her face.

“You can’t back out now, my dear. I’ve seen how you two look at each other. If you really love him, go out there and prove it to everyone!” She said, determination in her smile as she patted him on his back. Alastor nodded, feeling his own smile grow at her words. He could do this and he would do this for his love.

“Is everything alright, my angel?” Eve asked as she fixed up his veil, arranging the accessories on his head properly. Red eyes turned to her hesitantly, unsure of what to do or say.

“Yeah… I’m just… scared?” Lucifer sighed, turning away and settling down on a chair in the room. The second woman followed behind him, resting her graceful hands on his shoulders to urge him to continue. “Well, I know Alastor loves me… And don’t get me wrong, I love him as well! But, this just feels so nerve-wrecking.” He explained, lifting his hand up to stare at the beautiful ring that still rested on his finger.

“Can’t say I’ve experienced anything quite like this before… But, I suppose I could offer some suggestions. Don’t think too much about what could go wrong. Focus on the positives, my angel. Think of the life you’ll have with him, the love and joy you’ll experience together,” Eve explained, smiling sweetly as she helped calm the king down. He nodded his head, taking a deep breath as he processed her words.

“Yeah… Yeah. Thank you, Eve.” Lucifer turned to the second woman with eyes brighter than before, no longer bubbling with uncertainty. Sure, he was still nervous, afraid even. But, imagining the future with the radio demon brought a smile to his face. The sound of a knock on the door alerted both of them, turning to see the virtue of kindness opening it gently.

“Luci, we’re here.” Ramiel said with a soft smile as she walked towards the fallen angel. Eve stepped away from the king as she greeted the archangel, allowing her space to stand beside her youngest brother.

“Ramiel!” Lucifer exclaimed, overjoyed that his siblings were here to witness the ceremony. He got up from his seat, about to run into her arms before he stopped himself. He shouldn’t ruin the hard work that Eve had spent on dressing him up. He grinned widely as sapphire blue eyes gazed at him fondly.

“You’re so beautiful, Luci.” Ramiel smiled, voice gentle as she tucked a stray blonde hair behind his ears. The rest of the archangels were sitting at their designated seats, waiting for the ceremony to begin. They had all wanted to see their little brother beforehand, but their niece suggested that just one of them should go to not overwhelm the fallen angel. Reluctantly, they agreed before sending their sister to see him, knowing that she would be the least likely to cause trouble. Most of them still had their doubts about the youngest’s relationship with the sinner, but as long as he was happy, they wouldn’t act against his wishes.

“Thank you…” Lucifer lit up at the compliment, feeling giddy to know his siblings are here to support him. It was as though all his energy came rushing back to him, feeling bubbly as he couldn’t wait for the hour of his wedding. *Everything will be fine.*

Ramiel stared at her youngest brother, feeling happy for him. She was delighted to see the little angel so bright, just as he was before. It was truly beautiful.

As the clock struck four in the evening, sinners and hellborns rushed into the venue after the queen double checked them. Security was tight as angelic weapons were pointed at whoever dared to ruin the special day. The deadly sins gathered at the seats furthest away from the archangels to not cause any trouble, as ordered by the princess. Delicacies from all across the ages were set aside for the reception afterwards as the crowd of demons and angels finally settled down for the ceremony.

The lights dimmed as Alastor walked up to the altar. His face twisted in confusion as he saw that there was no officiant with him. Red eyes scanned the crowd, landing on the archangels- who were whispering amongst themselves.

“I thought you sent a message to God.” Michael said to the virtue of diligence when he noticed the empty spot beside the sinner. Sure, he didn't exactly approve of the love between his brother and the demon, but he wasn't going to ruin the young angel’s special day.

“I did!” Gabriel replied, flabbergasted that the older would think he had something to do with this situation. It confused him as well. He swore their creator read the message.

Before the commotion could get out of hand, black smoke surrounded the altar before a cheerful looking lady stepped out of the shadows. Her aura was unmistakable despite being in a less dramatic form. Roo giggled at the baffled faces of the crowd as Alastor stared at her with scepticism and bewilderment.

“Hope you don't mind me being your officiant. God wanted to do something else that was according to human tradition!” She giggled, voice just loud enough for the radio demon to hear. A static screech filled the air as he eyed her with suspicion. “Oh, don’t worry! I won’t cause any trouble!” Roo explained with a mischievous giggle, seemingly knowing what the overlord was thinking.

Before Alastor could object, the smoke cleared as Charlie stepped up to his right, holding the rings securely. She shot the overlord a bright smile, unable to wait for her father to walk down the aisle. Eve took her place next to where the fallen angel would be before Niffty scurried down the aisle, flowers appearing with each step she took without her noticing. The second woman had placed that spell on her just a moment before. A static sigh could be heard as he watched the little cyclops run around, speeding under the seats as her attention was captured by a bug before she stabbed the small thing. Loud commotion could be heard from the guests, moving their legs so that they wouldn’t risk getting stabbed by Niffty before Lilith picked her up and placed her on her seat.

The entire room went dark as a spotlight pointed towards the entrance. Alastor could’ve sworn his heart skipped a beat when the gentle melody began to play in the background.

The doors opened wide, revealing the king donned in a stunning white suit that gradually faded to black right before reaching his boots and the end of his sleeves, laced with gold. The tailcoat was decorated with ruffles and a black bow tie was secured on his neck with a golden apple crest in the centre. His three sets of large wings, decorated with white vines blooming with delicate red flowers, folded neatly behind his back. A comically large white top hat, similar to his signature one with a golden crown embedded with an apple shaped ruby as his snake- wearing a headband shaped like deer antlers- curled around it, sat atop a long veil that faded into black which fell elegantly from his head, the ends dragging on the floor adorned with blood red flowers. If he could, Alastor would've ripped that veil covering his beloved's face right then and there to see the beautiful angel behind it.

A bright flash of divine light appeared beside him as a being he was very familiar with materialised before the king. Lucifer looked up to see his creator- who was in a more modest form compared to usual, extending an arm out to lead him down the aisle. He couldn't help the tears gathering at his eyes as he took the hand, a bright smile on his face before he stepped into the room filled with a million faces and most importantly, his future husband.

Lucifer walked down the aisle with his creator, red eyes never leaving the radio demon. Tears filled his eyes, threatening to fall as he stepped up on the altar, brimming with pure joy as the crowd watched in hushed silence. The lord's gentle hands lifted the veil from his face, a fond smile settling on their lips before dismissing themselves to a seat beside the archangels. The fallen angel gazed into the red eyes of the overlord, feeling a warmth spread up his cheeks as he flushed at the way he was being observed.

Alastor stared at Lucifer as if he was the only thing that matters with pure love in his eyes. *Beautiful…* He nearly whispered out loud before he caught himself, feeling his voice get stuck in his throat. His face was burning, a deep blush settling on it as he felt himself getting lost in the beautiful red eyes.

"We're gathered here today to witness the sacred union of Lucifer and Alastor!" Roo announced giddily, catching everyone's attention. It was as if she had been waiting forever to say her lines as she continued with a wide grin, "We're here to celebrate the *love* shared between this angel and demon- seriously? Who writes these?" She broke her character as the crowd stared at her in confusion. Earning a few glares, she shrugged before her other half gestured to her to finish her speech. "- as they come together to begin their future with each other with a solemn vow, surrounded by… Well, basically everyone in heaven and hell!"

"There's no vows more meaningful and powerful than those which will be shared today. Your vows are a sacred declaration of your love for each other!" Roo announced, the bright grin on

her face never leaving as she stared at the couple. She cleared her throat dramatically before she considered, “Please face each other as you declare these vows to each other!”

“Lucifer, when I first saw you, I had no idea that we would end up in this position,” Alastor began, red eyes gazing softly at the king as he continued, “But, I can’t begin to imagine what would’ve happened if we never met. Even though I’ve never felt this way with anyone else, I’m willing to give it my all to love you, to care for you, and to make you happy. We’ve been through thick and thin together and I wouldn’t trade this for anything else…” Lucifer smiled fondly, his eyes never leaving the overlord as he went on with his vows. “What I’m trying to say is,” Alastor said as he held the hands of the king with a smile, “I love you and I vow to always love you until the end of time itself.”

“I… Alastor, you’ve stayed by my side despite everything that happened. You helped me, supported me and loved me through all of heaven and hell. I only wish I could do the same for you…” Lucifer went on as a familiar wetness gathered at his eyes. Alastor smiled sweetly, lifting a hand to wipe away the tears from the pale face. The fallen angel continued with his words with a fond gaze, “I vow to love and cherish you till the end of time.”

Charlie smiled brightly as tears gathered in her eyes. Seeing her father this happy truly brightened her heart. She wiped away the tears before they could ruin her makeup, listening as they continued their vows before looking down at the soft white pillow carrying the rings. *Wait*...

“They're gone!” Red eyes opened wide to see that the rings had disappeared, causing everyone to turn to her in confusion. Lucifer shifted his gaze to the empty pillow, panic rising within his chest as he ran up to his daughter.

“Oh, no… no no no no no…” He whispered out, causing his siblings to stand from their seats before their creator stopped them. Michael turned to God, silver eyes bubbling with confusion as their lord stared at the archangels firmly. They glanced at one another in pure bewilderment as they sat back down as per their creator’s request.

“My dearest, it’s alright. Take a deep breath…” Alastor cooed, placing a gentle hand on the king’s shoulder despite his own panic and confusion. Trying not to make matters worse, Lucifer turned to his love, nodding hesitantly before taking a deep breath. The fallen angel’s heart was thumping rapidly against his chest as red eyes gazed up at the radio demon nervously.

“We’ll fix this, my angel.” Eve said, not wanting this little issue to ruin her angel’s special day. Murmurs could be heard from the crowd, a few snickers from a couple enemies of the radio demon which were quickly silenced by violet roots that suddenly shot up and wrapped around their necks. Before anyone else could say anything, giggles could be heard coming from the officiant, catching the attention of the crowd.

Did she do something? Lucifer wondered, suspicion rising in his eyes as the overlord glared at her threateningly. She took no mind to it as she continued her laughter, unable to contain herself from the display of that entertaining scene. Her other half raised an eyebrow, unamused by her antics.

“Roo?” God began, instantly knowing that she was the one who had done something. It was no secret that she relished in chaos. When she had come to them, asking to become the officiant for the wedding, they agreed although they knew that something would likely happen. Despite that, they knew that she wouldn’t truly ruin the day. Just wreak some havoc here and there.

“Ah… I suppose I’ve had my fun.” Roo grinned as she snapped her fingers, a small dark portal opening above the empty pillow before two rings fell onto it. Charlie heaved a sigh of relief before her father, Alastor and Eve returned to their positions.

After the crowd calmed down, the princess presented the rings to the couple. Roo gestured to Alastor to pick up the ring before he spoke with a gentle smile, “With this ring, I promise to always love, cherish and protect you from now till the end of time.” He held up Lucifer’s hand, slipping the ring engraved with the words ‘My eternal love- Alastor’ onto the delicate finger. The fallen angel couldn’t contain his excitement as Roo instructed him to pick up the other ring.

“With this ring, I promise to love, support and trust you with all my heart, through thick and thin, for evermore.” Lucifer smiled brightly as he gazed into the red eyes of the radio demon. The ring engraved with the words ‘Love you more than anything- Lucifer’ was slipped onto Alastor’s forth finger as a warm feeling crept through his chest.

“I now pronounce you… uh, a married couple!” Roo decided, a wide grin on her face. “You may now kiss.” With those words, the lady disappeared amongst the shadows to not ruin the

pictures, reappearing on an empty seat beside her counterpart with soft giggles. Sure, she was the root of all evil, but she wasn't *that* horrible.

Without a moment to waste, Alastor pulled the fallen angel towards him before closing the gap between their lips. A sweet moment passed as they shared the kiss, embracing each other as the crowd remained silent. It was warm, full of love. Everything was perfect at that very moment. All they knew was the other, holding each other close in their arms. As they separated, Lucifer gazed up into the red eyes of the radio demon, his face flushed beautifully as he smiled. They couldn't be happier.

They knew they would love each other for evermore, till the end of time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your support throughout this story! I appreciate all your help and suggestions

I will be making a part 2 of this where I'll be writing about different perspectives of some of the characters throughout the different chapters of this fic, as well as how the future of radioapple will play out

If there's anything you wish for me to write about feel free to comment them! Any ideas or suggestions (e.g interactions between different characters, alternate timelines? or other ships on other characters like HuskerDust or even ships involving the archangels etc.) I'll look through all of them and try to make at least a few of them happen

Once again, I truly can't express how much I appreciate all of your support! Thank you for following through this journey with me!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!